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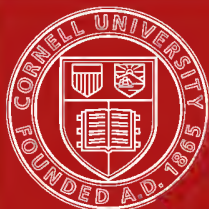
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*H. R. Carter
Company Co*

HISTORY
OF THE
FIRST REGIMENT
OF
Tennessee Volunteer Cavalry
IN THE
GREAT WAR OF THE REBELLION,

WITH THE ARMIES OF THE OHIO AND CUMBERLAND,
UNDER GENERALS MORGAN, ROSECRANS,
THOMAS, STANLEY AND WILSON.

1862-1865.

BY
W. R. CARTER,
COMPANY C.

ILLUSTRATED.

KNOXVILLE, TENN.:
GAUT-OGDEN CO., PRINTERS AND BINDERS.

1902.
LL

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TO THE SURVIVING
MEMBERS OF THE FIRST
TENNESSEE CAVALRY; TO THE MEMORY
OF OUR DECEASED COMRADES AND THEIR
KINDRED; TO THE MARTYRED PATRIOTS OF
EAST TENNESSEE WHO DIED ON THE GALLOWS AND IN
PRISON, AND TO THE LOYAL AND PATRIOTIC PEOP-
LE WHO SYMPATHIZED WITH THEM, THIS
VOLUME IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,
IN FRATERNITY, CHARITY
AND LOYALTY, BY

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

As the years go by and age creeps upon the soldier, he delights in telling those about him how he fought and suffered for his country when it was in danger. One of the reasons for writing a history of the First Tennessee Cavalry is to hand down to posterity the many gallant and heroic deeds performed by it. I was urged by my comrades to undertake the work, realizing, however, that it would require time, patience and plenty of hard work before the completion of the history. The Adjutant-General's Report of the State and War Diaries had to be consulted and the matter put in shape for publication. But, after a year of hard, faithful work, the author is able to furnish a history of the regiment, in which are recorded the many valiant deeds performed by it in the sixties.

The author has endeavored to give a fair and impartial account of all the doings of the regiment from 1862 to 1865. He does not claim that his regiment put down the rebellion, or did all the fighting and none of the running. But one thing the author dwells upon, and that is, the regiment performed its duty well, and no order was ever given to it that was not promptly executed. Its battles and large death-roll are evidence of faithful service.

The author has not attempted to go beyond the services of his own regiment in the preparation of this work, only so far as the movements of other troops with whom it served mention is made for the purpose of conveying to the reader an intelligent idea of the arduous duty performed by the regiment.

I do not claim that the work is entirely free from errors, as that would be impossible, it being over thirty-seven years since the last hostile gun was fired, and during that time much valuable information has been lost. But errors are found in all histories.

The roster is in the main correct, as the author at the very beginning decided that every name that appeared upon the rolls of the regiment should be given and, as far as possible, the postoffice address. The chief object has been to tell what the First Tennessee Cavalry did, and how they did it. The facts contained in this volume will no doubt shed some new light on and answer as a reminder of the very honorable part the regiment took in that great struggle.

The author acknowledges and tenders his thanks to those who so cheerfully and kindly assisted him in the preparation of this work.

This is a history of what one regiment did, and not of the army, and is a plain recital of facts that happened back in the sixties. Neither does the author attempt to describe the movements of the army. That has already been done by other historians.

To some it may appear that the author has been too modest, that he has not "blowed his own horn" enough; but he will let others judge. The author has not attempted to rob other regiments of their glory or honor won upon the battlefield.

THE AUTHOR.

Knoxville, Tennessee, July 25, 1902.

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HISTORY OF FIRST REGIMENT TENNESSEE VOLUNTEER CAVALRY.

CHAPTER I.

EAST TENNESSEE UNIONIST—ORGANIZATION OF THE REGIMENT—FIRST CAMP—DRILLS AND PARADE—ORDERED TO THE FRONT—FIRST ALARM—ORGANIZATION OF THE SEVENTH DIVISION—NIGHT MARCHES.

When the reverberations of Sumter's guns came sweeping across the valleys and the mountains the loyal people from all parts of the Union thronged to the field to assist in protecting the inheritance bequeathed to them by their forefathers.

They were so patriotic and eager to enlist that for the time being they even forgot the luxuries, pleasures, and comforts of their homes. In no part of the country did this dastardly act arouse a greater feeling of patriotism than was manifested in East Tennessee. It brought thinking people to a full realization of a stern duty that awaited every true patriot. The whole country was wild with excitement, as a terrible war seemed inevitable.

When the President called for men to put on the harness of war he designated no particular class of people. Men came from the farm, shop, store, office, yes and even the professional man was seen to enter the ranks: All classes were represented in the great and growing army that soon rivaled that of Napoleon I.

History affords no parallel to the universal and hearty response made by the loyal men of the nation to the support of the government in the great Civil War between the North and South. The bombardment and fall of Fort Sumter threw the whole country into great excitement. Immediately after this noted event President Lincoln called for seventy-five thousand volunteers for the suppression of the rebellion. Tennessee's quota was two regiments, and at that time if the loyal and patriotic people of East Tennessee had been given an opportunity to respond to this call, ten regiments could have been furnished from this division of the State.

The inhabitants of this section were mostly Whigs and the descendants of frontiersmen and Indian fighters. They were full of patriotism and had been taught from childhood to resent an insult, and especially one to the flag of their country, the emblem of liberty. They were trained also to the use of the rifle, consequently were excellent marksmen. They were the direct descendants of the brave men who fought at and destroyed Furgeson's army at King's Mountain, and Pakenham at New Orleans. It was therefore not unnatural that they should be aroused by this great insult to their country's flag and the great shock that this event produced, when the news was flashed across the country that Fort Sumter had been fired upon.

In no part of the country had the people been more loyal than here in East Tennessee. In every war since Tennessee became a State we find her sons ready and willing to go forth and die if need be for the old flag. We make the modest claim that in no part of the country was there manifested greater indignation at this treasonable act, and a greater determination to resent the insult to the nation, than here in East Tennessee.

They sprang to the "call to arms" like their forefathers and poured out their blood for the preservation of the Union. No one can forget the great excitement this event produced and the enthusiasm of the loyal people of the United States to stand by the government in the dark days of 1861.

The same patriotic spirit that had always characterized Tennessee in former wars in coming to the defense of the old flag now manifested itself again. In the war with Mexico it is said that the spirit for volunteering was such that it became a question not as to who *must* go, but who *may* go.

The following telegram was sent by the Secretary of War to the Governor of Tennessee:

WAR DEPARTMENT, Washington, April 15, 1861.

To His Excellency, Isham G. Harris, Governor of Tennessee:

Call made on you by to-night's mail for two regiments of militia for immediate service.

SIMON CAMERON,
Secretary of War.

Governor Harris was absent when the call came, but on his return sent the following answer:

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, Nashville, Tennessee, April 17, 1861.

Hon. Simon Cameron, Secretary of War, Washington, D. C.:

Sir: Your dispatch of the 15th inst., informing me that Tennessee is called upon for two regiments of militia for immediate service, is received. Tennessee will not furnish a single man for the purpose of coercion, but 50,000 if necessary for the defense of our rights and those of our Southern brothers.

ISHAM G. HARRIS,
Governor of Tennessee.

Tennessee was at that time one of the States of the Union, and the Secretary of War had a right to call upon Tennessee for troops. Tennessee had always been very patriotic, and the readiness with which it had always responded to the calls and came to the defense of the country, when threatened either by a foreign or a savage foe, had won for it the name of "The Volunteer State."

It was one of Tennessee's grand and patriotic citizens, as well as soldier, who exclaimed, "The Union! It must and shall be preserved!" This was the iron man who led his Tennessee riflemen to victory at New Orleans, defeating the flower of the English army.

The Eastern division of the State was strongly Whig, and when war threatened the destruction and dismemberment of the Union this element took a strong and decided

stand against secession. This division of the State was also full of brave and patriotic leaders, and no people were more true and devoted to them than the Union men of East Tennessee. Among them we find such patriots as Rev. W. G. Brownlow, O. P. Temple, Horace Maynard, Andrew Johnson, John M. Fleming, Samuel Pickens, T. A. R. Nelson, Rev. W. B. Carter, and a host of others who risked their lives and their property that the honor and reputation of "The Volunteer State" might not go down in shame and dishonor at this perilous moment.

The following is a portion of a long series of resolutions passed by one of the many conventions held by the Unionists of East Tennessee:

"That the Legislature of the State, without having first obtained the consent of the people, had no authority to enter into a 'military league' with the Confederate States against the general government, and by so doing to put the State of Tennessee in hostile array against the government of which it was, and still is, a member. Such legislation in advance of the expressed will of the people to change their governmental relation was an act of usurpation and should be visited with the severest condemnation of the people. Resolved, further: That the action of our State Legislature in passing the so-called 'Declaration of Independence,' and in forming the military league with the Confederate States, and in adopting other acts looking to a separation of the State of Tennessee from the government of the United States, is unconstitutional and illegal, and therefore not binding upon us as loyal citizens." * * *

In the meantime, Isham G. Harris and other leaders tried to sell Tennessee "lock, stock and barrel" to Jeff Davis & Co. They attempted to make the Union people believe that the State had seceded because a partisan Legislature had secretly passed ordinances of secession. The loyal people of East Tennessee remained true to the Union, and Governor Harris, finding that he was unable to subdue these liberty-loving people, sent armed troops into East Tennessee, with orders to disarm the Union people. In the enforcement of this tyrannical order no Union man was allowed to escape search, and if arms were found in his possession they were taken.

As the clouds of war grew darker, and the thunder from the battlefields pealed louder, these East Tennessee Unionists became more bitter and defiant. Twiggs had traitorously turned over all government property placed in his charge to the so-called Confederate government, consisting of arms, stores and ammunition. The loyal people of East Tennessee did not approve of such a course and determined never to submit to this attempt to take away their liberty, destroy the government and fasten the yoke of slavery upon them.

There were numerous conflicts between the loyal sons of East Tennessee and the armed Confederates in the execution of the order, and often a hearty reception would be given them and a variety of keepsakes and reminders in the nature of wounds, bullets and buckshot.

Armed bands of the enemy roamed over the country, pilfering, robbing and murdering peaceful citizens. Martial law was declared in East Tennessee; provost-marshals and enrolling officers were appointed in every town and county, and these were composed usually of the bitterest and most oppressive men in the Confederacy.

Colonel W. B. Wood, Sixteenth Alabama, commanding the post at Knoxville in the fall of 1861, wrote to Adjutant-General Cooper at Richmond as follows: "Five hundred Union men are now threatening Strawberry Plains, fifteen hundred are assembling in Hamilton county, and there is a general uprising in all the counties. The whole country is now in a state of rebellion and the mountaineers will whip Zollicoffer as soon as they get ammunition."

Then came the destruction of the bridges along the East Tennessee & Virginia railroad, one of the main lines connecting Richmond and the Gulf States. This was followed by the execution of Henry Fry and J. M. Hensie at Greeneville, C. A. Hawn, Jacob Harmon and his son Henry at Knoxville. The charge against these men was bridge-burning, yet there was no positive proof that any of them had burned or attempted to burn a bridge. Hundreds of prominent citizens were arrested on some "trumped-up charge"

and sent south to Tuscaloosa, Ala., a prison well known to the loyal people of East Tennessee, where, by cruel and inhuman treatment, scores died.

Among those sent from East Tennessee were Hon. Montgomery Thornburgh, attorney-general of his judicial circuit; Hon. Samuel Pickens, state senator, and Hon. Levi Trewhitt, a very old man and a well-known lawyer. To add further insult to these loyal and patriotic citizens they were sent south in filthy stock-cars. Among those who died in this prison was Attorney-General Thornburgh. Dr. William Hunt and Hon. Levi Trewhitt died from cruel treatment.

The jail at Knoxville was full to overflowing with Union men. Ministers who dared to pray for the success of the Union army, or for the preservation of the government, were arrested and thrown into prison.

The loyalty of these mountain people to the old flag was a menace to the Confederates and the cause of much bitterness. Every able-bodied man under the age of forty-five was required to go into the rebel army, and the Union men who had remained at home up to this time began to drop out of sight. Pilots or guides, as they were called, were in great demand to take these loyal men beyond the lines. The secret means of escape to the Union lines was termed "The Underground Railroad," and the secret method of communication, "The Grape-vine Telegraph."

In the meantime the East Tennessee & Virginia railroad was kept busy transporting troops from the South to Virginia. This was witnessed by the loyal people with a strong feeling of dissatisfaction, and in order to put a stop to it they planned the destruction of the bridges. In the attempt to destroy the bridge at Strawberry Plains there was a considerable fight between the guard and the Union men, in which both sides had men wounded.

These outbreaks created great excitement and alarm, and were committed, not in the spirit of wanton destruction, but of real war upon an enemy and for the sole purpose of interrupting the military communications of the Gulf States



COLONEL ROBERT JOHNSON

with Richmond and of enabling the Union army to enter East Tennessee.

Martial law was declared in Knoxville and Union people's houses were arbitrarily entered night and day by the soldiers, who demanded their arms and ammunition. This attempt to disarm the people was denounced, as they doubted the right to take away their arms, as they were looked upon as a household necessity.

Shortly after the election on the 8th of June a mass-meeting of the Union people was called to meet at Strawberry Plains, seventeen miles northeast of Knoxville, to condemn the action of Governor Harris in declaring the State out of the Union, contrary to the voice of its qualified voters. The meeting was largely attended and was held in a grove a short distance east of the village, near the railroad. During the progress of the meeting a regiment of "Louisiana Tigers" passed by on the cars. They had been notified of the meeting before leaving the station, and under a full head of steam and with loaded muskets on they came. When opposite the place where these patriots were quietly discussing the action of Governor Harris they opened fire. This fire was promptly met with volleys from all kinds of firearms and a rush for the train. Several men who were near the track attempted to wreck the train by placing cross-ties on the rails. There were no casualties on the Union side, and as the train kept moving there was no means of knowing whether any of the "Tigers" were hurt or not, but the sides of the cars were perforated with bullets.

The nearest point to the Union camps was in the State of Kentucky, and to reach them the mountains and a hostile enemy must be passed. The vigilant foe kept every gap well guarded, and capture meant death or long confinement in some loathsome prison. Those who are familiar with the topography of the country between Tennessee and Kentucky will remember that Cumberland Mountain is well flanked with hills and ridges, all of which must be crossed in passing from one State to the other. But with all their watchfulness

and the dangers incident to such an undertaking, thousands left their homes, made their way safely across the cold and cheerless mountains, reached the Union camps and enlisted in the army, shedding their blood in defense of the old flag.

The most of these long and dangerous marches were made by night, to better escape the watchful eye of the enemy. These midnight tramps were made in companies of fifty to one hundred, and even larger numbers were safely taken through the lines. It was no uncommon thing for pitched battles to occur between these East Tennessee Unionists and the Confederates. The majority of these expeditions were successful, but a few were disastrous. The Union people of East Tennessee believed that when their liberty was taken from them there was nothing left worth living for, and, in the language of Patrick Henry, it was "Give me liberty or give me death."

The greatest secrecy was required in making these trips, and all loud and boisterous talking had to be repressed. But when the point was reached where it was safe to give expression to pent-up feelings the men would break forth in loud huzzas, singing as they marched along, "We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more." It is rather a remarkable fact that East Tennessee in 1861, with a male population of forty-five thousand between the ages of twenty and fifty, should furnish for the Union army thirty-five thousand volunteers—not a conscript among them—besides hundreds that enlisted in Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois regiments, for which Tennessee received no credit.

Tennessee was the last State to "secede," or more truthfully speaking, "forced out of the Union," and this act was not a voluntary one, but was accomplished by force of arms. This shameful act occurred on the 8th day of June, 1861, almost two months after Fort Sumter had been fired upon. Rev. N. G. Taylor, a Bell elector on the Presidential ticket in 1860, made use of the following strong language in a speech delivered in Knoxville: "The people of East Tennes-

see are determined to maintain the Union by force of arms against any movement from the South throughout their region of country to assail the government at Washington with violence, and that the Secessionists of the cotton States, in attempting to carry out their nefarious designs to destroy the Republic, would have to march over my dead body and the dead bodies of thousands of East Tennessee mountaineers slain in battle."

In August, 1861, Colonel R. K. Bird, of Roane county, organized the First Regiment of Tennessee Volunteers at Camp Dick Robinson, Kentucky. The following September the Second Regiment Tennessee Volunteers was organized at the same camp by Colonel J. P. T. Carter, of Carter county. In February, 1862, Colonel L. C. Houk, of Anderson county, organized the Third Tennessee Volunteers at Flat Lick, Kentucky. In March, Colonel Robert Johnson, of Greeneville, organized the Fourth Regiment Tennessee Volunteers at Camp Garber, Kentucky. The following November the regiment was mounted and equipped for the cavalry service and was mustered as the First Tennessee Cavalry. Camp Garber is about one mile northwest of Flat Lick, on the main road leading from Barboursville to Cumberland Gap.

The men composing the regiment were principally from the counties of Bradley, Knox, Union, Grainger, Jefferson, Greene, Hawkins and Hancock. Colonel Johnson's paternal notoriety made him quite popular and influential. His father, Andrew Johnson, when the war broke out, bore the proud distinction of being the only Southern Senator who retained his seat in the Senate after his State had seceded. Colonel Johnson was authorized by E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War, to recruit a cavalry regiment, but from some cause the government did not arm and equip it for that branch of the service at the time of its organization.

Being the fourth regiment organized from the State, "Number 4" was assigned to it and entered of record, and up to November was known as the Fourth Tennessee Volun-

teers. Recruits came in rapidly, it then being understood that the regiment would soon be mounted, and with the Tennessee boys the idea of "riding instead of walking" was quite a popular one. The first company organized for the regiment was Company A, yet the first seven companies were organized during March and April. The following is the original list of company officers and the order in which they were recruited:

COMPANY A.

Captain, Charles L. Barton; First Lieutenant, John H. Trent;
Second Lieutenant, Moses Wiley.

COMPANY B.

Captain, Richard M. Baldwin; First Lieutenant, Gideon Wolf;
Second Lieutenant, George Odom.

COMPANY C.

Captain, James P. Brownlow; First Lieutenant, Morgan T. Burkhart; Second Lieutenant, Elbert J. Cannon.

COMPANY D.

Captain, Alfred J. Lane; First Lieutenant, W. R. Willoughby;
Second Lieutenant, George W. Cox.

COMPANY E.

Captain, Henry G. Flagg; First Lieutenant, Charles H. Burdick;
Second Lieutenant, William Thurman.

COMPANY F.

Captain, Thomas J. Capps; First Lieutenant, Robert A. Wooten;
Second Lieutenant, John A. Gray.

COMPANY H.

Captain, John A. Gray (promoted from second lieutenant Company F to captain Company H); First Lieutenant, Calvin M. Dyer;
Second Lieutenant, Edward Simpson.

The above companies were organized at Camp Garber and all sworn into the United States service for three years or during the war. The Fourth Tennessee was not mustered at its organization owing to the fact that no mustering officer was present to perform that duty. By this simple process these patriotic citizens who had made their way through the lines were converted into United States soldiers, and were now subject to orders and discipline from all



COLONEL JAMES P. BROWNLOW

superior officers. Colonel Johnson appointed the following commissioned and non-commissioned staff officers: Adjutant, Lieutenant James O. Berry; Quartermaster, Lieutenant Robert Howell; Surgeon, Pleasant W. Logan; Sergeant-Major, M. C. Williams.

These were the first line and staff officers, and as vacancies occurred they were filled by promotion. No more staff officers were elected or appointed for some time, because the regiment was not filled up to a war standard. Uniforms, blankets, knapsacks, haversacks, canteens and cooking utensils were issued to the men and active preparations commenced to fit up the regiment for the field. All will doubtless remember how strange and yet how proud most of us felt when dressed for the first time in our bright, new uniforms. But oh, the horrible misfits! The pants were either too long or too short, the hats too large or too small, the coat-collars so high and stiff that we could scarcely turn our heads at the command eyes right, or left, while the tips of the fingers of a short-armed fellow could hardly be seen on account of the length of the sleeves. If a long-armed fellow drew a short-sleeved coat he never had to roll up his sleeves for a fight.

Our first camp was on high ground and well laid out, with a wide street between each row of tents. The big white Sibley tents were well stretched and put up in parallel rows as straight as a "bee-line," which added greatly to the appearance of the camp. About fifty Harper Ferry muskets were issued to the regiment for picket and guard duty, and on discharging the piece there was almost as much danger in the rear as at the muzzle, so great was the recoil. Camp life was a new experience to the men and it took some little time for the boys who had been accustomed to pleasure and the comforts of pleasant homes to adapt themselves to the various changes, but before the end of their first year's service they had learned by hard experience that camp life, no matter how rigid the orders were, was one of ease and comfort as compared with their experience at the front. Old

Mother Earth was our bed, and but little complaint was heard among the men.

Military discipline was immediately commenced. There were but very few of the officers or men in the regiment who had any military knowledge, consequently the awkward squad was always very large and well attended. The drummers beat reveille in the morning. This was followed by roll-call, sick call, or "quinine-call," as the boys named it, guard-mounting and drilling six hours each day.

On every hand it was, "Right face, left face, about face, eyes right, eyes left, heads up, men, heads up, forward march, backward march, company right wheel, left wheel, halt, parade rest," day after day until the long, shuffling gait was changed to the quick, firm step of a soldier. Our camp was a long distance from the railroad, consequently all of the supplies had to be transported in army wagons over bad roads. Large working details were made from the regiment and sent to London, where the men built miles of dirt and corduroy roads along Laurel river. All the worst places received our careful attention, so that by the middle of May the roads had sufficiently dried out so that our teams could draw a well-loaded wagon to camp.

Here is where the government mule comes in for his share of honor in helping to put down the rebellion. A mule is a mule the world over, but none is equal to a government mule. It was hard to get along with him, but it seemed utterly impossible to get along without him. He endured more abuse and insults than all of the army put together. He never talked back, but would "kick back" in spite of kind treatment. The army mule has never had justice done him and it is doubtful if the war could have been carried on without him. He fell in battle like other soldiers, and his remains make the Q. M. mile-posts. Often after a hard day's work in front of a U. S. wagon he made his supper from dry leaves or dead grass, with the feed-box or wagon-tongue for dessert.

It is only after the last army mule has passed beyond

the cruel treatment of the army teamster that we begin to appreciate how much we owe him. Let a monument be built to the memory of the unpraised, unbrevetted, unpensioned army mule, the real hero of the war. The army mule never dodges or runs from anything, as it has a battery of its own, and is very effective at close range, seldom missing its aim. Bands of music, the rattle of drums and the roar of artillery have no effect on him, but like a true soldier he stands his ground and makes his influence felt in many ways.

In March, 1862, General Buel, who at that time was in command of the Department of the Ohio, issued an order for the organization of another division, to be known as the "Seventh Division, Army of the Ohio," and assigned as its commander Brigadier-General Geo. W. Morgan, a veteran officer who had seen service in the war with Mexico.

Early in April, Morgan moved a portion of his command to Cumberland Ford, nine miles southeast of Flat Lick, and at once assumed command of all the troops then operating in Eastern Kentucky. The Cumberland Valley was almost destitute of supplies, the productions of that region having been exhausted by the enemy the preceding year. Forage for the teams and rations for the troops had to be hauled from fifty to sixty miles, over almost impassable roads. Heavy details were constantly employed upon the main road and for a time it looked as though the regiment would be compelled to battle with the mud instead of the enemy. As the different regiments marched by, clad in their bright, new uniforms, and with the bright barrels of their Enfield rifles gleaming in the bright sunlight, we became dissatisfied with our "job" and longed to break camp and go to the front, as we did not enlist to work on the public roads.

The first death in the regiment was Joel M. Jarvis, Company B, who died of measles at Barbourville, Kentucky, April 12, 1862.

How our memory lingers around our first camp as we

recall the many pleasant days spent at Camp Garber while recruiting was going on, and the men put through the drill so essential for troops that are to take the field. Rumors frequently reached camp that the regiment would soon receive marching orders. The routine duty consisted of six hours' drill each day, with dress parade, guard and picket duty.

The following promotion and appointment were made in the Fourth Tennessee: Adjutant James O. Berry was promoted to major, and John Hall, of Knoxville, was appointed adjutant.

Early in May, General C. L. Stevenson, who was holding Cumberland Gap with a Confederate force of six or eight thousand men, moved up and made an attack on General Morgan's camp. At midnight an order reached Colonel Johnson's camp. The order was for him to move his regiment at once in light marching order. The officers passed from tent to tent and yelled out: "Strike tents and fall in, boys!" The men crawled out immediately and fell into line. The whole camp was wild with excitement, but no order was ever more quickly or cheerfully obeyed.

The Fourth Tennessee up to this time had not been armed, though the guns were then at Flat Lick, but had not been issued to the men. The teams were harnessed and in a short time were on the way to Flat Lick for the guns. On returning to camp the boxes were opened and soon the bright barrels of the Austrian rifles were seen flashing in the light of the blazing camp-fires. Twenty rounds of ammunition were issued to each man and about 2 a. m. the regiment left camp and, marching through Flat Lick, took the main road leading to Cumberland Ford. A drenching rain set in shortly after leaving camp, making marching very unpleasant and laborious. The night was of an inky blackness and the road rough and slippery, and every now and then a comrade would lose his footing and fall sprawling in the mud. This would provoke a laugh, and during that night's march the Third Commandment was no doubt often violated.



But the regiment trudged along through the rain and mud and by 8 a. m. reached Cumberland Ford, hungry, haggard, and somewhat dilapidated, and found the Union camp in excitement and the troops under arms. The attack proved to be only a feint, and after some light skirmishing the enemy fell back and all was again "quiet along the Cumberland." The Fourth Tennessee was halted, guns stacked and the troops ordered to cook breakfast, which consisted of hot coffee, bacon broiled on pointed sticks and laid out on crackers—familiarly known as "hard tack"—and what a breakfast it was, to hungry soldiers.

This was a new experience, and as soon as this hasty meal was disposed of the men lay down on the wet ground and soon welcome sleep blotted out the recollections of the night march. Late in the afternoon the wagons reached the regiment, a camp was selected and tents put up, and while admiring the location and beautiful appearance of our second camp an order came to strike tents and march at once to Woodbine, about thirty-eight miles northwest of Cumberland Ford. This move was made to head off John H. Morgan, the daring Confederate raider, who was reported to be moving toward Morgan's line of communication.

The Fourth Tennessee was now about to enter upon its first campaign, and it is rather a singular fact that all of the first marches should be made at night, but like true soldiers the men sadly but resolutely obeyed the order, and without rest from the hard and fatiguing march of the preceding night marched out singing, "Hoe your cakes and scratch your gravel, In Dixie's land we are bound to travel." There was but little complaint in the ranks, and the cheerfulness with which the men responded to duty laid a foundation on which the splendid record was built during its three years' service.

Colonel Johnson moved his regiment from camp late in the afternoon of the 7th and marched all night, reaching Barbourville the next morning. Here a short halt was made to allow the men to rest and prepare breakfast, after which

the march was resumed, and by the middle of the afternoon the regiment reached Woodbine. Colonel Johnson selected his camp near a large spring and in a beautiful orchard. The trees were in full bloom and old Mother Earth richly carpeted, while from among the blooming trees the merry songsters enlivened the evenings with their sweet music. Pickets were thrown out on all the roads and once more the Fourth Tennessee, tired and foot-sore, settled down in camp.

While at this place the regiment had its first alarm, and the prompt manner in which the boys turned out would have put to shame a veteran organization. Colonel Johnson had previously instructed the pickets, and between midnight and day the men were aroused by their officers and sharp firing on the picket line. The officers were shouting to the men, "Fall in! Fall in! We are attacked!" and as we were expecting to be attacked by John H. Morgan none but the officers knew any better. Every man was up in an instant, and seizing his musket and the first article of clothing that was handiest, rushed for the parade-ground, some dressing as they ran, while others fell into line without shoes or hats on.

By this time the firing had reached the colonel's quarters, and he and his staff came on the gallop to the place where the regiment was being formed, and immediately ordered it to double-quick down the Somerset road, with Company C, Captain Jim Brownlow commanding, in the advance. After moving down the road about half a mile, Colonel Johnson halted the regiment and formed it in line of battle across the road. All this time the men in the ranks were wondering why the order to load was not given. After standing in line of battle for about an hour, Colonel Johnson marched the regiment back to camp and ordered the men to sleep on their arms the remainder of the night; and it is doubtful if ever there was a more wide-awake regiment than the Fourth Tennessee during the rest of the night.

The regiment remained at this place until the middle of May, during which time it kept up its daily drill and dress parade. On the 15th, Colonel Johnson was ordered to move

his regiment to London, eighteen miles north of Woodbine. Camp was broken at dark and after a very hard night's march over a rough and hilly country the Fourth Tennessee reached London at 8 o'clock the next morning and went into camp on the left of the town. Nothing worthy of mention occurred at this place, our time being spent in skirmish drill and target practice.

From this place the Fourth Tennessee was ordered to Barbourville, a beautiful little town located on the road leading to Cumberland Gap and twenty-five miles from London. This march was made in daylight. The regiment lay here until the first of June. General Morgan now began the concentration of his army at Cumberland Ford for his proposed move upon Cumberland Gap, as enough of supplies had been collected to warrant him in making this move. The first of June, Colonel Johnson was ordered to move his regiment to Cumberland Ford and here the Twenty-fifth Brigade was organized.

The Seventh Division as originally organized was composed of four brigades of infantry, one regiment of cavalry, four batteries of artillery, with engineer and signal corps attached, as follows:

Twenty-fourth Brigade, Brigadier-General S. P. Carter commanding: 1st Tenn., Colonel R. K. Byrd; 2nd Tenn., Colonel J. P. T. Carter; 7th Ky., Colonel T. T. Garrard; 49th Ind., Colonel James Kegwin.

Twenty-fifth Brigade, Brigadier-General Jas. G. Spears commanding: 3rd Tenn., Colonel L. C. Houk; 4th Tenn., Colonel Robert Johnson; 5th Tenn., Colonel Jas. T. Shelly; 6th Tenn., Colonel Joseph A. Cooper.

Twenty-sixth Brigade, Colonel John F. De Courcey commanding: 16th Ohio, Lieutenant-Colonel G. W. Bailey; 22nd Ky., Colonel D. W. Lindsey; 42nd Ohio, Colonel L. A. Sheldon.

Twenty-seventh Brigade, Brigadier-General A. Baird commanding: 33rd Ind., Colonel John Coburn; 14th Ky., Colonel J. C. Cochran; 19th Ky., Colonel W. J. Landrum; 6th Ky. Cavalry, Colonel Reuben Monday.

Artillery: 1st Wis. Battery, Captain J. T. Foster, six 20-pound Parrott guns; 7th Mich. Battery, Captain C. H. Lanphere, six 6-pound Rodman guns; 9th Ohio Battery, Captain Wetmore, two 20-pounders and two 12-pound Howitzers; eight heavy seige guns, Lieutenant Dan Webster.

Engineer Corps, Captain W. F. Patterson.

Signal Corps, Lieutenant H. G. Fisher, three officers and ten men.

Morgan's division had an aggregate strength of twelve thousand five hundred men, the majority of whom were new troops, but brave and resolute. Later on in the war the troops composing the division made gallant records in the armies of the Tennessee, Cumberland and Ohio. Upon their victorious banners were inscribed the battles of Vicksburg, Donelson, Shiloh, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Resaca, Picket's Mill, Kennesaw Mt., Peachtree Creek, Ezra Church, Franklin, Nashville and a score more of important battles fought by the men composing this division.

CHAPTER II.

CUMBERLAND GAP—MORGAN'S CAMPAIGN—THE STRONGHOLD
FALLS—OPERATIONS AROUND THE GAP—HARD SERVICE
AND SHORT RATIONS—BIG CREEK GAP.

This was a large army to be maintained in a mountainous country, the inhabitants producing scarcely enough for their own use, much less to feed an army, and to take from them seemed like robbery. It was about eighty miles to the nearest depot of supplies and the greater portion of that distance was through a hilly country. The only means of transportation was army wagons and the roads were so bad that the teams could not make more than ten to twelve miles a day. This was an undertaking of more than ordinary magnitude, but General Morgan and his army were patient under the circumstances and by the first of June enough of supplies had been accumulated to warrant Morgan in entering upon his proposed campaign, the objective point being the capture of Cumberland Gap, one of the most noted in the great Cumberland range.

From scouts and reconnoissances made toward this stronghold, Morgan learned that the Gap was well fortified and held by five or six thousand troops, under the command of General Stevenson. This information led Morgan to abandon his contemplated attack in front and force Stevenson to evacuate the Gap by a flank movement. It is exceedingly doubtful if the place could have been carried by a direct assault, on account of the roughness of the approaches.

The country over which Morgan's army marched in this great flank movement was exceedingly rough and mountainous, and to one who has never passed over the route it would be very hard to imagine the difficulties to be overcome in

transporting cannon and a heavy baggage train over it. It is a short day's march from Cumberland Ford to Cumberland Gap, but to reach the latter place by Big Creek Gap would require at least ten to twelve days of hard marching over almost impassable roads, a distance of one hundred miles.

The only gaps that could be crossed by an army encumbered with artillery and heavily loaded wagons were Big Creek and Rogers Gaps, and toward these Morgan marched his army in two columns of two brigades each. Big Creek Gap is thirty-eight miles nearly due west from Cumberland Gap and thirty-six miles from Cumberland Ford. These gaps were all blockaded and a small force stationed at each one to watch the movements of the Union army. General E. K. Smith was in command of the Department of East Tennessee and had placed General Barton with his division near the mouth of Big Creek Gap on the south side to prevent Morgan's troops from crossing at this gap.

All of Morgan's division was at Cumberland Ford except Spears' brigade, which at that time was encamped near Boston, Kentucky. A floating bridge was built across Cumberland River and the army moved to the south side. General Spears' brigade—except the Fourth Tennessee Volunteers—was ordered to the foot of Pine Mountain, on the Big Creek Gap road, for the purpose of removing the blockade. In order to deceive the enemy at Cumberland Gap, a feint was made in that direction to cover the movements on Rogers and Big Creek Gaps.

On the 9th day of June, the Fourth Tennessee broke camp at Cumberland Ford and marched with General Carter's brigade—to which it was at that time temporarily attached—to the old Moss house on the Cumberland Gap road, where the whole command bivouacked for the night. The next morning we were joined by Captain Lanphere's Seventh Michigan Battery, after which the entire brigade and battery moved a short distance on the Clear Creek road and encamped for the night.

Resuming the march the next day the brigade marched

on to Boston by way of Lambdin's, where it bivouacked for the night. We experienced great trouble in getting our wagons and the artillery over the almost impassable roads. On the morning of the 13th, General Carter was ordered to move his brigade through Big Creek Gap and join Morgan at Rogers Gap in Powell's Valley. The command was moved out early on the morning of the 14th, and as the day wore away the long drawn-out column of weary troops could be seen tramping along cheerfully toward Pine Mountain, believing when the summit was reached the road would be better.

The march, however, was relieved of much of its tediousness by the grandeur of the scenery. This was an exceedingly hard day on the men as well as the horses and mules, but by the united exertion of the troops the wagons and artillery were safely taken across Pine Mountain, though the men and horses were greatly fatigued.

Early on the morning of the 15th, General Carter received a dispatch from General Spears at Big Creek Gap stating that his brigade was attacked, and requesting him to move immediately to his support. The troops were ordered into line and in a short time the column was under way, and so eager were the men to meet the enemy that they forgot the hard and tedious marches of the preceding days, pushed forward and reached General Spears' position, ten miles distant, by noon. When Carter's troops reached Spears at Big Creek Gap all was quiet, his troops having repulsed the enemy, which proved to be a part of General Barton's command. Heavy details were made to assist the teams in overcoming the ascents and descents of this mountainous country.

The road—as it was called—was rough and full of huge boulders, and at some places was very steep, narrow and winding, in fact at places it seemed utterly impossible to pass by safely. At places where the road was so crooked and full of boulders there was great danger of the artillery and wagons being precipitated down the almost perpendicular

banks of jagged rocks at places almost a hundred feet high, meaning death to man or beast if they toppled over these yawning chasms. But by doubling the teams and the troops tugging at ropes, block and tackle, this great task was accomplished with but slight loss. The heaviest siege guns weighed eight thousand pounds and the reader can form his own conclusions of the magnitude of the undertaking.

On reaching Big Creek Gap, Colonel Johnson was ordered to join Spears' brigade, the one to which the regiment belonged. On the following morning the line of march was taken up and the Fourth Tennessee, with the remainder of the army, moved up Powell's Valley to Rogers' Gap, where it bivouacked for the night. As we marched up the valley the loyal people lined the road and gave us a warm greeting, and the frequent outbursts of joy at the sight of the old flag and the marching soldiers led us to believe that the greeting was from true Unionists. At Rogers' Gap, Morgan again united his army. The brigades of De Courcey and Baird had moved from Cumberland Ford toward Cumberland Gap, and after a slight demonstration in front of that stronghold, moved to Rogers' Gap, and after removing the blockade, crossed the mountain and marched out into Powell's Valley. On the approach of Morgan's troops at Big Creek and Rogers' Gaps, Barton moved rapidly up the valley toward Cumberland Gap.

General Morgan had quietly turned Stevenson's left flank and his army was now all on the south side of the mountain and nineteen miles west of Cumberland Gap. Morgan was now between Stevenson and Smith, and decided to advance upon Cumberland Gap before Kirby Smith could concentrate his forces at that point or fight him in the field. Morgan issued orders for his division to move at 1 a. m. on the 18th for the purpose of attacking the enemy, who was then said to be encamped in force at or near the Thomas farm, about nine miles from Rogers' Gap.

The army moved forward in two columns of two brigades each, on almost parallel roads running from near Rogers'



CUMBERLAND GAP FROM SOUTH SIDE, JUST BEFORE EVACUATION

Gap and intersecting at Thomas'. Carter's and Spears' brigades moved along the new valley road, De Courcey and Baird on the old valley road, but before the two columns reached the Thomas farm the enemy abandoned it and fled in great confusion toward Cumberland Gap. After a short rest the two columns were united and the army continued the march up the valley toward the Gap. Late in the afternoon the army came in sight of Cumberland Gap, and Morgan was about to begin deploying his troops for an attack when the scouts sent out by him returned and reported this great stronghold abandoned.

This great military prize fell by Morgan's strategy after a brief campaign made under the most severe and trying difficulties, and before the close of the day—18th—the Seventh Division marched in and took possession. Everything indicated a hasty retreat. Stevenson threw five or six heavy cannon down the cliffs, besides several left in position. All of his tents were slitted and left standing. A large amount of stores and army supplies were destroyed, but quite a lot fell into our hands not injured. On taking possession of the Gap a national salute was fired in honor of its capture, by Foster's battery, from the summit, while from the pinnacle the Stars and Stripes could be seen floating high above our heads, its silken folds being kissed by the mountain breeze.

“Forever float that standard sheet,
Where breathes the foe that falls before us,
With freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And freedom's banner streaming o'er us.”

In his report of the Cumberland Gap campaign, General Morgan says: “The result secured by strategy is less brilliant than a victory gained amid the storm and hurricane of battle, but humanity has gained all that glory has lost, and I am satisfied.”

The following order from the Department Commander will give the reader an idea of his high appreciation of this bloodless victory :

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE OHIO,
Huntsville, Ala., July 11, 1862.

GENERAL ORDERS NO. 29.

The General commanding the Army of the Ohio takes pleasure in announcing the success of an arduous and hazardous campaign by the Seventh Division, Brigadier-General George W. Morgan commanding, by which the enemy's fortified position at Cumberland Gap was turned and his forces compelled to retreat as our troops advanced to attack. The General commanding thanks General Morgan and the troops of the Seventh Division for the ability displayed in the operations against this important stronghold and for the energy, fortitude and cheerfulness which they exhibited in their struggle with difficulties of the most formidable magnitude for an army.

By command of MAJOR-GENERAL BUEL.

JAS. B. FRY,
Colonel and Chief of Staff.

General Morgan placed his troops in and around the Gap and began the construction of such works as seemed necessary for the protection of his army from an attack from the south. Cumberland Gap, which has been by some one denominated the "Gibraltar of America," was famous long before the thunder of Confederate guns were heard at Fort Sumter. It was through this noted pass that Daniel Boone, the great hunter and explorer, crossed on his way to the "Blue Grass State," and was also one of the first points garrisoned in this section by the Confederates in 1861. It is situated at the point of junction between three States. By the side of the road on the south side and near the summit stands a stone which marks the corner of three States—Tennessee, Virginia and Kentucky. Some of the boys declared that they could stand in three States at once by placing themselves on the top of this noted corner-stone.

During the war it was held by both armies, and was a position of great importance, it being a great natural gateway and key to the States of Tennessee, Kentucky and Virginia. This noted mountain pass is one of the deepest clefts in the great Cumberland range, and is at least one thousand feet higher than the base, while on each side its lofty peaks

tower at least one thousand feet higher. Through this gap cannon and heavily laden army wagons could cross without difficulty, besides it was the main gateway to the center of the Confederacy, for only a short distance south was the main and most important railroad which connects Richmond with the Gulf States. This was the road on which the Unionists of East Tennessee burned so many bridges.

It is also noted for its many springs of pure, sparkling water that leaps and jumps down its rugged sides. The one on the south side furnishes power for a busy mill that stood at the southern base, which did constant duty for the Confederate as well as the Union army early in the war. It was burned by a detachment of the Second Tennessee Volunteers, led by Major Dan Carpenter, in 1863. Morgan's division were the first Union troops to carry the old flag across these rugged mountains and to enter this great stronghold. The peak to the east is much the highest, and from this dizzy point a magnificent view of the States of Tennessee, Kentucky and Virginia may be had, while away in the blue, hazy distance the great Blue Ridge range and the beautiful Chilhowee may be seen.

General Morgan established his headquarters on the south side of the Gap, at Dr. Morrison's residence, a short distance east of the Tazewell road. General Spears' brigade was encamped still east of Morgan's headquarters and near the Virginia road. Drills and parades that had been given up during the campaign were revived, and some days the level space at the foot of the mountain was completely covered with troops, all going through different movements.

Early in July, General Morgan sent Spears' brigade four miles northeast of the Gap into Lee county, Virginia, to watch the enemy and collect forage. The camp was on the Virginia road, near Woodson's Creek, and was named "Camp Morgan," in honor of General Geo. W. Morgan, commanding the Seventh Division, Army of the Ohio. This was the first time that the entire brigade had ever been in camp together since its organization.

Camp life at this place was made up of picketing, scouting, skirmishing, drills and parades. Some of the outposts were under the rugged peaks of the mountain, and as the weary sentinel stood quietly on the lonely picket-post with his faithful musket by his side the whispering pines were lonesome companions. As the enemy were in close proximity to our camp, great care and diligence was required to prevent surprise, for we had no cavalry to do outpost duty.

One of the picket posts was well up to the foot of the mountain, and one dark night the picket, who was wide-awake and with eagle eye was peering into the darkness to detect the form of a man or an animal that he heard in his front. He did not want to arouse the reserves, nor did he want to be captured, so at last, tired of further suspense, he fired into the darkness. This shot aroused the reserves, as well as the old government mule that was quietly approaching his supposed friend. With lowered head and tail extended he dashed madly by the picket, and the reserves, believing him to be harmless, refused to fire. Soon all became quiet and no further alarm occurred during the night. The faithful sentinel, when asked why he fired upon the defenceless mule, remarked that it had no business outside the picket line without the countersign. In some way this mule had gone beyond the picket line unobserved, possibly in search of something to satisfy his craving appetite, and returning after dark was fired upon without being challenged.

The whole camp was kept guarded night and day, the beats were numbered and at intervals during the night each sentinel was required to call out the number of his beat or post in the following manner, beginning with post number one: "Four o'clock and post number one all right." The sentinel on beat number two would in like manner call out his number, this was followed by the next one and continued until the round was made, and if a sentinel failed to respond the corporal of the guard was sent to find out the trouble.

This was a new experience to the men composing the Twenty-fifth Brigade, and this system of camp guard was

the work of the fertile brain of General Spears, our brigade commander. It is doubtful if there was another brigade in the whole army that maintained such a system around its camp, yet it served his purpose well and kept many a sleepy-headed sentinel awake while on duty. The men and most of the officers were without military experience and as our camp was located in the enemy's country, vigilance was a necessity, and be it said to the credit of General Spears that his camp was never surprised, though hardly a day passed without a brush with the enemy somewhere on the picket line.

Late in the afternoon of the 5th of August, General Spears' camp was thrown into great excitement by an order from General Morgan directing the Twenty-fifth Brigade to march at once to the relief of De Courcey's brigade at Tazewell, Tennessee. De Courcey had been sent by Morgan to Tazewell for the purpose of capturing a lot of supplies stored at that place by the enemy. The Fourth Tennessee left camp at dark and marched with the remainder of the brigade in light marching order toward Tazewell. Spears moved his troops rapidly along the dusty road and on reaching Powell's River, six miles from Cumberland Gap, met De Courcey falling back.

Part of De Courcey's brigade was pretty roughly handled. While the wagons were being loaded, Stevenson's division made an attack on his brigade, but he held his position against great odds until the two hundred wagons he had taken with him were loaded and well on their way toward the Gap. In this engagement Colonel G. W. Gordon, Eleventh Tennessee Volunteers, C. S. A., was captured by the Sixteenth Ohio of De Courcey's brigade. After a short rest the two brigades returned to camp.

It was while the Fourth Tennessee lay at Camp Morgan and during the sharp and almost continuous picket fighting that Captain Brownlow, of Company C, began to develop such fine soldierly qualities that later on made him famous as a "fighter." The daily picket fighting gave him splendid

opportunities and he soon won for himself a brilliant reputation as a brave and determined leader. When the regiment was organized at Flat Lick the office of lieutenant-colonel was left vacant, and up to this position James P. Brownlow, captain of Company C, the youngest captain in the regiment, was promoted. He was the youngest son of Rev. W. G. Brownlow, of Knoxville, more familiarly known as Parson Brownlow, one of the leading Unionists of East Tennessee and editor and proprietor of *Brownlow's Knoxville Whig*. Captain Brownlow was just nineteen years old when he was promoted to lieutenant-colonel of the Fourth Tennessee Volunteers. He was tall and well proportioned, with keen, penetrating, gray eyes. He was a soldier of fine ability, full of enterprise, energy and courage. He was never heard to say "Go, boys," but always, "Come on, boys!" Agreeable in his manners and accessible to all, he was strictly honorable in all of his dealings with men and the government.

First Lieutenant M. T. Burkhart was promoted to captain, and Second Lieutenant E. J. Cannon to first lieutenant. First Sergeant J. K. Lones was promoted to second lieutenant.

About the middle of August, General Spears' brigade was ordered back to the Gap. The occupation of Cumberland Gap by the Union army shortened the distance and greatly reduced the chances of capture by the enemy of the East Tennessee Unionists, who now came to the Gap by hundreds, leaving behind fathers, mothers, wives and sisters. These loyal men came to enlist, and soon the ranks of all the Tennessee regiments were full and the Second, Third and Fourth Cavalry were beginning to receive recruits. From the loyal citizens three more companies were recruited for the regiment, as follows:

COMPANY G.

Captain, I. C. Leger; First Lieutenant, W. W. Mosier; Second Lieutenant, H. K. Fields.

COMPANY I.

Captain, Abraham Hammond; First Lieutenant, W. A. Kidwell; Second Lieutenant, Jas. H. Elkins.

COMPANY K.

Captain, Burton Smith; First Lieutenant, Nelson Bowman
Second Lieutenant, Alexander M. Smith.

This made the ten companies and brought the Fourth Tennessee up to the government standard for an infantry regiment, and each company retained the same letter and position during the service, with A on the right and then the other companies from right to left, in the following order: F, D, I, C, H, E, K, G and B.

The Fourth Tennessee had been without a chaplain up to this time, and no doubt it was a most fortunate thing, as the regiment now had an opportunity of procuring the service of an able Christian gentleman. Among those who made their escape and came through the lines to our camp was Rev. John P. Holtsinger, a Cumberland Presbyterian minister of Greeneville, and at the request of Colonel Johnson the commissioned officers voted for and unanimously elected him chaplain of the regiment. He was a model Christian, intelligent, kind and brave, and the noble example that he set before the men composing the regiment was worthy of emulation. The profound confidence that the men had in him in camp as well as upon the battlefield was such that he was called the "Father of the Regiment." He was always present on the field of battle, in the midst of danger and death, to speak words of comfort to the wounded and dying, and one of the best evidences of his popularity and worth is that he "stuck" to us to the end.

Shortly after the occupation of Cumberland Gap by General Morgan's forces, Lieutenant W. P. Craighill, of the Engineer Corps, was sent to the Gap and commenced the construction of such defensive works as would assure the safety of the position with a small force. These works were built on the south side, and so situated that should this great stronghold fall into the hands of the enemy they could not be used in an attack from the north side. In the construction of these works large details were made from the different

regiments to build them. General Smith did not withdraw his forces very far from the Gap after its fall. General Stevenson's division remained in close proximity, and the remainder of Smith's troops were stationed at other points more or less remote.

About the 15th of August, General Spears was ordered to Wallace's Cross Roads, eighteen miles north of Knoxville, for the purpose of breaking up a Confederate camp at that place. Spears moved his brigade through the Gap to the north side of the mountain and then turning west marched down the north side to Big Creek Gap. This camp was about fifty to sixty miles from Cumberland Gap, direct route, and was considered a dangerous movement, as almost the whole distance lay within the enemy's line and was made without the aid of cavalry. But in the ranks of Spears' brigade there were scores of men who were well acquainted with the country through which he was to march.

From Big Creek Gap, Spears turned south and moved rapidly toward Robbins' Ford, on Clinch River. This ford is something near six miles below the junction of Powell's river with Clinch, and about five miles from Wallace's Cross Roads. This was before the day of pontoons in the Army of the Ohio, and to the men in the ranks there seemed but one way to cross. The troops pulled off their shoes and placed them and their cartridge-boxes and belts on the muzzles of their guns so as to keep them dry, and while waiting for orders to cross some freak of memory suggested that grand old hymn:

"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye."

It was, however, a season of the year when the water was not cold and the boys rather enjoyed the bath, but were a little slow to enter the stream at the start. From this point Spears pushed on and at noon reached the enemy's camp, which he completely surprised.

The Confederates were quietly cooking their dinner, not



GENERAL JOSEPH A. COOPER

thinking for a moment that there was a Yankee in fifty miles of them. They were routed and fled in all directions, leaving their warm dinner for us, and sixty-five men killed, wounded and captured, besides several horses and mules and a lot of guns and camp equipage.

Spears' brigade was now within eighteen miles of Knoxville, the home of many of his men. From loyal citizens we learned afterwards that this movement of Spears produced the wildest confusion in Knoxville and that the enemy expected the "despised Yankees" at any moment. Spears' brigade was composed wholly of Tennessee troops, and many of the men were almost in sight of their homes, but were not permitted to leave the ranks for fear of being captured.

General Spears returned by the same route without the loss of a man. Feed for the mules and artillery horses was scarce and frequent foraging expeditions were sent out under an infantry escort for the purpose of collecting feed, and often a lively skirmish would take place over a disputed cornfield.

General Morgan endeavored to provoke Stevenson to give battle, but without success. His troops often advanced to his camp, surprised and captured his outposts, but was unable to bring on an engagement. Toward the last of August, General E. K. Smith moved with the greater part of his army into Kentucky, by way of Big Creek Gap, and took up a strong position near Big Hill and Richmond. This sudden and unexpected movement of Smith completely cut Morgan off from his base of supplies, and anticipating the total exhaustion of his supplies on hand before communication could be restored, he was compelled to put his troops on half rations and made preparation to hold out to the last extremity. The Third Tennessee, Third Kentucky and Munday's cavalry were sent to aid a column organized for the relief of his troops, but were attacked at London and Big Hill before being united with the other troops, and after a sharp engagement were routed and forced to return. In this engagement the Third Tennessee, of our brigade, met with considerable loss, especially at Big Hill.

Early in September, W. S. Reynolds, the noted and daring Tennessee scout and hero of three wars, reached General Morgan's headquarters and informed him that a well-equipped detachment of the enemy, said to be McAfee's Kentucky cavalry, would leave Knoxville for Kentucky in a few days by way of Big Creek Gap. General Spears was ordered to send a detachment of picked men, under a brave and resolute officer. Four hundred men were selected from the brigade and placed under the command of Colonel Jos. A. Cooper, Sixth Tennessee Volunteers. Colonel Cooper moved his command to the north side of the mountain early on the morning of September 7, in light marching order, and at once moved toward Big Creek Gap as rapidly as the nature of the country would admit.

In going this route, Cooper's little army had to cross Log Mountain, which was exceedingly rough, but by night over half of the distance had been covered. We were moving over almost the same route taken by Spears' brigade a few weeks before in the move on Wallace's Cross Roads. Colonel Cooper's command bivouacked in the mountain, and early the next morning was pushed rapidly toward Big Creek Gap, which was not reached a moment too soon. Colonel Cooper had scarcely time to form his men in line of battle before the enemy was reported to be moving toward the Gap. They were marching along without an advance guard, chatting together unmindful of the fate that awaited them, and the first intimation they had of our presence was when their eyes caught sight of a line of blue coats in line of battle across the road they were moving upon.

The troops in front opened fire, while the remainder of Cooper's men charged upon them from all sides, and after a short but spirited engagement the enemy surrendered. The Confederates were well mounted and splendidly equipped, each man being armed with a good double-barreled shotgun, revolver and saber. They were mounted on magnificent horses, while in their ranks were men from different States. The day was exceedingly warm and most of

the men had taken off their coats to avoid the heat, their bright red shirts making good targets for the boys.

Out of one hundred and nine men, only one made his escape, and he was said to have been wounded. In this engagement Colonel McAfee and ninety-five officers and men were captured, while ten of the enemy were left dead upon the field, among them an aide-de-camp of General Smith and two captains. Cooper's men also captured ninety-eight horses besides arms and equipments. There were no casualties in Colonel Cooper's command, and this was no doubt due to the admirable manner in which he placed his men. He returned to the Gap with the prisoners and captured property, having marched eighty miles in four days, over mountains and hills and roads almost impassable. On our return, General Morgan issued the following order, which was read to his troops at dress parade.

HEADQUARTERS FORCES OF THE UNITED STATES,

Cumberland Gap, September 12, 1862.

GENERAL ORDER No. 88.

The commanding General has again the pleasure of announcing to his troops the achievements of a handful of their comrades at Big Creek Gap, on the 8th inst. After having blockaded the approaches to Big Creek Gap, Colonel Cooper, with a force consisting of four hundred men of the Third, Fourth, Fifth and Sixth Regiments, Tennessee Volunteers, met and routed a force of the enemy's cavalry, killing several, and captured ninety-five prisoners, eighty-seven horses and mules, with a quantity of arms and equipments and a rebel mail, which was being taken to Kentucky on the same day. Colonel Cooper speaks in the highest terms of the gallantry of his officers and men. The commanding General congratulates the Tennessee troops on the laurels won by their comrades.

By command of GENERAL MORGAN.

CHAS. O. JOLIN, A. A. G.

It is with pride and pleasure that the commanding General publishes the above order. It is a source of pleasure to him to bestow his thanks and praise upon Colonel Cooper and the brave officers and men of his command, who so gallantly and conspicuously achieved the victory at Big Creek Gap. The commanding General gives them all praise and honor.

By command of GENERAL SPEARS.

D. C. TREWHITT, A. A. G.

In this expedition Captain Lane, of Company D, commanded the detachment from the Fourth Tennessee. One of his lieutenants was E. J. Cannon, of Company C. Both fell in battle later on. The other the writer is unable to recall.

All this time the rations were getting shorter, with no prospects of a fresh supply, not even from the country. General Morgan kept his troops busy during the month they were shut up in the Gap in strengthening the fortifications and foraging. The Confederates were so close that the foraging was limited to the cornfields near the Gap. The subsistence consisted of half rations of rice and beans, but our short rations were pieced out by green corn, the government mule taking the stalks. The supply of grain for the horses and mules was getting shorter each day, and to hold out much longer they would be unable to haul off the artillery and wagons. To hold out and wait for starvation to force a surrender would give the enemy twelve thousand prisoners, twenty-six cannon, besides thousands of small arms and a large quantity of ammunition.

We were now realizing the stern realities of war, but the boys were patient under the circumstances and responded to duty cheerfully. Before leaving the Gap, and for want of suitable ammunition, the Fourth Tennessee exchanged their Austrian rifles for big, clumsy Belgian muskets, after which the boys decided that every man would need a pack-mule to carry his ammunition, so large was the calibre of this gun.

On the 19th day of August, Morgan telegraphed Hallick as follows: "This position shall not be yielded while we have a pound of meat or an ounce of powder." There were several false alarms while Morgan was shut up in the Gap, and when they occurred the Fourth Tennessee would grab their guns and jump into the rifle-pits just above the road. On several occasions the enemy moved up in sight of the Gap and made some show of attack, but never made the attempt during our stay. The artillery was well posted and being on such a high elevation the gunners were able to drop

their shells with wonderful precision. When the enemy evacuated the Gap they threw one of their heavy siege guns over the cliff on the left of the Gap. General Morgan set a detail of men to work and in a few days this splendid gun was in position and doing work for "Uncle Sam." It was a 62-pound rifled gun, and owing to its great length the boys called it "Long Tom." Every time this gun was fired we could hear the huge shell passing through the air high above our heads, the exploding shell making almost as much noise as the discharge.

The future looked gloomy and dark, and no wonder the men became restive and often remarked to each other, "Will we have to surrender, or retreat?" The men fully understood the situation and determined to do their duty. Numerous flags of truce were sent by the enemy, demanding the surrender of the Gap, but were not even considered by the commander of the United States forces.

CHAPTER III.

MORGAN'S FAMOUS RETREAT—FATIGUING MARCH—HARRASSED BY THE ENEMY—MARCHING UNDER DIFFICULTIES—CAMP LIFE ON THE OHIO—CAMP DENNISON IN 1862.

It was only when Bragg invaded Kentucky and completely cut off all supplies that General Morgan determined to withdraw from his stronghold. On the 14th a council of war was held at Morgan's headquarters to determine the advisability of the evacuation of Cumberland Gap, as matters were growing more serious every day. After a lengthy council, in which all matters of importance were thoroughly discussed in detail, it was thought advisable by those present that the best thing to do under the existing circumstances would be the evacuation of the Gap.

Notwithstanding the state of affairs at the Gap, the troops received the order to abandon the position with considerable indignation and regret, many believing that the place could be held until relief would reach them. All property that could not be taken away was to be destroyed, and the next day the destruction began. Wagons, ambulances, camp-kettles and mess-pans that could not be taken away were destroyed. Tents were slitted and left standing. The heavy siege guns were disabled and thrown over the cliff. All surplus guns and ammunition were thrown into the magazine on the north side and to the left of the Gap. The roads and cliffs were mined and sufficient powder placed under each to insure a complete blockade when the match was applied. Great secrecy was required of those engaged in the execution of this work in order that the enemy might be deceived as to Morgan's movement and his intention of evacuating his position.

The wagons and a portion of the artillery left on the evening of the 16th, under an infantry escort, followed later on by the whole division. The Fourth Tennessee, with the remainder of the brigade, left its camp on the Virginia road just under the pinnacle at 9 p. m., September 17, and marched through the Gap and down the north side. As we passed through the Gap we paused for a moment and, peering through the darkness, took a parting look at "our own East Tennessee," which to many it was the last.

To the south lay Clinch Mountain, along whose northern base the beautiful river of that name flows southwest and enters the Tennessee at Kingston. Still southward lay the Valley of the Holston, with the winding stream of the same name flowing its entire length, while hill after hill and valley after valley greet the eye of the soldier as well as the traveler. All the discomforts of our present situation were forgotten for the moment as we gazed with admiration upon this dark scene, marred by the devastating hands of a cruel war. Indeed, it seemed a fit abode for the Goddess of Peace instead of War, with all of its horrors.

It was a sad and trying moment to the Tennessee troops that were then serving in Morgan's division. The homes of these brave men who had been driven away in exile were to some extent protected by the presence of the Union army while at the Gap, were now to be abandoned and left to the mercy of a hostile foe. But true to our colors and without complaint we turned our faces from this beautiful picture and our homes, and grasping our muskets with a firmer hold we sadly yet proudly marched through the Gap, with our guns at a "right shoulder shift," and started on the ever memorable, ever famous retreat through the mountains of Eastern Kentucky.

The night on which the army withdrew was dark, consequently the descent was slow, difficult and dangerous, and had the enemy boldly attacked us he could have done much harm. At the northern base of the mountain, Spears' brigade was halted and formed in line of battle across the Big Creek

Gap road, with a section of Foster's battery in the intervals between the regiments. Lieutenant-Colonel Gallup, provost-marshal of the division, aided by Captain Patterson, of the Engineer Corps, with two hundred picked men, was entrusted with the delicate and dangerous duty of holding the enemy in check during the night and of firing the mines when the troops were all withdrawn.

After the troops, artillery and wagons had reached the foot of the mountain the march was begun, and soon the long, dark lines of infantry and artillery were slowly moving along the road leading to Cumberland Ford. Just before dawn, Colonel Gallup withdrew his pickets and ordered all government buildings to be fired on the south side of the mountain. The match was then applied to the fuse at the mines, and immediately explosion followed explosion, until the grand old mountain was shaken from summit to base. The magazine on the north side near the summit was filled with ammunition and guns that could not be taken away, and when the fire reached the shells and boxes of ammunition, they too exploded. The explosions took place at intervals, and to the marching troops it resembled a battle very much.

The enemy approached the Gap when the buildings were fired, but were evidently, afraid of the mines and magazine, which were still belching fire and smoke. Tons of earth and stone were thrown into the road by the explosion of the mines, so by the time the enemy removed the obstructions, Morgan's division was several miles away.

When the Fourth Tennessee reached Cumberland River, the forty rounds of ammunition that each man was required to carry seemed to have increased in weight to forty pounds. The march was continued throughout the night and the following day, until Flat Lick was reached, twenty-four miles from Cumberland Gap. From this point the army moved toward Manchester on two parallel roads along Stinking and Goose Creeks, reaching the famous Goose Creek salt works late in the evening of the 19th, where the whole



EVACUATION OF CUMBERLAND GAP, SEPTEMBER 17, 1862

division bivouacked for the night. The army was halted one day for rest and to perfect the organization for the march.

At this place the enemy's cavalry, under that daring raider, John H. Morgan, now appeared for the first time upon our rear, and made an attempt to capture a part of our train. Spears' brigade was immediately ordered into line and moved out on the Flat Lick road, where it was formed in line of battle. Cooper's Sixth Tennessee was thrown forward and after a sharp skirmish the enemy was forced to fall back.

On the morning of the 21st, the whole division left camp and moved through Manchester and toward Proctor. Just after leaving Manchester, a soldier belonging to one of the Kentucky regiments was executed. While the army lay at Cumberland Gap this soldier took the life of one of his comrades, and for this offense was convicted by courtmartial and sentenced to be shot, and as the army was on the march when the time arrived for the execution to take place, no troops but those of his own command were witnesses to this sad event.

The brigades of Baird and Carter moved by way of Booneville and those of Spears and De Courcey direct to Proctor, a small town located on the south side of the Kentucky river.

John H. Morgan left the rear of our marching column and by hard marching reached Proctor in advance of us, burned a steam mill and, as our advance approached the place, stood ready to dispute our further advance in that direction. As the head of the column entered the town, Morgan made some show of resistance. A battery was sent to the front and the Fourth Tennessee ordered forward as a support, but before a shot was fired the enemy fled in haste, leaving the Seventh Division in possession of the place. The entire division moved to the north side and went into camp. The Kentucky river at this place was almost dry.

The army was now reaching that portion of Kentucky where there was but little to be found along the line of march, and as some of the boys remarked, "foraging would

not pay." However, from each man's haversack dangled a grater made from a tin plate or a canteen, and if we were lucky enough to find a few small ears of corn they would soon be converted into meal, ready for bread or mush, the preparation invariably being governed by the existing circumstances.

From Proctor to West Liberty it is sixty-nine miles, and almost the entire distance is nothing more than a barren waste. Not a drop of running water could be found, and the country was so poor that a crow in going over this route would be compelled to "carry rations." Every vessel and all the canteens were ordered to be filled with water before leaving the Kentucky river, and the troops cautioned against the needless waste of water, the inhabitants telling us the next running water we would see on this route would be the Licking river, seventy miles away.

The Fourth Tennessee left Proctor late in the afternoon with the remainder of the division for Hazel Green, by way of Compton, and marched all night to avoid the heat and dust. Throughout the night the weary and hungry troops kept tramping along the dusty road. Every now and then the monotony was broken by "Tramp, tramp, the boys are marching," or "Rally 'round the flag," in which all would join in the chorus, making the wooded road ring with these grand old songs. The enemy's cavalry hung upon our flanks and rear, picking up all stragglers and "played-out" soldiers. A short halt was made at Hazel Green to rest the troops. On the march to this place we were greatly annoyed by the enemy by his repeated attacks upon our rear-guard and flanks.

From two officers captured at Hazel Green, the Union commander learned that Humphrey Marshall and E. K. Smith were trying to unite their forces at West Liberty before he could reach the latter place. In order to delay the march of Morgan's division as much as possible, the enemy moved to the front and began to blockade the almost impassable roads that wound serpent-like through the ridges and deep defiles. About half way between Hazel Green and

West Liberty, the enemy was encountered in one of these deep defiles, called Cracker's Neck, but was driven out after a brisk engagement by the Thirty-third Indiana, Fourth and Sixth Tennessee Volunteers and Foster's battery. The natives no doubt realized for the first time what real war was when they heard the keen crack of the rifle and the still louder bellowing of the cannon as the sound was echoed and re-echoed from hill to hill.

After this little "set-to" the army moved without further interruption to West Liberty, where a halt was made for one day, to rest and clean up. West Liberty is a small place, the county seat of Morgan county, and is situated on the north bank of Licking River. At this place Morgan expected to encounter Smith and Marshall, as he was now occupying a central position between the two forces. It is said that Humphrey Marshall was a very large man, and as large bodies move slowly, this may account for his non-arrival at West Liberty in time to witness the parade of Morgan's division through town.

After a rest of one day, the column was again put in motion for Grayson, forty-eight miles from West Liberty. The enemy still hung on the flanks and followed close upon the rear of the marching troops, and, being mounted, could move rapidly from place to place. At places the roads in our front were heavily obstructed by fallen timber, and in some instances it was much easier to construct a new road than to remove the blockade.

In General B. W. Duke's article, entitled "Bragg's Campaign in Kentucky, 1862," is made the following mention of Morgan's famous retreat: "On the 17th of September, the Federal General, George Morgan, evacuated Cumberland Gap and pushed with all possible dispatch for the Ohio. This released Stevenson, who instantly followed with the whole force under his command. About the same time, General Humphrey Marshall was entering Kentucky from Virginia through Pound Gap, with about three thousand men, and he was directed, with the assistance of some six

hundred cavalry under General John H. Morgan, to confront and detain George Morgan until Stevenson could overtake him and force him to battle in the mountains, surrounded by assailants. Marshall, however, did not reach the scene of operations in time to take part in the programme, and Stevenson marched directly to Lexington, instead of pursuing the enemy. John H. Morgan, with the cavalry detailed for that purpose, placed himself directly in front of the Federal column at West Liberty on the morning of the 25th of September, and was constantly engaged in skirmishing with it until the evening of October 1st. During that time it marched only thirty miles. October the 1st, John Morgan was ordered by General Smith to rejoin the army, and George Morgan continued his march unmolested."

At no time on the retreat was General Morgan able to draw the daring raider into a regular engagement, his sole object being to annoy and hold Morgan in check until his army was overtaken by Stevenson. John H. Morgan left Grayson with his army late in the afternoon of October 1, and the advance of the Union army entered during the same night. Here the pursuit ended, within twenty-five miles of the Ohio river. We found Little Sandy river dry, except a few pools of stagnant water, and the only way that we managed to drink it was by mixing it with cold coffee which we carried in our canteens. This the boys called "mixed drinks."

The next morning the march was resumed and after an easy day's march the army bivouacked at Old Town, twelve miles from Grayson. The place bore the right name, and consisted of a blacksmith shop, a store and possibly two or three dwelling-houses, which looked as though they had been built ever since the flood. The march was continued the next day and late in the afternoon of the 3rd Morgan's division reached Greenupsburg, on the Ohio River, hungry, tired and foot-sore. The army had marched two hundred and fifty miles in sixteen days, without the loss of a wagon or gun, and only eighty men killed, wounded and missing.

At this place a bountiful supply of rations was issued to the men, and after a hearty supper the exhausted troops spread their blankets on the ground near the bank of the Ohio River and lay down to sleep, with no roof over them but the starry heavens. No rain had fallen since leaving the Gap, and the Kentucky dust clung to the men like a brother, and the appearance of Morgan's little army was forlorn in the extreme. The suffering of the men on this march was very severe, having nothing to eat for several days at a time excepting ears of corn plucked from the fields along the line of march. There was but little water to be found along the route taken by Morgan's army, and that as a rule was of a very poor quality, consequently the troops were compelled to quench their thirst from the few stagnant pools found along the road.

A great many incidents that took place on this retreat make it famous, and one of peculiar interest and worthy of remembrance by all who participated in that long and dusty tramp across the State of Kentucky. Stevenson was in our front at Cumberland Gap, and on the withdrawal of Morgan, followed close upon his heels; Kirby Smith was in our rear near Lexington, and Marshall up in eastern Kentucky with a large force, while we were closely followed by a large force of cavalry under John H. Morgan, who compelled us to move in close column. Sometimes he was in our front, and sometimes in our rear; now on the right and then on the left, but always afraid to attack us. But after a long and fatiguing march of two hundred and fifty miles through a wild, mountainous and unproductive country, unfed, shoeless, ragged and covered with the accumulated dust of sixteen days, the Fourth Tennessee, with the remainder of the army, reached the Ohio River.

This well-known retreat of Morgan's division forms one of the most interesting episodes of the war, and the success is the more remarkable when it is known that the men were continually skirmishing with the enemy and were at times obliged to build new roads under very trying and disadvan-

tageous circumstances for the conveyance of the artillery and wagons. Several times the troops marched the entire day without food, and one time they were thirty-four hours without anything to eat and almost a whole day without water. The writer recalls a feast his mess had one night near Hazel Green. The army had made a hard day's march on empty stomachs, and late in the night a halt was made, not to prepare supper, but to rest. Someone in the writer's mess had during the day found a small pumpkin—yes, very small. After the campfire was lighted, that pumpkin was divided among eighteen hungry men, and in less time than I can tell it, that green pumpkin was suspended over the fire on eighteen sharp-pointed sticks, and before getting heated through was devoured without salt or any other ingredient to make it more palatable.

On the morning of the 5th, the Fourth Tennessee, with the remainder of the division, marched down the south bank of the river about four miles, where it was taken across in boats. From this point the march was continued down the north side, through Wheelersburg to Sciotoville, where the regiment bivouacked for the night. We were now in a loyal State, and were kindly and enthusiastically received by the patriotic people of Ohio, and especially the Tennessee boys. On the 6th, the regiment went by rail to Portland. The distance was short, yet it was much preferable to marching, and gave us a chance to rest our bruised and blistered feet. From Portland the army was moved a short distance east to a place called Oak Hill. Here we were kindly received by the people, whose cordial welcome soon made us forget the hardships of the retreat.

While at this camp, the men had time to think over and reflect upon the exciting scenes through which they had just passed. At the Gap and on the retreat we were completely cut off from the authorities at Washington, as well as friends at home. No letters, no newspapers or information as to our condition, could be sent or received. Our friends became uneasy, as we were strangers in a strange land; but

when we finally got out of the "wilderness," what a vast amount of news was unfolded to us!

The following telegrams will give the reader an idea of how hard the Confederates tried to capture Morgan and his men:

LEXINGTON, KY., September 19, 1862.

LIEUT. E. CUNNINGHAM to COL. JOHN H. MORGAN:

Heth was ordered in pursuit of Gen. G. W. Morgan, and to destroy all the mills and grain at Manchester.

RICHMOND, VA., September 19, 1862.

SECRETARY OF WAR to GENERAL JONES:

The enemy have left Cumberland Gap, pursued by Stevenson.

LEXINGTON, KY., September 24, 1862.

GEN. KIRBY SMITH to GEN. STEVENSON: Push Morgan.

LEXINGTON, KY., September 25, 1862.

GEN. KIRBY SMITH to GEN. BRAGG:

I have ordered my entire force to Mt. Sterling to try to intercept Gen. Morgan.

The camp of the Fourth Tennessee was in a grove of timber, and while at this place a new outfit of clothing was issued to the men, the old ones and their inhabitants being consigned to the flames. Before leaving this camp, a great feast was given us by the loyal and patriotic citizens of Oak Hill and vicinity, and our wants, which were many and various, were soon all supplied. Roast beef, boiled ham, baked turkey and chicken, bread, cakes, pies and other things in tempting profusion were piled on long, parallel rows of tables, and at a given signal the hungry men of Morgan's command moved forward in splendid order and took possession. After satisfying their craving stomachs, the different regiments were marched back to camp. This act of kindness will long be remembered by the men composing the Fourth Tennessee, and will be treasured up as one of the pleasant memories of Camp Oak Hill.

After a stay of two weeks, resting and cleaning up, the Fourth Tennessee and the remainder of the brigade broke camp and marched to Gallipolis, where it camped for the night. The next morning the brigade was marched some

three miles north of Gallipolis, on the Point Pleasant road, where a camp was established near the Ohio River. It was still dry and dusty, but in this latitude the nights were getting quite cool.

When Morgan's army evacuated Cumberland Gap, all the tents were destroyed, and up to this time his troops were still without tents. There was plenty of rations for the troops and forage for the horses and mules, but wood was issued in such limited quantity that we were unable to keep warm. Complaint was made through the proper channel for relief, but from some cause none came. There were plenty of good, dry rails near by, and we concluded that there would be no harm in just taking "the top rail," but with some of the boys "the top rail" lasted until the ground was reached. This move proved to be the right one, for in a few days wood was hauled into camp by the cord, and all complaint ceased, and of course we ceased burning rails. Tents were furnished us, and for the first time in two months we enjoyed the almost forgotten luxury of sleeping in tents. The regiment was in splendid condition, the men were healthy and in excellent spirits, notwithstanding their long and fatiguing march from Cumberland Gap, and at that time numbered seven hundred and forty-eight men.

While at this place, a welcome visitor appeared in our camp in the person of one of "Uncle Sam's" paymasters. The Fourth Tennessee drew its first money from the government it was so faithfully serving. There were six months' pay due the regiment, and after this event new, crisp green-back bills and fractional currency were plentiful in camp—and of course the sutler was as happy as the boys were, for a large portion of their hard earnings was due him.

Company and battalion drills, dress parades and reviews, which were unknown on the retreat, were now revived, and all the extra time was spent in reviewing the early lessons of the regiment in "Hardee's tactics." The weather, which up to the middle of the month had been dry and warm, now changed to cold, and on the 26th snow fell to the depth of



ARMY HARD TACK



TAKING THE TOP RAIL

about four inches, which whitened up old Mother Earth and gave everything a wintery appearance. Part of Morgan's division had already gone up the Kanawha Valley as far as Charleston, West Virginia, and the Twenty-fifth Brigade was expecting marching orders at any moment.

The Fourth Tennessee performed its last service at this place as a "flat-footed" infantry regiment—as will be seen by the following order—as Colonel Johnson had received orders to take his regiment to Camp Dennison, Ohio, for the purpose of being mounted and equipped for the cavalry service. The Fourth Tennessee was soon to part from and lose the companionship of the Third, Fifth and Sixth Tennessee Volunteers, composing the Twenty-fifth Brigade, of which Johnson's Fourth Tennessee had been a member ever since the organization of the brigade, before the capture of Cumberland Gap. The regiment had passed through the Cumberland Gap campaign, had marched and fought around this great stronghold, had shared alike the dangers and hardships of the march and the retreat through the hills and mountains of Kentucky, and now, in the golden month of October, we were to part and prepare for a new service.

The Fourth Tennessee left camp and marched back to Portland. At this place a sad accident happened. Robert Howell, quartermaster of the regiment, was thrown from a buggy and killed. From this place the regiment proceeded by rail to Camp Dennison, by way of Hamden and Chillicothe. Nothing of special interest occurred while *en route* to our destination except the loss of a few hats. The train bearing the regiment reached Camp Dennison in the after part of the night, and the men immediately left the cars and lay down near the track and slept until daylight.

The next morning the sound of the bugles and the rattle of drums were heard all over the camp. Colonel Johnson reported to the commander of Camp Dennison, and by his orders the regiment was moved to the south side of the camp and placed in the barracks. This camp is eighteen miles east of Cincinnati, and was named "Camp Dennison" in honor

of Ohio's war Governor—William Dennison. It was a regular recruiting camp for the Union army, and thousands of loyal and patriotic citizens were converted into United States soldiers at this camp. The only regiments the writer can recall that were there at that time were the Seventh Ohio Cavalry and a regiment of sharpshooters, yet the barracks were all full and during drill hours infantry, cavalry and artillery were seen all over the camp, going through the different evolutions.

The buildings were all new and provided with kitchens, mess-halls and sleeping-quarters, and were large enough to accommodate a full company. One side of the barracks was used for sleeping-quarters for the men, while the other was provided with racks for the guns and accoutrements. The camp was supplied with water, which was pumped from the Little Miami River, a short distance from camp, and conveyed in pipes to all portions of the camp.

CHAPTER IV.

THE FOURTH TENNESSEE MOUNTED—MUSKETS TO CARBINES—
INCIDENTS AT CAMP DENNISON—ORDERED TO MURFREES-
BORO—FIRST SABER CHARGE—HALF IN HOSPITALS—RES-
IGNATION OF COLONEL JOHNSON—REORGANIZATION OF
THE CAVALRY—BROWLOW WEARS THE EAGLE.

On the first day of November, 1862, Johnson's Fourth Regiment Tennessee Volunteers ceased to exist, and the long-cherished hope of being mounted was now about to materialize. The regiment was recruited for the cavalry service, but the very large number of troops called out early in the war had taxed the government beyond its capacity to arm and equip the troops for the various branches of the service. The task of mounting and equipping a regiment of cavalry in the early part of the war was one of great magnitude, for at that time but few equipments could be obtained, and they were generally of the old pattern. Prior to 1861, the government had paid but little attention to this branch of the service, and even as late as 1862 it was almost impossible to procure arms and equipments for the cavalry regiments that were then being organized.

One great mistake made by our generals early in the war was in the scattered condition of the cavalry. Their efficiency was almost wholly destroyed by the dividing up of regiments and brigades into such small detachments that as a rule they could not accomplish what was expected of them; but in 1863-4, when the cavalry was organized into brigades, divisions and corps, like the infantry, and competent commanders, such as Sheridan, Custer, Stoneman, Wilson, Stanley, McCook and Hatch, placed in command, we find them doing deadly work on such bloody battle-

fields as Cedar Creek, Gettysburg, Chickamauga, Franklin, Nashville and scores of other hard-fought battles, where the cavalry guidons were seen fluttering in the breeze amid shot and shell.

The First Tennessee had been serving as an infantry regiment for eight months, but on the first of November it exchanged muskets for carbines and was regularly mustered as the First Regiment Tennessee Volunteer Cavalry by Robert S. Smith, Lieutenant Second United States Cavalry. The First Tennessee was now recruited up to a war standard for a cavalry regiment. When the report reached East Tennessee that Johnson's regiment was to be mounted, recruits came in rapidly, and soon L and M, the two new companies, and the ten old ones, were full. The following are the original line officers of the two new companies, organized at Camp Dennison:

COMPANY L.

Captain, James E. Colville; First Lieutenant, J. N. B. Lusk; Second Lieutenant, Moses Wiley.

COMPANY M.

Captain, Joseph A. Collins; First Lieutenant, Samuel Lane; Second Lieutenant, Geo. T. Harris.

The First Tennessee began the cavalry drill under the able instructions of Captain Hunter, of Company A, who was appointed drill-master of the regiment. The men were required to drill six hours each day, while the commissioned and non-commissioned officers were put through an extra number of hours mornings and afternoons. Julius E. Thomas, of Company F, was appointed chief bugler of the regiment, with one man from each of the twelve companies for company bugler, and the *tr-r-r-r-rat*, *tr-rat-tat*, *tr-rat-a-tat-tat* of the drums was sweet music compared with the horrid sound from all the blare of bugles as they took up the cavalry calls, as follows: reveille, roll-call, stable-call, sick-call, drill-call, officers'-call, retreat and taps or lights out—yet musical when distance lends enchantment.

A detail was made and sent to Camp Monroe, a short

distance north of Camp Dennison, for horses and wagons for the regiment. The horses were all hitched to long lines of "picket-rope," and then came the difficult task of selecting and placing the different colors together for the twelve companies, no two colors to be the same. The "color company"—C—was to have the first choice, and the men selected the black horses, and, strange to say, they proved to be the sorriest of the lot. Company D drew the grays, the best and hardiest. Saddles, bridles, halters, curry-combs and brushes were provided as rapidly as possible, and when stable-call was sounded each man was expected to repair to the stable, feed and groom his horse. The following lines are suggestive of the duty and the consequences of non-compliance:

"Come all that are able and go to the stable,
 And curry and feed your horses well,
 For if you don't do it, the Colonel will know it,
 And he will give you particular ——."

Camp Dennison presented a lively and warlike appearance in the autumn of 1862. Cavalry, infantry and artillery, fully equipped, were to be seen on every hand, drilling at the same time. The First Tennessee began the cavalry drill, mounted, as soon as saddles and bridles were provided, for the horses required training as well as the men, in wheeling, marching, trotting and charging. Fretful and unruly horses had to get accustomed to the jam and pressure in wheeling and the excitement of the charge. Wild and unruly horses "cut terrible capers" when the regiment was firing mounted, and it was no uncommon thing to see a trooper tumbled headlong to the ground, sometimes badly hurt. But awkward horses were soon broken, and by constant practice the First Tennessee was soon brought up to a degree of proficiency that well fitted it for the field.

New suits of blue uniforms, trimmed in yellow, hats ornamented with feathers, and a brass bugle or cross-sabers were issued, and when a comrade from some other command asked what regiment we belonged to, the polite answer was invariably, "Same old regiment, only got new clothes." The

regiment was well armed and equipped. Every man, in addition to a breech-loading carbine, carried a revolver and a light cavalry saber, each trooper being a whole arsenal in himself. The First Tennessee was composed of hardy East Tennesseans who had been driven from their homes, and were patiently awaiting the time when they could proudly follow the "old flag" back to Tennessee. The troops enjoyed the best of health at Camp Dennison, and with full rations the men recruited up and almost forgot the long and fatiguing march from Cumberland Gap through the mountains of Eastern Kentucky.

While the regiment lay at Camp Dennison, several changes took place in the way of resignations and promotions. The following officers tendered their resignations: Major James O. Berry and Surgeon P. W. Logan. Captain M. T. Burkhart, Company C, was promoted to First Major; W. R. Tracy was elected Second Major; John S. Jones was promoted to Surgeon, and James H. Jones to First Assistant Surgeon; Adjutant, Chas. H. Bentley; Quartermaster, John H. James; Commissary, Isaac B. Self, of Greeneville.

The following non-commissioned staff officers were appointed by Colonel Johnson: Quartermaster Sergeant, Daniel S. Fox, of Company H; Commissary Sergeant, Wm. F. Self, of Company I; Hospital Steward, Oliver O'Neal, of Company D; Chief Bugler, Julius E. Thomas, of Company F; Saddle Sergeant, Wm. P. Liford, of Company G; Wagonmaster, W. J. Bise, of Company C; Regimental Postmaster, D. A. Brooks, of Company C.

The promotion of Captain Burkhart, Company C, to Major, left a vacancy which was filled by the promotion of First Lieutenant E. J. Cannon. Second Lieutenant J. K. Jones was promoted to First Lieutenant, and First Sergeant John Roberts was promoted to Second Lieutenant. The writer, who had been elected First Corporal of Company C at its organization, was promoted to Sergeant. There was a general "advance" all around, caused by the promotion of Captain Burkhart to Major.

The First Tennessee kept up its drill at Camp Dennison until the 24th day of December, 1862. On the 26th, General Rosecrans ordered his army to advance from Nashville to Murfreesboro, the latter place being held by Bragg. At the same time, John H. Morgan was sent by Bragg into Kentucky for the purpose of destroying General Rosecrans's communications. This unexpected movement of Morgan along the Louisville & Nashville railroad made it necessary for the hurrying forward of all the troops at Camp Dennison to protect the road that was supplying Rosecrans' army. Colonel Johnson received orders on the 24th to move his regiment the next day to Louisville, by way of Cincinnati.

The comfortable barracks that the First Tennessee had been enjoying for two months at Camp Dennison were now to be abandoned for the tented field almost in mid-winter, but the thought of returning to the old "Volunteer State" so thrilled the men that they could hardly wait for the order to march. Christmas eve was spent in packing up for the march to Cincinnati. The First Tennessee marched out from Camp Dennison on the 24th, with 1,260 men in line—said to be the largest regiment that ever left that noted-camp.

The regiment marched direct to Cincinnati, eighteen miles distant, and there embarked on government transports for Louisville. The streets along the line of march were crowded with soldiers and citizens, who gave us a royal greeting. This embarkation will long be remembered by the members of the First Tennessee Cavalry for its exciting scenes, as well as novel. The transports lay along the bank of the Ohio River, with their gang-ways thrown out, and then came the "tug of war," coaxing and pulling horses and mules along the narrow gang-planks to the boats. Occasionally a horse or a mule would become unruly and back off the treacherous walk and fall into the chilly water—sometimes feet foremost, sometimes feet uppermost. Whistles were blowing, bells ringing, officers and men yelling and shouting, as the process of loading went on. By 9 p. m. the task

of loading was completed, and we all lay down beneath the twinkling stars and were soon fast asleep.

The following day was our first "Merry Christmas spent in the army, consequently the boys were up early to view the sights, which were constantly changing. Splendid farms, with their cozy-looking cottages, beautiful villages, with now and then a passing steamer with its deep, bass whistle, were seen as we glided down the Ohio. The transports carrying the regiment were rocking and quivering under a full head of steam, while from the huge stacks clouds of smoke were rolled and tossed by the morning breeze.

Late in the afternoon the transports reached Louisville without accident, and the men were glad enough to once more press "Mother Earth." The camp selected was near the fair-grounds on the N., C. & St. L. road. On reaching Louisville we found that it was exceedingly cold, with driving storms of rain and snow, making soldiering very unpleasant.

Morgan had moved north as far as Elizabethtown, destroying on the way bridges, trestles and depots, capturing the garrisons at Muldraugh's Hill and Elizabethtown, and was still moving toward Louisville. Thirty miles south, the Louisville & Nashville railroad crosses Salt River, and evidently Morgan intended to destroy this bridge before turning south. The First Tennessee was ordered to move at once to Shepardsville, on Salt River, to reinforce the garrison at that place. We left Louisville at 9 p. m., and after a very cold and disagreeable march reached Salt River at daylight. Morgan was so hotly pursued by the Union troops that he was unable to reach the bridge over Salt River, now turned east and at Rolling Fork of Salt River was overtaken and defeated by Harlan's troops. Morgan moved toward Bardstown, pursued by the Union cavalry, and when near Lebanon he was overtaken and roughly handled. He now turned south and left the State, having done considerable damage, but suffered heavy loss.



FIRST LIEUTENANT A. J. GAHAGAN, COMPANY D

The First Tennessee was ordered to return to Louisville, where it remained for two weeks, scouting extensively during bitter cold weather. Shortly after General Morgan was driven out of Kentucky, Colonel Johnson was ordered to move his regiment to Nashville. This order was the cause of great rejoicing in the ranks of the First Tennessee, and was cheerfully obeyed, as the regiment would now have an opportunity of proudly marching through the streets of the capital city. The First Tennessee left a considerable number sick in the hospitals when it left Louisville, and this sickness, which owed its origin to hardship and exposure, was also increased in severity from want of proper drainage at "Camp Oakland," the name of the camp where the regiment lay.

On the 9th day of January, 1863, the First Tennessee broke camp and marched through Louisville, taking the Bardstown turnpike. The day was cloudy and threatening, but not very cold. In the middle of the afternoon a drizzling rain commenced falling, making marching very unpleasant, and as night approached it began to turn cold. The First Tennessee reached Bardstown about 8 p. m., and went into camp in the fair-ground, which proved to be a great blessing to the men and horses, for during the night a terrible snow-storm set in and raged for twenty-four hours, the snow falling to a depth of twenty-six inches. The regiment was compelled to lay up four or five days to allow the "scorching" rays of a winter sun to melt the snow so the march could be resumed.

From Bardstown, the First Tennessee marched to Mumfordsville, which place it reached the 19th, where it crossed Green River. All the bridges along the line of march had been burned by Morgan only a few weeks before when he made his raid along the Louisville & Nashville railroad. Resuming the march, the regiment moved on to Glasgow and bivouacked for the night. Moved early the next morning and at 12:30 p. m. crossed the State line, where Colonel Johnson made a short address, after which we marched

through Scottsville and Gallatin, reaching Nashville on the 17th, and went into a camp already prepared for the regiment about one mile north of the city.

It will be remembered that the Colonel of the First Tennessee was a son of Andrew Johnson, then military governor of Tennessee, and when he learned that his son's regiment was on the way to Nashville, he had new tents put up for the officers and men, with a bountiful supply of clean straw in each one, picket-ropes stretched, and plenty of wood for cooking purposes; in fact, nothing was left undone that would add to the comfort of the men. On reaching Nashville, we found the weather cold and disagreeable, and the boys certainly did enjoy and appreciate this very kind and thoughtful act of Governor Johnson.

Nashville presented a busy and warlike scene at that time, it being a very important distributing point for the army. The "old flag" proudly floated from the dome of the capitol of Tennessee, while from the frowning forts the great, black-throated "dogs of war" peeped through the embrasures, indicating safety to the city. Troops hurrying to the front, ambulances, army wagons, carriages and the clatter of hoofs, jingling of sabers, the dash of aides and orderlies, combined to make it one of the liveliest cities in all the land.

After the battle of Stone River, General Bragg's army fell back and took up a strong position north of Duck River, his line extending from Shelbyville to Manchester, with detachments thrown forward to hold Hoover's, Liberty's and Guy's Gaps, with Tullahoma his center and chief base of supplies. Rosecrans' army was encamped in and around Murfreesboro, and until the railroad to Nashville was put in running order all supplies were transported in army wagons. Shortly after the occupation of Murfreesboro by the Union army, elaborate and extensive forts and rifle-pits were laid out and built on all the high ground along Stone River and near the town, railroad and turnpikes. These defenses cost months of hard labor and afterwards furnished

a refuge for the troops stationed at that point for the protection of supplies and communications.

The First Tennessee during its brief stay at Nashville was kept busy scouting in all directions. Before Franklin was garrisoned by the Union army, the regiment was ordered on the 1st day of February to make a reconnoissance to Franklin, eighteen miles south of Nashville. Lieutenant-Colonel Brownlow marched the regiment toward Franklin, reaching there at dark, and at once plunged into Harpeth River at an unknown ford, and in a short time the town was alive with Yankees. As the sharp crack of the carbine rang out on the still night air, the startled inhabitants rushed to their doors to learn the cause of the firing. The town was full of Confederate officers and men, who had come in to spend the night—for near by lay Van Dorn's army—not thinking of a live Yankee being any closer to their camp than Nashville. Colonel Brownlow, fearing that word would be sent to the enemy's camp, quietly withdrew his men, recrossed the Harpeth, and by daylight was well on the way to Nashville with his regiment and prisoners. Company C mourned the loss of the brave and noble Christian soldier, First Corporal James M. Chanaberry, who fell in the streets of Franklin, a bullet having pierced his brain.

Early in February, the First Tennessee was ordered to strike tents and march to Concord Church, on the Nolensville turnpike, eleven miles southeast of Nashville, where the regiment was temporarily attached to General J. B. Steedman's division, Fourteenth Corps, at that time the extreme right of the Union army. In Steedman's immediate front lay a large and well-equipped force of the enemy's cavalry, under General Joe Wheeler, one of Bragg's able and trusted commanders, and as the First Tennessee was the only cavalry regiment in Steedman's division, the duty performed by it was of the severest kind. The regiment was constantly in the saddle and on the go night and day, picketing, foraging, scouting and skirmishing. The writer can scarcely recall a single night when the entire regiment

was allowed to enjoy a night of undisturbed repose, so constantly were the enemy attacking and driving in the Union outposts.

General Steedman's command encamped at Concord Church until the last of February, when he was ordered by Rosecrans to move his command to Triune, a distance of ten miles, and entrench his camp. But before making this move, Steedman ordered Colonel Johnson to take his regiment and reconnoitre the country well beyond Triune, and in executing this order the First Tennessee drew its first blood with the saber. Four miles south of Triune, the College Grove turnpike crosses Harpeth River, a small stream, but sufficiently large to obstruct an army advancing into an enemy's country.

The First Tennessee, under Lieutenant-Colonel Brownlow, moved out from camp at Concord Church and pushed on through Triune, crossing Harpeth River at night, and moved through College Grove toward Chapel Hill, finding only small detachments of the enemy, which were brushed out of the way, and at daylight Colonel Brownlow threw out a strong rear-guard and started for camp. The return trip was made quietly and without serious opposition until the regiment reached Harpeth River, when the enemy, who were concealed near the turnpike, opened fire on the rear-guard and at the same time rushed upon the First Tennessee with their well-known "rebel yell." It seemed that the plan was to make the attack while the regiment was crossing the river, expecting to throw it into confusion and kill and capture it. But they were sadly disappointed in their plan.

Notwithstanding the suddenness of the attack, no symptoms of panic were seen in the ranks of the First Tennessee. Lieutenant-Colonel Brownlow formed the regiment into line of battle and in a few minutes a solid sheet of fire burst from the muzzles of the carbines, as volley after volley was poured into their ranks. The enemy could not stand the rapid volleys, and began to fall back, when Brownlow ordered the regiment to charge with saber, which it did in gallant style,

and soon the enemy were sent flying, with bleeding heads, in all directions. After driving the enemy back three or four miles, Lieutenant-Colonel Brownlow halted the regiment, for fear of being drawn into a "trap."

The First Tennessee returned to camp without further molestation, taking with it about one hundred prisoners, most of them being wounded with the saber, some having two and three wounds each. The dead and badly wounded were left on the field. On returning to camp, General Steedman issued an order congratulating the officers and men of the First Tennessee for gallantry on the field. In this engagement, the First Tennessee lost two men wounded—Sergeant Joseph J. Beal, of Company E, and Private Wm. H. Osmit, of Company L, the former being severely wounded in the left shoulder. General Steedman moved his entire command to Triune, and went into camp to the left of the turnpike, where it remained until the advance of the army in June.

Colonel Josiah Patterson, Fourth Alabama Cavalry, has this to say of this engagement: "My regiment was often pitted against Jim Brownlow's famous First Tennessee Cavalry, and numerous interesting incidents were related in reference to these passages at arms. In 1863, my regiment was stationed near Triune, and Brownlow's regiment was operating in the same locality at the same time. Both organizations were game and well equipped, and it was hard to tell which enjoyed a fight the most. Colonel Brownlow once sent me word to meet his regiment at Rigg's Cross Roads, and he would whip my regiment like h—l. We did not meet at that place, but shortly after that my Lieutenant-Colonel took into his head to capture Brownlow's regiment, and for this purpose entered into a plan with two other regiments, which were to attack from the rear. Luckily for Brownlow, he had an infantry support, which our men were ignorant of, and when my regiment attacked him from the rear, it got into a hornet's nest. Brownlow ordered a charge, and in less than no time my regiment was getting out of there

in a hurry, with the mountaineers whacking at them with their sabers right and left. About two hundred of my men were captured in this engagement."

Colonel Patterson is mistaken about an infantry support, as no other troops except the First Tennessee Cavalry were engaged at this place and time. This charge was made in a blinding snow-storm.

To give a detailed account of all the movements of the regiment during its stay at Triune would require too much space, but enough will be given to convey to the reader that the First Tennessee was not idle during the time, the long list of casualties being the best evidence of duty well performed.

After the army had settled down to camp life at Triune, the First Tennessee was kept busy all the time picketing and patrolling the country around camp, and so vigilant was the regiment on this outpost duty that not a single surprise of the Union camp occurred. A large force of Confederate cavalry was encamped at Chapel Hill, fifteen miles from Triune, and from this point the commander would almost daily send out detachments to attack our pickets, and to get even with them Colonel Brownlow would often move the regiment out beyond his outposts and form it in line of battle, then take a small detachment and quietly move in their rear, and with drawn sabers charge into their ranks, creating the wildest confusion and disorder, often capturing more prisoners than he had men.

Sometimes Colonel Brownlow would march his regiment out near the enemy's outposts and form it in line of battle, send forward a company to fire on their pickets and arouse their camp, and keep them in line of battle all day in anticipation of an attack, and at night fall back and leave them to form their own conclusions. Again, the daring Colonel of the First Tennessee would move his regiment close to the enemy's camp, drive in their pickets, and have his bugler to impudently blow "boots and saddles."

On the 9th of April, the First Tennessee was ordered

to Franklin to reinforce the garrison, which was threatened by a large force of cavalry and infantry, under Van Dorn and Wheeler. Reinforcements were rapidly approaching Franklin from all directions, and Van Dorn, having met with so much opposition and such stubborn resistance on his approach to Franklin, retreated without making a general attack. After a few days of skirmishing around Franklin, the regiment returned to camp at Triune.

There were numerous sharp engagements between the First Tennessee and the enemy, under Wheeler and Wharton, near our camp, in which the regiment sustained considerable loss. The names of Rigg's Cross Roads and College Grove are as familiar as a household name to the surviving members of the First Tennessee. In the former engagement, April 16, the regiment sustained the following loss:

Killed—Company I, Jacob Mysinger.

Wounded—Company D, William Riddle; Company C, Sergeant O. N. Miller, John M. Harris and Robert Adair.

The latter two received three wounds each, which were thought to be mortal, but, being blessed with strong constitutions and by good nursing, they finally recovered and are at this date still living, but very much shattered in health.

In the battle May 8, the killed, wounded and captured were as follows:

Killed—Company C, Alexander Blain; Company B, James Dooley.

Wounded—Company F, Sergeant W. J. Randolph; Company C, Robert Hixon, slightly wounded in left cheek and captured; Company G, Captain I. C. Leger.

When Robert Hixon was captured, he had a fat turkey strapped to his saddle, which he proposed to present to Colonel Brownlow when he reached camp. Wheeler, finding this out, sent word to Brownlow that he had one of his men and a turkey prisoners, and that he would take good care of his man, but would dine on his turkey that day himself.

There was a great deal of sickness and a very large

number of deaths in the First Tennessee while encamped at Triune, the regiment losing thirty-one men by death—the greatest number that ever died at any one camp during the war. This sickness and high death-rate was no doubt caused by exposure during the cold, wet months of winter and spring, as the regiment was constantly in the saddle night and day, taking the weather as it came without complaint.

On May 31, Colonel Robert Johnson tendered his resignation as commander of the First Tennessee, on account of ill health. He was the first colonel, and by his kind treatment of the officers and men won their respect and confidence. Lieutenant-Colonel James P. Brownlow was immediately promoted to colonel—a promotion he well deserved, for he was the real commander before his promotion to colonel.

The country for miles around Triune became very familiar to the First Tennessee by its frequent visits, for the regiment had scouted and marched along the narrow country roads and the splendid turnpikes by night as well as by day. During our stay at Triune, the regiment became famous for dash and courage, and earned for itself the name of "the fighting First Tennessee Cavalry," a name that was never disgraced upon the battlefield. The First Tennessee was widely and favorably known, and the soldierly bearing of the officers and men in action and their patient endurance on the march were frequently recognized by its commanders.

About the middle of June all of the cavalry in the Army of the Cumberland was reorganized by General D. S. Stanley, and formed into a corps. In the reorganization the First Tennessee, Second Michigan and Ninth Pennsylvania formed the First Brigade, the First Brigade forming a part of the First Division, with Colonel A. P. Campbell, Second Michigan, commanding the brigade, General R. B. Mitchell the division, and General Stanley the corps.

From now until the forward movement, our time was spent in reviews, inspections and drills, preparatory for a

general advance. Before leaving Triune, the following officers sent in their resignations: Majors M. T. Burkhart and Abraham Hammond. First Lieutenant C. M. Dyer, Company H, was promoted to First Major, and First Lieutenant Russell Thornburgh, of Company K, was promoted to Second Major.

The large tents that had protected us so well during the winter from cold and rain were exchanged for shelter-tents—"dog-tents" the boys called them. Everything was put in trim for an active campaign and a grand forward movement. In active campaigning, the soldier carries his small tent (dog) and he and the comrade who is his "partner" put the two pieces together, which makes a comfortable protection from the weather. His haversack contains his rations, while from his belt or saddle clatters a small coffee-pot or pail, and in less than a half-hour after a halt the veteran knows how to prepare a wholesome meal of bacon, coffee and crackers, familiarly known as "hard-tack." This new-fangled tent was very appropriately named by the boys, and was little better than no tent.

CHAPTER V.

TULLAHOMA CAMPAIGN—THE ADVANCE—GUY'S GAP—TEN THOUSAND CAVALRY ON A WILD CHARGE—WHEELER FORCED TO SWIM DUCK RIVER—BRAGG LEAVES TENNESSEE—HISTORIC CAMP—MOVEMENTS OF THE CAVALRY—CONCENTRATION AT STEVENSON—PREPARING FOR AN ADVANCE.

On the 23rd day of June, the First Tennessee struck tents and with the remainder of the cavalry moved out along the Eaglesville turnpike, encountering the enemy near Eaglesville. After a brisk skirmish, the enemy fell back toward Rover, pursued by Campbell's brigade. The enemy kept a battery on the turnpike, which annoyed our advance a great deal, and when pressed too close it limbered up and moved to the rear. In the middle of the afternoon the enemy made a stand near Rover, and a sharp engagement ensued, in which they were repulsed and driven from the field in confusion.

The First Tennessee was on the right of the line during the engagement, and after the enemy had fallen back, and while waiting for orders to advance, the enemy appeared upon the right flank of the regiment and opened a brisk fire, followed by a charge upon our line, but before they reached us, Colonel Brownlow changed front and drove them back in confusion. In this engagement, the First Tennessee lost two killed—Reuben DeBoard, Company E, and James Kirkpatrick, Company H. In this action, Colonel Brownlow's horse was shot from under him.

Just here I want to relate an incident that occurred during the wild charge of the enemy upon the First Tennessee. A single horseman, well mounted, was seen to leave

the ranks of his friends and dash at our line as if he meant to capture it. As he passed the First Tennessee, hundreds of shots were fired at him, but still he came dashing along, and when in front of the Second Michigan, they opened fire, and still the horse charged madly on, bearing his rider, who seemed to have a charmed life. The firing ceased, and all were amazed to think a man could escape instant death amid such a shower of lead. At last his wild charge ended and the wonderful mystery was fully solved. Both bridle reins had been cut by a bullet and his horse, in the excitement, refused to cease charging, and all that the rider could do was to grasp the pommel of his saddle and "hang on" while running the gauntlet. His clothes were perforated with bullets, his horse wounded in many places, but, strange to say, the man's body was not touched. It is doubtful if he breathed at all during his charge on Campbell's brigade.

The brigade bivouacked on the field, and early the next morning the march was resumed, passing through Versailles and on to Middleton, where Campbell's brigade overtook the enemy and a sharp engagement ensued during a drenching rain. Stanley's cavalry was now on the extreme right of the Union army, and had in the two days driven the enemy's cavalry toward Guy's Gap, on the Shelbyville turnpike.

Heavy rains continued to fall, making all roads impassable except the turnpikes. Our bivouacs were indeed unpleasant, being in mud and rain, with no covering save wet blankets and ponchos, but the First Tennessee had long since learned by hard experience that a good, comfortable bed could be made by placing two rails side by side.

It was General Rosecrans' plan to make a strong demonstration on Bragg's left with the cavalry and a portion of his infantry, while he, with the remainder, would make a bold move on Manchester, compelling him to give up his strong position at Tullahoma. Early on the morning of the 27th, Stanley moved his cavalry from Christiana to Guy's Gap, followed by the reserve corps, under Grainger. This

part of Bragg's line was held by Polk's corps, with all of Martin's and a portion of Wharton's division of cavalry under Wheeler, well posted in Guy's Gap. Stanley formed his cavalry in line of battle within one mile of the Gap in two lines division fronts. Occasionally the sun would peep through the flying clouds to witness this great war pageant of ten thousand cavalry marching in perfect order with bands playing and colors flying. As the long lines of blue moved forward in line of battle, fields of young growing corn and the golden wheat ready for the sickle rapidly disappeared under the steady tramp, tramp of thousands of horses.

A line of skirmishers was thrown out, and the column ordered forward. The Confederates, from the crest of the hill, could witness all of our movements, and as the advanced line approached, the enemy opened fire with artillery and small arms, which was answered from the lines of blue with Parrott guns and carbines. At the Gap a few scattering shots were exchanged, then all became quiet, the enemy having fled in hot haste to their second and strongest line. Stanley moved his troops forward on the trot, a battery was wheeled into position in the Gap on the Shelbyville turnpike, and as the exploding shells were striking terror to the retreating Confederates our bands played "Yankee Doodle" and "Dixie" in grand style.

After a short halt, General Stanley ordered his victorious troops forward again, this time to charge a line of rifle-pits a short distance in his front and extending across the turnpike. The command was deployed in line of battle, and at the order, "forward march," the troops moved toward the works. The sight was grand, as it was rare—cavalry about to charge, mounted, a line of rifle-pits. "Steady, men, steady!" was repeated along the line as we approached the works, expecting every moment the dreaded grape or the "singing Minnie." On we went and not a shot was fired except from the skirmish-line, which in the center waxed warm. The line continued to advance and still no pitiless

storm of lead or screeching shell greeted us. After moving over rocks, through brush and timber, the works were reached and no enemy in sight, the rifle-pits being entirely deserted.

General Stanley ordered immediate pursuit to be made with Minty's brigade, Second Division, supported by Campbell's brigade, First Division, closely followed by the whole corps. The charge of Stanley's ten thousand horsemen was a grand and imposing sight, and to be seen was never to be forgotten. The charge was made in column of fours. It was seven miles to Shelbyville, and the enemy were so hard pressed that they were unable to make a stand and only fired a few shots from their artillery. More than once on this long charge were they compelled to move their artillery rapidly to the rear to prevent capture.

At Shelbyville, Wheeler made a desperate attempt to check the advance of the Union cavalry long enough to allow his artillery and men to cross Duck River, which at that time was considerably swollen by the recent rains. Wheeler placed a battery in the public square and opened fire on our advance. There was quite a brisk engagement at this point between Minty's brigade and the advance of Wheeler's cavalry, in which the enemy were badly whipped and driven toward Duck River with the loss of several hundred prisoners. The fleeing enemy were now pursued by the brigades of Campbell and Minty, and at Duck River bridge three guns and five hundred men were captured.

Hundreds of Wheeler's men, finding themselves cut off from the bridge, their only means of crossing, and being hard pressed, plunged into the swollen stream, where scores were drowned in their attempt to gain the opposite side. The rout was so complete and the flight so hurried that it is said General Wheeler himself only escaped by swimming the river.

While the battles of Guy's Gap and Shelbyville do not take high rank as leading engagements, yet the achievements of Stanley's cavalry on the 27th of June were very important

to the success of Rosecrans' movement, for the left of Bragg's army was completely routed and driven back over ten miles, with severe loss in men and artillery. This splendid Union victory had a depressing effect on Wheeler's cavalry, which up to that time were thought to be invincible.

Shelbyville is a beautiful little town, located on Duck River, and is at the terminus of a branch road that leaves the Nashville & Chattanooga railroad at Wartrace, and at the time of this our first visit the Union people of this loyal town displayed hundreds of national flags from their windows and house-tops, that had long been concealed, and made the 27th of June seem like a Fourth of July.

After a rest of two days, General Stanley set his column in motion for Manchester on the 30th. The First Tennessee moved with the remainder of the army over the almost impassable roads, through mud and rain, reaching Manchester the last day of June. The most of this march was made over dirt roads, and when we reached the "barrens," the dividing line of the hills bordering on Cumberland Mountain and the fertile lands of Middle Tennessee, the rain of the past week had made this whitish soil as soft and spongy as a swamp into which artillery and wagons cut to the hub. Even our horses could only pass over with the greatest exertion.

Both flanks of Bragg's army being turned, he was now compelled to abandon Tullahoma, which he did on the 30th, and retreated toward Decherd. On the 2nd day of July, we left Manchester and moved through Estell Springs, fording Elk River, and moved on to Decherd and Cowan, on the Nashville & Chattanooga railroad, to find that Bragg had crossed the mountain, and once more Middle Tennessee was in possession of the Army of the Cumberland.

At the crossing of Elk River, a very sad and peculiar death occurred in Company C. The First Tennessee was fording the river, which was considerably swollen by the recent rain, and just as Company C reached the opposite bank, Private Calvin Walker fell from his horse and expired without uttering a word, and opposite his name the following entry was made: "Died from heart failure."

When it was learned that Bragg had crossed the mountain, the cavalry returned to Decherd Station. Nothing of special interest occurred at this place except a national salute fired by our batteries in honor of the glorious Fourth. After a short rest at Decherd Station, the First Tennessee, with the remainder of the cavalry, moved through Winchester to Salem, where the regiment enjoyed a few days of rest and recreation.

In this brief campaign General Rosecrans lost eighty-five men killed, four hundred and eighty-two wounded, and thirteen captured. The loss of killed and wounded in Bragg's army is unknown, but he left behind him one thousand, six hundred and thirty-four officers and men as prisoners, eight cannon and three siege guns.

Before leaving Salem, we received the glorious news of the two great Union victories at Gettysburg and Vicksburg on July 4th, in honor of which a national salute was fired.

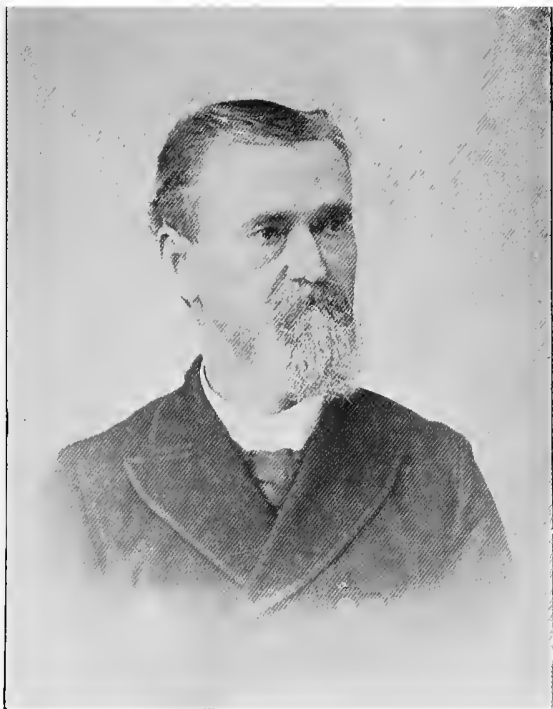
On the 12th, General Stanley again put his cavalry in motion for Huntsville, by way of New Market, reaching the former place on the 14th. It was near the latter place that General R. L. McCook was cruelly and savagely murdered by "bushwhackers," about a year before. He was riding at the time in an ambulance, prostrated by sickness, and some distance in advance of his brigade. On account of this atrocious act, all houses, out-buildings, barns and fences were entirely destroyed near where he was killed, making the country look desolate.

Huntsville is a beautiful little town, surrounded by rich and fertile fields, while from its center a large, magnificent spring furnishes not only the inhabitants with pure, crystal water, but in addition furnishes the power that forces the water to the people. Our stay at Huntsville was cut short by an order to move to Fayetteville, camping for a short time north of town. In a few days the First Tennessee, with the remainder of the division, struck tents and moved back to Salem, by way of Gum Springs, going into camp near

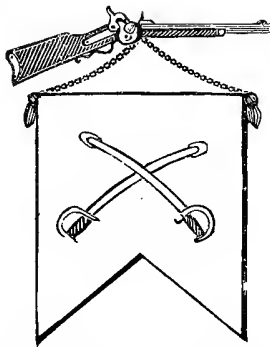
Winchester. This camp and the incidents that happened there, over thirty-five years ago, are still fresh in the memory of the men composing the First Division, and will be remembered by that gallant body of men until the final muster-out.

General Mitchell was a rigid disciplinarian, and at this place he seemed to have all the West Point rules transferred to our camp, and, so far as we know, he enforced them. He would have reveille sounded at 3 o'clock each morning, and the sleepy soldiers were compelled to get up and put on all implements of war, saddle their horses, roll up overcoats and blankets and strap them to their saddles, form in line and stand "to horse" until daylight. When taps, or lights-out was sounded, every light was expected to be put out immediately; in fact, some of the boys declared that the guard would start on their rounds to see that the order was strictly complied with before the last sound of this beautiful call had died away in the distant hills. And if a soldier was found with a light burning in his tent, he was taken to the provost-marshal's headquarters and there either tied up by the thumbs or made to carry a rail from three to five hours.

On the march, no straggling was permitted, not even for the purpose of securing water to drink, and if a soldier was found away from his command without permission, he was dismounted and forced to march the remainder of the day in the rear of the army. But the men learned that "the way of the transgressor is hard," and "the wages of sin is death," and that when orders are violated those who do so must suffer the consequences. Three things are necessary to make good soldiers. The first thing is discipline; the second, discipline; the third, discipline; and it was not long until the boys fancied the three things were subject to multiplication several times. We were awakened by discipline; roll-call, guard-mounting, drill, cooking beans and bacon, were all done by discipline as well. But one truthful thing can be said to the credit of the First Tennessee, and that is, it did not furnish any more material for violations of these orders than other regiments of the division.



FIRST LIEUTENANT W. F. FOWLER, COMPANY A



BADGE OF WILSON'S CAVALRY CORPS,
Army of the Cumberland

The last of July, the division was again ordered to return to Fayetteville, going into camp between the Winchester turnpike and Elk River, and just east of the stone bridge. This camp was in a grove of magnificent oak and beech trees, whose spreading branches protected the troops from the hot rays of the sun, while old "Mother Earth," which was richly carpeted with a soft coat of grass, made a bed much more preferable than the soft side of two fence rails. This was also a historic camp, being the same ground that was used by General Jackson as a rendezvous for his army at the time of the outbreak of the Creek Indians, in October, 1813.

There had been numerous outrages committed by the Creek Indians, and on the 30th of August, 1813, Weatherford, a noted chief, led about seven hundred warriors against Fort Mimms, which was garrisoned by one hundred and fifty men, under Major Beasley; but, after a brave and determined resistance, the fort was captured and all the garrison was massacred except seventeen, who made their escape. All eyes were now turned to Jackson and his faithful soldiers, who had hardly reached their homes from a campaign against the Indians. In his call for five thousand militia, General Jackson said: "Already large bodies of hostile Creeks are marching to your borders, with their scalping-knives unsheathed, to butcher your women and children: time is not to be lost. We must hasten to the frontier, or we shall find it drenched in the blood of our citizens. The health of your general is restored—he will command in person."

General Cocke commanded the troops from East Tennessee. General Coffee was sent to Huntsville, Alabama, with his mounted volunteers, and on the 11th of October he sent word to Jackson that he was about to be attacked by one thousand Creek warriors. This word reached Jackson's camp at Fayetteville, and he at once put his army in motion for Huntsville, making the entire distance of thirty-two miles in less than five hours. General Jackson was a noted Indian

fighter, and his faithful militia, in the war with the deluded Indians, won for themselves a bright reputation, making a "Tennessee rifleman superior to a Wellington invincible."

In 1811, General Jackson was at Natchez, Mississippi, on business, and on his return home he was asked by an agent of the Choctaw Indians if he had a pass, to which he replied with spirit: "Yes, sir; I always carry mine with me; I am a free-born American citizen, and that is a passport all over the world."

This was a good place to camp, for it was

Water to the right of you!
Corn to the left of you!
Fence-rails in front of you!

And into this camp of water, corn and fence-rails, rode the brave First Tennessee. Forage was plentiful, and during the two weeks of rest and inactivity our horses recruited up and were in good condition when the next move was made. Nothing of special interest occurred while the regiment lay in this "summer resort," as the boys called it, the idle hours of the men being spent in bathing and fishing. There was a large flouring mill on Elk River, below the stone bridge, which was impressed and set to work for "Uncle Sam," grinding wheat and corn for the army. A detail was made from Company C and placed in charge, and as fast as the grain was brought in, it was converted into flour and meal and issued to the army.

On the 10th day of August, Mitchell's division was ordered to Huntsville, where it remained for two days, when the regiment moved with the remainder of the division, by slow and easy march, along the Memphis & Charleston railroad, to Stevenson, Alabama, by way of Paint Rock, Larkinsville, Scottsboro and Bellefonte, reaching Stevenson on the 15th. Here the Memphis & Charleston and the Nashville & Chattanooga railroads unite, and, after winding around the base of Lookout Mountain, enter Chattanooga on a single track.

On the 17th, the First Tennessee was ordered to Bolivar, where for a short time it was actively engaged in scouting, picketing and guarding the ferries and fords along the Tennessee River. The last of the month the regiment returned to Stevenson and went into camp near Caperton's Ferry, on the Tennessee River. The railroad to Nashville had been repaired and the welcome sound of the locomotive was greeted with cheers as the great iron monster rolled into the Union camp each day, loaded with supplies for the army, which then lay near Stevenson, the left extending to Bridgeport and up Sequatchie Valley toward Jasper.

General Rosecrans had successfully maneuvered Bragg out of Tullahoma and forced him, by flank movements, to cross the Tennessee River. Chattanooga now became the objective point, but the topography of the country around Chattanooga was such that to capture it by direct attack would cost weeks of hard, patient labor, beside the loss in men, for Bragg had made good use of his time in strengthening this great stronghold. Cumberland Mountain, Walden's Ridge and the Tennessee River were between Rosecrans and Chattanooga, each forming the first great barrier. These mountains, with subordinate hills, were greatly in the way of a direct and successful advance upon Chattanooga, especially with a large army, encumbered with wagons and artillery.

Chattanooga at that time was a very important place, not only as a great military point, but was also a great distributing place, it being the main gateway east and south, and in order to obtain this great prize without forcing Bragg into battle behind his works, General Rosecrans resorted again to his well-known flank movement to dislodge his antagonist.

The route to Bragg's left flank was rough and mountainous and was almost destitute of water, as well as forage. Sand and Lookout Mountains, with their steep and rugged sides, with bad roads, presented a barrier almost too great for an army to undertake, and especially when all the sup-

plies and ammunition must be transported across them in army wagons. This alone was a serious question, and no doubt cost General Rosecrans a great many sleepless nights. The rainy season was over, and September came in, hot and dry, insuring good roads so indispensable for the successful and rapid movement of the Union army for Bragg's left and rear. The Army of the Cumberland, under Rosecrans, lay along the southwest side of the Tennessee River: the greater portion, however, was at Stevenson and Bridgeport.

CHAPTER VI.

ADVANCE OF THE ARMY—CLIMBING MOUNTAINS—SCENERY ABOVE THE CLOUDS—DARING MOVE OF THE FIRST TENNESSEE—LOST IN A MOUNTAIN—BLOODY CHICKAMAUGA—TWO DAYS ON THE FIELD—CRAWFISH SPRING—ON THE MOVE—WATCHING WHEELER.

General Rosecrans having completed plans for a general advance of his army, a pontoon bridge was thrown across the Tennessee river at Caperton's Ferry, on the 29th day of August, and on the 1st day of September, Stanley's cavalry broke camp and crossed over and camped for a few days at Caperton's Spring, near the base of Sand Mountain. Johnson's and Davis' divisions, Twentieth Corps, followed as a support to Stanley's cavalry. A halt was made until the 3rd, to allow the army to cross and close up. On the morning of the 3rd, everything being in "trim" for the advance, the First Tennessee, with the remainder of Stanley's cavalry, began to ascend Sand Mountain.

As we marched up the steep, rocky side of the mountain, the rising sun on the 3rd of September shed its rays on the long lines of blue marching slowly along the winding, zig-zag road that led up the mountain side. Sometimes the line was visible in a half-dozen places, so short were the crooks in the road. Heavy details were made to aid the teamsters in getting the heavily loaded wagons to the summit. The drivers shouted and yelled themselves hoarse—yes, and "cussed" a little, too, at the ever-willing, ever-ready, patient government mule, who, unmindful of the surroundings, was so faithfully tugging away at the loaded wagons.

When the summit was reached, we paused for a few

minutes and gazed upon one of the most beautiful views to be found in this part of the country. To the northwest, we could see the beautiful Tennessee River, which wound in its serpentine course along the base of Lookout and Sand Mountains, while range after range of small mountains greeted the vision as far as the eye could reach. The low, rumbling sound of the artillery and wagons could be faintly heard as they too moved slowly up the mountain.

We were now on the top of Sand Mountain, which at the place we crossed is level, and as we marched along the sandy road we were not very favorably impressed with that portion of Alabama. We crossed during the day Flat Creek, a small, sluggish stream that flows lazily along the top of the mountain. Late in the afternoon, we marched down the mountain and bivouacked for the night in Wills' Valley, having marched twenty-two miles during the day. The next morning the march was resumed, and we moved through Winston's Gap into Little Will's Valley at Valley Head, and then, turning south, the army went into camp for the night four miles from Valley Head.

On the morning of the 5th, Campbell's brigade was sent south on a scout, and when near Rawlingsville the enemy were encountered. Colonel Brownlow was ordered to charge them with his regiment, which he did, driving the enemy two miles through a heavy cloud of dust, in which men and horses were almost overcome with heat and dust.

From Rawlingsville the brigade pushed on south to Lebanon, which was found unoccupied, the enemy having evacuated the place the night before. The brigade was ordered to return to its camp at Allen's farm, the next three days being rest-days. Our wagon train and the Twentieth Corps, which followed the route taken by Stanley's cavalry, reached us at this place. We were now about forty-two miles south of Chattanooga.

General Stanley moved his cavalry at daylight on the 9th up the valley to Winston's Gap, where all of his troops crossed Lookout Mountain, reaching Broomtown Valley at

Alpine, Georgia. At this place, late in the afternoon, we had a brisk skirmish with some Mississippi troops. We lay in line of battle during the night along the base of Lookout Mountain. The night was quite cold, making overcoats a welcome companion. Before leaving this place we learned through our scouts that Bragg had evacuated Chattanooga. So, without a battle, the primary object of this short campaign—Chattanooga, the great "gateway" to the south—fell into our hands, the result of Rosecrans' strategy.

The 10th was spent scouting in the direction of Melville, on the road leading to Rome. The next day, the First Division, under McCook, was again sent toward Rome, and, after crossing Chattooga River, the First Tennessee was sent forward on the road leading to Rome, and after moving about five miles on this road, Colonel Brownlow sent Lieutenant-Colonel Dyer, with half of the regiment, toward Rome. The other half, under Colonel Brownlow, moved to Dirt Town, on the road leading from Rome to Dalton.

The writer was sent forward in charge of the advance guard, and we had not gone far before we captured two Confederates who belonged to some Georgia regiment, and learned from them that Forrest's and Wharton's divisions of Wheeler's command were encamped only a short distance ahead. If the sun had suddenly ceased to shine, it would have been no greater surprise to our captives than the sight of blue-coats. They did not believe at first that we were "Yankees," but when they saw the flags they became convinced, and wanted to know what we were doing down in "Dixie," the land of cotton.

With this information we pushed ahead, and at dark attacked and drove in Wheeler's pickets. Colonel Brownlow now ordered forward his detachment, and a running fight was kept up for a mile or two, only halting when we heard Wheeler's bugles sounding "boots and saddles." We captured fifteen prisoners, and on our return destroyed a small bridge that we supposed spanned Chattooga river. From the men captured we learned that a large force of

infantry and cavalry was near by, and being so far from the remainder of the division, our position was critical, for we knew the night was never too dark or the day too cold for Wheeler to let an opportunity slip if there was any prospect of capturing the First Tennessee cavalry.

The night was dark, and as we quietly moved back we could hear the rumbling of Bragg's wagons as they moved along the Rome and Lafayette road. We were marching along late in the night, tired and sleepy, when a voice rang out, "Halt! Who comes there?" Our advance guard answered, "Friends, without the countersign." Could it be friend or foe making the challenge? One of the advance guard dismounted and advanced to find out who dared to stop us on the highway. The faithful sentinel was a member of the Second Indiana Cavalry, of our division. We marched a short distance, crossed Chattooga River, and went into camp for the night. On lighting our camp-fires we found we were in the midst of sweet potatoes and peanuts, which helped to piece out our rations, which were getting shorter each day.

Lieutenant-Colonel Dyer, after leaving the regiment, moved forward rapidly on the road leading to Rome. Meeting with but little opposition, he continued his march to a place called "The Narrows," within ten miles of Rome, where he drove in the enemy's pickets, capturing several prisoners, a lot of arms and equipments. Both detachments were successful, and obtained some very valuable and useful information of the enemy's movements, and after having accomplished the object for which the reconnoissance was made, they returned without loss.

On the following morning General McCook moved his division back to Alpine. The camp was hardly quiet when an order came for McCook to move his division to the support of Crook, who at that time was near Lafayette. By 11 a. m. on the 12th, the whole of McCook's division was on the march, going up the Broomtown Valley road, camping for the night near Summerville. The march was resumed

the next morning at 6 o'clock toward Lafayette, and when within three miles of the latter place the Ninth Pennsylvania, the leading regiment of Campbell's brigade, encountered the enemy's pickets and drove them back for two miles upon their main line.

The First Tennessee was formed in line on the right of the road and moved forward through the woods, and as the regiment emerged at the opposite side, a battery opened fire at short range. The artillerymen were either new men or old ones "excited," for each shot passed harmlessly above our heads. One shell exploded directly over the colors of the regiment, but no one was struck with the flying fragments.

The Ninth Pennsylvania charged along the road through a perfect cloud of dust, which completely concealed the enemy, who now opened a brisk fire, killing and wounding several men. The Second Michigan deployed and followed the Ninth Pennsylvania as a support. Campbell was about to renew the fight when he received orders to fall back, the enemy shelling the woods furiously in our rear as we left the field.

The prisoners captured belonged to Breckinridge's division of Hill's corps, and from them we learned that Bragg's headquarters was in Lafayette, and that his army was in close proximity. Bragg was equally as anxious to find out the location and position of Rosecrans' army, which at that time was very much scattered, and evidently Bragg intended to whip Rosecrans in detail. This movement of the Union cavalry to Lafayette developed the fact that Bragg's army lay near there and that he was equally interested in locating Rosecrans' army.

It was exceedingly hot and dry, no rain having fallen since the 1st of September, and the great clouds of dust raised by our industrious cavalry were at times almost unbearable; in fact, the movements of either army could almost be traced by the dust raised by the marching troops. But, fortunately for the men and horses, there was plenty of

water, and when a halt was made the dust, which was streaked with perspiration, was washed off so that we could distinguish one comrade from another.

General Stanley was unable to communicate with Rosecrans by the valley road, it being held by Bragg. The whole command was moved back to Alpine, where it bivouacked for the night. The only avenue of escape for Stanley's troops was to re-cross Lookout Mountain and move up the west side. On the morning of the 14th, we left our camp at the foot of the mountain and began to climb Lookout. When we reached the summit we could see great clouds of dust raised by the marching Confederates, and as we looked down from our lofty position on our dust-covered pursuers we rather enjoyed seeing them battle with the dust down in the valley. It was a great change. Free from the dust and the enemy, and fanned by the cool mountain breeze, we almost wanted to tarry longer.

We encamped at night on the top of the mountain, on Yellow Fork of Little River. Here Robert Hixon, Company C, who was captured at College Grove, reported for duty. Resuming the march the next morning, the whole command descended from Lookout Mountain and moved up Will's Valley and bivouacked near Valley Head. At this place, General Stanley, who had been very ill for several days, turned over his command to General Mitchell and was sent to Nashville for treatment.

When our cavalry left Will's Valley on the 9th, all the wagons and the sick were left behind, so on our return we were glad to see them, for our rations were getting short. A fresh supply was issued to the men, the horses shod, and once more we cut loose from our trains and, marching through Winston's Gap, re-crossed Lookout Mountain at Dougherty's Gap and once more entered Georgia, and camped for the night in McLemore's Cove, having marched eighteen miles over bad roads.

Every surviving member of the First Tennessee who was with the regiment on the night of September 16 will

recall the thrilling experience in descending Lookout Mountain at McLemore's Cove. The night was dark, and we missed the road, consequently it was more of a slide than a march. It was a thrilling experience to us, and to this day we cannot understand how we ever reached the base without serious loss.

On reaching McLemore's Cove, General Mitchell found the Union army had moved toward Crawfish Spring, where Rosecrans was making a desperate attempt to unite his scattered forces. General Bragg was heavily reinforced with troops from Georgia and Mississippi, and with this superior force at hand he began to mass his troops on Rosecrans' left, and in order to conceal this move he made active demonstrations on the Union left. But, with all of his shrewdness, he never caught old "Rosy" napping; in fact, Rosecrans had his army united before Bragg was ready to deliver battle.

On the 17th, McCook's division was moved up near Cedar Grove Church. We were now approaching the battlefield, for occasionally we could hear the distant boom of cannon, and as the fire increased and gave assurances of a general engagement, the troops closed their ranks, tightened their belts and moved steadily forward with that firm and soldierly alacrity which characterizes the action of brave and determined men on the eve of battle. As we moved forward our minds wandered to our far-off homes, where loved ones were anxiously waiting with bated breath the result of the battle, the last letter from the front having told of the approaching conflict.

Resuming the march the next morning, we moved to Bailey's Cross Roads and bivouacked for the night. Early on the morning of the 19th, the column was set in motion by way of Pond Spring to Crawfish Spring. On approaching the latter place, a sharp engagement occurred between the Second Brigade of McCook's division and the enemy's cavalry.

The enemy being repulsed, we moved on to Crawfish

Spring and formed in line of battle to the right of McCook's Twentieth Corps. The writer will not attempt to give a detailed account of the battle of Chickamauga, it being familiar to the men who were engaged in it, and those who were not can consult more elaborate works.

On the morning of the 19th, the Union army lay along the southwest side of Chickamauga Creek. The ground over which this great battle was fought is almost level, the greater portion being covered with a low, scrubby growth of timber. The battle was fought without the aid of breast-works, and possibly no battle of the war had fewer obstructions to conceal the movements of the contending forces. General Mitchell formed his cavalry in line in front and to the left of Crawfish Spring, and during the afternoon of the 19th, there were several sharp engagements between the enemy's cavalry, who were trying to gain our rear by the Dry Valley road. Our ammunition and supply trains were also in this valley, and Mitchell's orders were, "Hold Crawfish Spring at all hazards."

During the day the cavalry was advanced and took up a position along the southwest bank of Chickamauga Creek, meaning in the Indian tongue, "the river of death." The enemy made several attempts to cross at the different fords during the afternoon, but were driven back. During the afternoon the battle to our left raged with all the fury of a storm. The terrible discharges of artillery and the volleys of musketry shook the earth; the smoke hung low and almost shut out from view the contending armies, but above all the din and noise of battle, the shouts of the charging columns could be heard as the tide of battle ebbed and flowed.

There was a constant shifting and working of the Union lines toward our left, consequently the cavalry was soon left without infantry support, but we maintained our position throughout the struggle, and only retired when the day was lost. The first day's battle closed with severe loss on both sides; in fact, but little advantage had been gained by either

side. It was a day in which both sides had made a series of brilliant charges in favor of first one side and then the other. The exhausted men, with parched lips, lay down on their arms to pass a cheerless and comfortless night on the battlefield, with dead and wounded comrades on all sides. During the night, Rosecrans adjusted his lines and gave orders for the disposition and movements of his troops the next day. In this day's struggle the First Tennessee lost one man wounded—Corporal W. A. Cannon, of Company C.

Bragg was heavily reinforced during the night by Longstreet's army from Virginia, and at a meeting of his generals he laid before them his plan of battle for the following day. His plan was to divide his army into two commands and assign as commanders his two senior Lieutenant-Generals, Polk and Longstreet. On Sunday morning, the 20th, a heavy fog hung over the battlefield, which concealed the movements of the troops. During the night the Union troops on some portions of the line built temporary breastworks of rails and logs, and behind them the veterans of the Army of the Cumberland awaited the attack.

It was about half past 8 o'clock when Bragg ordered Polk to make a vigorous attack upon the Union left. This part of our line was held by Thomas, the hero of Mill Springs. The Confederates rushed forward with their well-known "rebel yell," and after two hours of desperate fighting they failed in their attempt to turn the Union left, or even gain any advantage, and sullenly fell back. On this part of the line the fighting was desperate. Bayonets were freely baptized in blood. Here it was that Breckinridge's division suffered such heavy loss, General Helm, of Kentucky, falling at this place. Generals Cleburne and Stewart made mention in their reports that the musketry and artillery fire was the most destructive they had ever encountered.

The fighting gradually opened all along the line, and soon the roar of artillery and the rattle of musketry had increased to one continuous sound. On the extreme right, Mitchell's cavalry was contending heroically against Bragg's

infantry and cavalry—still protecting the right of McCook's corps. Both flanks of the Union army were well protected by the cavalry; in fact, they were so vigilant and kept the enemy so closely engaged that he was unable to use his cavalry at any other part of the line. The fighting on the Union left early in the morning was along the Lafayette road, and evidently Bragg intended to crush this part of Rosecrans' line and gain Rossville Gap, through which runs the Chattanooga and Lafayette road.

Had it not been for a blunder made by an aide with but little knowledge of the meaning of military terms, it is exceedingly doubtful if the Army of the Cumberland would have been driven from the field of Chickamauga. On the Union left, the storm of battle had spent its force, and Thomas was still holding his own against great odds. The center and right had successfully resisted the repeated attacks of Longstreet's troops during the morning. Here is a copy of the fatal order:

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE CUMBERLAND,
September 20th, 10:45 a. m.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL WOOD, Commanding Division:

The general commanding directs that you close up on Reynolds as fast as possible and support him. Respectfully, etc.,

FRANK S. BOND,
Major and Aide-de-Camp.

General Wood says: "I received the order about 11 o'clock. At the moment of its receipt I was a short distance in rear of the center of my command." Wood was a West Pointer, and saw it was impossible for him to execute the order literally. Wood's left was aligned with Brannan's right and he saw no way to close up on Reynold's but to withdraw and pass to the left in rear of Brannan, which he did. This left a gap in the Union line the length of two brigades, and at that moment Longstreet, who was advancing in heavy force, saw it, and immediately threw the divisions of Hood, Kershaw, Johnson and Hindman into this gap. The right center and the whole right wing was dis-

abled, and to resist this sudden and fierce assault McCook, with the remainder of his corps, tried to stay the tide, and in doing so the brave and gallant Lytle fell. At this point our army lost more than a thousand prisoners, thirty-five cannon and a lot of wagons.

General Thomas, "The Rock of Chickamauga," with the remainder of the army—about five divisions—and the reserves under Granger, re-formed his troops on the crest of Horseshoe Ridge, between the Lafayette and Dry Valley roads. Here during that long Sunday afternoon the most desperate fighting of the day was done, against fearful odds.

About 4 o'clock, Bragg determined to make one more attempt to capture Horseshoe Ridge. He at once ordered up his reserves under Preston, supported by Stewart's corps, and with wild yells and confident of success they dashed at our lines, but were again repulsed. Here the slaughter was frightful. The Union troops searched the cartridge-boxes of friend as well as foe for ammunition.

General Mitchell, in his report of the battle of Chickamauga, says: "About 3 p. m. I received verbal orders from an orderly from General McCook to fall back, as our right had been turned. Not deeming an order of so important a nature as that, coming in such a manner, valid, I did not move, as I had been ordered in the morning to hold Crawfish Spring at all hazards, but sent a staff officer to ascertain the position of affairs and, if possible, communicate with either General McCook or Rosecrans. From him I learned that our right had been driven round and that everything on the right was moving toward Chattanooga, up Chattanooga Valley."

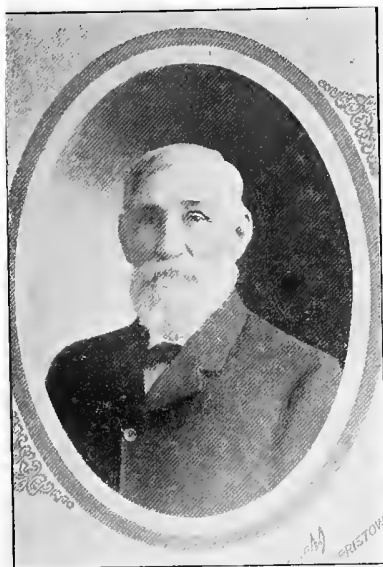
After all the wagons had been started toward Chattanooga under an escort, all the ambulances were loaded with wounded soldiers who were able to ride. It will be remembered that at the opening of the battle of Chickamauga the principal hospital for the reception of the wounded was established at Crawfish Spring, and no better place could have

been selected. The Lee Mansion and all out-buildings were used, beside tents. Just a short distance from this old homestead, a large, magnificent spring gushes out from under a ledge of stone, and from this famous "Crawfish Spring" thousands of our wounded quenched their thirst. Around this mansion numerous large, stately oaks are found, whose outspreading branches protected our wounded from the hot rays of the sun. The writer visited the battlefield a few years ago, and found but few changes had been made, the general appearance being unchanged. At the celebrated Crawfish Spring a busy water-wheel is to be seen supplying the old mansion with water, the spring not only supplying the water but the power which runs the pump as well.

The turn of affairs on our left cut us off from all communication with McCook, who was in command on the right, and Mitchell was left to make his way as best he could toward Chattanooga. The scene around the hospital at Crawfish Spring when we left was one of peculiar sadness, and to be seen was never to be forgotten. Hundreds of our men who had been taken from the battlefield badly wounded had answered to the last roll-call amid the boom of cannon, and as the living demanded all the time and attention of those in charge, the dead, for the time being, were laid out in rows, side by side, awaiting the burial party.

McCook's division covered the withdrawal of the trains to Chattanooga and, although cut off as it was and almost surrounded with infantry and cavalry, the retreat was made in good order and without the loss of a wagon. There were several sharp attacks made upon Mitchell's cavalry before leaving Crawfish Spring, but each was repulsed, and at 5 p. m. it left for Chattanooga.

Just here I want to relate an incident that occurred at the time of our withdrawal from Crawfish Spring. It serves as a reminder of that true friendship that existed among soldiers. When the ambulances and wagons had been loaded, there yet remained thousands of our wounded comrades, and in the absence of orders, our boys began to dis-



CORPORAL GEO. M. TROBAUGH, COMPANY D



M. C. WILLIAMS,
First Sergeant-Major of the Regiment, and Lieut. Co. G

mount and place a wounded soldier in his stead, and in this way hundreds could have been brought from the red field of Chickamauga. When our commander found out that we were letting our wounded soldiers ride, he made all dismount and return to the hospital, giving as his reason that if we should be attacked the wounded would be greatly in the way, some scarcely being able to sit on the horses when quietly marching along, while our dismounted men would also be of little service.

We fell back toward Chattanooga, bringing off two guns which had been abandoned by the troops of McCook's corps. Mitchell marched his command six miles toward Chattanooga and bivouacked for the night in line of battle.

The next morning the whole command was placed in line of battle across the Chattanooga Valley road, and during the day the enemy's cavalry moved up and several light skirmishes occurred, but no severe attack was made. This valley was full of stragglers, all going at a "two-forty gait" toward Chattanooga. During the day the Second Brigade opened up communication with the right wing of the Union army and held Woods' Gap, in Missionary Ridge, through which a road enters, leading to Dry Valley. We again bivouacked in line of battle, and early the next morning it was discovered that we were almost surrounded. Orders were issued immediately for us to fall back with as little noise as possible.

The artillery wheels were muffled by wrapping blankets around them, the cavalry, except the rear-guard, was dismounted, and each man was required to carry his saber in his hand to avoid noise, and in this way we moved some distance along the foot of Lookout Mountain, leading our horses, not being allowed to speak above a whisper. As we passed the end of Lookout Mountain, we saw the Third, Fifth and Sixth Tennessee Volunteers of the old Twenty-fifth Brigade, standing in line of battle. This brigade had been thrown out as an advance-guard and to cover the retreat of the Union army.

Soon after we passed them, the enemy made an attack, but were driven back after a brisk skirmish. We were halted in Chattanooga, near Fort Negley, where we found the Union troops working like beavers, throwing up breast-works.

The September returns of Rosecrans' army showed a total effective force of 67,584, yet when the troops that were guarding bridges, trains and other important places are taken out, it is exceedingly doubtful if Rosecrans had in the two days' battle over 56,000 men. As Bragg made no monthly report, it is difficult to get the exact figures, but from the best information obtainable his total effective force during the battle was not far from 70,000 men. Here is the loss in the two days' fighting:

	Killed	Wounded	Missing	Total
Union,	1,700	9,394	5,255	16,349
Confederate,	2,673	16,274	2,003	20,950

As many of those on our side reported as missing were among the slain, the number of killed no doubt exceeded the loss given. The results of the battle were of no benefit to Bragg, as we still held Chattanooga, while on the other hand it was an immense drain on the resources of his army.

The total loss in the cavalry for the two days was four hundred and sixty-eight. General Rosecrans, in his report of the Chattanooga campaign and the battle of Chickamauga, says: "As to the cavalry, the accompanying reports are so full that I need only add that as an arm of the service it has been equal to its duty on all occasions, and on the 18th, 19th and 20th of September it behaved with conspicuous gallantry, covering our shattered right, and protected our trains in the valley of Chattanooga Creek on the 20th. It is greatly due to the behavior of the cavalry on that day that we lost none of our wagons, and that many of our ambulances and some of our artillery and caissons came safely into the place."

Late in the afternoon of the 22nd, Mitchell was ordered

to move his cavalry to the north side of the Tennessee River. He began crossing at 6 o'clock, near the point of an island a short distance above Chattanooga. The river at this place was very wide, and at the north bank was quite deep, yet the crossing was made with only the loss of a few horses. As we were crossing, Bragg shelled us from Missionary Ridge, but did no harm except to keep us "a little uneasy." We lay in camp opposite Chattanooga for one day, and then moved to Severly Springs, six miles from Chattanooga. On the night of the 25th, our camp had hardly gotten quiet when "them confounded old buglers" began to blow "boots and saddles"—a call that the First Tennessee was exceedingly familiar with. It was a ground-hog case, and we had to go. We immediately crawled out of our tents, saddled our horses, and at 9 p. m. left camp, and marched rapidly toward Walden's Ridge, which we crossed during the night, reaching Jasper, in the Sequatchie Valley, early the next morning. If anyone thinks that we had a "picnic" in crossing Walden's Ridge that night, we will object and say that "wise heads will differ."

After a short halt to feed and get breakfast, the command was pushed forward to Bridgeport. On the 27th, Campbell's brigade was ordered to Stevenson, and from this place was pushed on to Pump Spring, where pickets and patrols were thrown out along the river. This hasty move was made for the purpose of watching Wheeler, who was reported to be moving toward the river and, if possible, to cross and break our communications. On the 28th, the First Tennessee and Ninth Pennsylvania were ordered to Bellefont to reinforce the third brigade of our division, who reported that Wheeler was trying to cross near that place. After marching hard for six miles, word reached us that the enemy had been driven back across the river, and we returned to our camp at Pump Springs, near Stevenson.

CHAPTER VII.

WHEELER'S GREAT RAID—LARGE WAGON TRAIN BURNED—THE PURSUIT—WINCHESTER—FIGHTING BUSHWHACKERS—LIEUT. BOWMAN ATTACKED NEAR SPARTA—HIS SOLDIERS KILLED AFTER SURRENDERING—TAKE NO PRISONERS. BROWNLOW QUIETS THE "GUERRILLAS."

When General Bragg evacuated Chattanooga, the unfinished works left by him were at once strengthened by Rosecrans. The Army of the Cumberland, it is true, had been driven from Chickamauga, and now lay behind the almost impregnable works, yet the confidence of "Old Rosy" was not shaken because of his failure to hold the field. Bragg moved up and threatened to attack Rosecrans in his works, but after a few days of maneuvering, he disposed of his forces and laid siege to the town, hoping in this way to accomplish what he had failed to do in battle.

Bragg took possession of Missionary Ridge and built a strong line of works on the crest, extending from the Tennessee River, above town, across the Chattanooga Valley to the top of Lookout Mountain. The latter place in November became historical, it being the place where Hooker fought the battle "above the clouds."

The railroad from Nashville had been repaired, and the cars were running to Bridgeport, on the Tennessee River. From this point, the supplies for the Union army were hauled in army wagons over the mountains to Chattanooga. This route was up Sequatchie Valley and across Walden's Ridge. Bragg had a large and well-equipped force of cavalry, and decided to move it upon this "overland route" and destroy it. His cavalry was to cross the river at three different points and move in whatever direction that promised the best results.

On the 30th day of September, Wheeler succeeded in crossing Tennessee River at Washington with at least six thousand men and moved toward Walden's Ridge. General Crook, with the Second Division, was guarding the river above Chattanooga, but owing to the scattered condition of his troops, Wheeler was able to drive back the small force at Washington and cross to the west side. Once across, Wheeler pushed rapidly toward the communications of the army. By the time Crook had collected his scattered troops, Wheeler had several hours the start.

At the time Wheeler crossed the river McCook's First Division was distributed along the south side from Bridgeport to Bellefont, but on receipt of orders he started in pursuit with the Second Brigade. Colonel Campbell started with his brigade October 2, at 1 p. m., from Stevenson, by way of Bridgeport, to Anderson's Cross Roads, in Sequatchie Valley. The First Tennessee moved with the brigade and reached McCook four miles north of Anderson's Cross Roads at 10 a. m. on the 3rd, having marched fifty miles, making only two short halts to feed the tired and almost worn-out horses.

McCook, without waiting for his division to unite, pushed ahead with the Second Brigade, but was unable to prevent the destruction of a part of Rosecrans' train. Wheeler overtook the train near Anderson's Cross Roads, and succeeded in burning something over three hundred wagons and killed a large number of mules. LaGrange charged the enemy with his brigade and drove him back, recapturing a lot of wagons and eight hundred mules. The enemy fell back about one mile south of Anderson's Cross Roads and there made a stand behind a rail barricade.

McCook again charged with saber and routed Wheeler, killing and capturing one hundred and sixteen. Among the former was Major Reed, of Wheeler's staff. A portion of the train was loaded with ammunition, and as we dashed by, the explosions resembled a battle. Along with the train were several sutlers, with their wagons well loaded with a

miscellaneous stock, and in the stampede their goods were strewn about in tempting profusion. It was a grand treat for Wheeler's men, and yet "a little costly."

McCook's division now being united, pushed on to Dunlap, where it bivouacked for the night. The troops engaged were Martin's division, under the personal command of Wheeler, and it was reported that he came very near being captured. He divided his command before leaving the valley, sending Wharton with his division to McMinnville. Early on the 4th, we left our camp at Dunlap and began the ascent of Cumberland Mountain at Kane's Gap, and moved rapidly on the direct road toward McMinnville, making only one short halt on the mountain to feed. The road was lined with empty boxes and cans, and dead mules.

General Crook, in command of the Second Division, who was moving on a road north of us, entered McMinnville a short time before McCook, but neither command was able to prevent the capture of the garrison, consisting mainly of the Fourth Tennessee Volunteers, under the command of Major Patterson.

After the capture of McMinnville and its garrison on the 3rd, Wheeler destroyed all government stores and in the most brutal manner robbed the officers and men of their clothing, blankets, watches and money. There were no artillery or forts to defend the place, and the small force made the best defense they could against great odds, losing seven killed and thirty wounded.

Wheeler left McMinnville for Murfreesboro, closely pursued by the divisions of Crook and McCook, and a short distance from McMinnville he was overtaken and roughly handled by Crook's division. We moved through Woodbury and early on the morning of the 6th entered Murfreesboro, all tired and worn out. A halt was made long enough to rest and feed our jaded horses. Wheeler, finding Murfreesboro too strongly garrisoned, made no attempt to capture the place, but cut the wire and, turning south, moved toward Shelbyville. Four days' rations were issued to the men, and

at 1 o'clock the First Tennessee moved, with the remainder of the division, toward Shelbyville, bivouacking for the night near the latter place.

At Shelbyville, Wheeler divided his troops into three columns. This caused some little delay in trying to find the route he had taken. Mitchell ordered McCook to move to Unionville by the nearest practicable route. On reaching Unionville, we found the enemy had left and was moving toward Duck River. We pursued on, and at night crossed Duck River near Caney Springs, and camped for the night. General Crook moved his division through Shelbyville on the morning of the 7th and out along the road leading to Farmington, and when near the latter place he encountered Davidson's division and drove it back rapidly toward Farmington.

Here Wheeler had taken up a position in a cedar thicket, but was driven out after some severe fighting in which both sides lost quite heavily. Among the slain on the Union side was the brave commander of the One Hundred and Twenty-third Illinois Volunteers—Colonel James Monroe. On the 8th, we moved in pursuit through Lewisburg and Cornersville. The First Tennessee, the leading regiment, charged into the latter place at dark and drove the enemy's rear-guard out. At the south edge of town we captured a courier with a dispatch from Wheeler to one of his division commanders, urging him to move at once to Pulaski, where he was trying to unite his army. The command was halted long enough to feed, when the march was resumed and at 10 p. m. camped for the night seven miles from Pulaski.

The next morning the whole command was pushed forward to Pulaski, where we learned that the daring raider had moved early in the night for Lamb's Ferry, where he expected to cross the Tennessee River. All the weak and lame horses were thrown out, and now came an exciting race toward the river. The First Tennessee joined in the chase, which was continued throughout the day. There was abundant evidence of a hasty flight, the road being lined with broken-down horses, wagons, artillery, hats and guns.

Wheeler moved through Rogersville, and on the 9th crossed Tennessee River at Lamb's Ferry. The Wheeler raid was not a very great success, as it cost him most all of his artillery, besides losing heavily in prisoners and deserters. In this short but spirited campaign of eight days, we marched over three hundred miles with but little sleep, and the most of that distance was over rough mountain roads.

On the 10th we left Rogersville and by slow and easy march moved through Athens to Huntsville. At this place Mitchell learned that Roddy was moving toward Winchester with a division of cavalry. McCook was ordered to pursue him with his division, and on the 12th left Huntsville and pushed forward toward New Market, with Campbell's brigade in the advance. We marched ahead at a rapid gait and toward night a heavy storm came up, but no halt was made, the march being continued through rain and blinding flashes of lightning. The Ninth Pennsylvania was leading the brigade and just at dark encountered Roddy, who had halted for the storm in a heavy grove of timber.

The Ninth Pennsylvania was dismounted and moved forward, with the First Tennessee close behind as a support. Roddy's troops opened a brisk fire, which was answered with volleys from the carbines of the Ninth Pennsylvania at close range, and in a short time the enemy fell back and all became quiet. It was exceedingly dark and the clouds still continued to "weep" during the night, making our bivouac very unpleasant.

The pursuit was continued at daylight the next morning in the direction of New Market. At the latter place we learned from citizens that Roddy had at least six hours the start of us, and owing to the thoroughly exhausted condition of our horses it seemed impossible to overtake him. From New Market, Roddy turned southwest, and after pursuing him some time with no hope of overtaking his fast retreating column the pursuit was abandoned. There were signs of great haste along the line of retreat in the way of abandoned wagons, broken-down horses and hats.

This move of Roddy was no doubt intended to be made in connection with the raid made by Wheeler, and the direction he was moving clearly indicated that he fully intended to strike our line of communication at or near Decherd, but the defeat of Wheeler and his hasty flight out of Tennessee greatly interfered with his arrangements. At 3 p. m. on the 13th, the pursuit ended, and Mitchell called for a detail of a lieutenant and ten men to take an order to Crook, notifying him to discontinue the pursuit.

Lieutenant John Roberts, with ten picked men and horses from Company C, was detailed for this hard and dangerous trip. The writer was one of the number, and the lieutenant and his trusty men at once set out on their perilous journey, moving rapidly toward Huntsville, expecting to find Crook somewhere between Huntsville and Athens. We were moving along the main road, thinking that we must be nearing the end of our journey, when we suddenly ran into about an equal number of the enemy, who were just dismounting at a farm-house by the roadside. We immediately opened fire and then charged them, when they fled pell-mell in every direction.

Lieutenant Roberts, thinking it unwise to pursue them, pushed ahead and shortly after dark found General Crook, and, after delivering the order, started on the return trip. When our little detachment reached the point where we left the division, we found it had moved away. Looking away to our left, we could see the bright light of a camp, but were unable to determine whether it was friend or foe. It had been raining for the past two days, and the marching cavalry had converted the dust into mortar by the constant and steady tramp of thousands of hoofs. We dismounted and examined the tracks, and found that a large body of mounted troops had gone in the direction of the light. We moved cautiously along the road for some distance and again dismounted and made another examination. Matters were getting desperate by this time. Could it be that we were following close on the rear of Roddy's division? We moved

a little distance from the road and held a short council to decide what was best to do under the circumstances. It was decided to wait for the return of daylight and then move cautiously toward the lights that were still dimly burning.

Lieutenant Roberts moved his little "squad" some two to three hundred feet to the right of the road into a heavy body of timber and dismounted his men, and here occurred an interesting "watch meeting," each one watching and waiting for the great luminary of the world to light up our hiding-place. There was no sleep for this little band of worn-out soldiers, and, drawing together, we discussed in low whispered tones our situation.

When the first ray of light began to streak the eastern sky, we mounted and moved forward in the direction of the lights, and soon came in sight of the advance vedette, who on close examination proved to be a "Yankee"—just the kind we were looking for—and in a short time we rode into the camp of the First Tennessee, and were joyfully received by the boys, who thought that we were captured.

On the 14th, the First Tennessee, with the remainder of the division, moved to Branchville and camped for the night. This march was made in a drenching rain, making the roads almost impassable for the artillery and wagons, to say nothing of the labor of our jaded horses in pulling through the muddy roads.

On the 15th, we moved through Salem and went into camp near Winchester, where the men and horses enjoyed a short season of rest. The total loss in the First and Second Divisions in the Wheeler raid was one hundred and twenty. Wheeler's loss was estimated at one thousand killed, captured and deserted, and six pieces of artillery. His greatest loss was at Farmington, where he lost eighty-six killed and one hundred and thirty-seven wounded.

General Mitchell, in his report of the Wheeler raid, says: "I think the record of the cavalry service during the entire war cannot show a more severe campaign than the one my command has just closed. There was scarcely an hour dur-

ing the whole pursuit that the horses were unsaddled; for days and nights together the men were in the saddle, almost constantly on the march, and some days making as high as fifty-three and fifty-seven miles. The greater part of the time the troops were out of rations, and our hasty movements gave them but little time to forage on the country; that the nights were very cold and the men without overcoats, and I think the campaign challenges comparison with any service performed during the war. Yet with all the hardships and severe duty necessarily devolving upon the men they made not a murmur."

During October, several important changes took place in the Army of the Cumberland. The Fourth Corps was formed by the consolidation of the Twentieth and Twenty-first, with General Gordon Granger commanding. The reserves were attached to the Fourteenth Corps. General W. S. Rosecrans was relieved and General George H. Thomas placed in command of the Army of the Cumberland. On the 18th of October, the military Division of the Mississippi was created, and Major-General U. S. Grant placed in command, and among his first orders to Thomas, "The Rock of Chickamauga," was: "Hold Chattanooga at all hazards. I will be there as soon as possible. Please inform me how long your present supplies will last and the prospect for keeping them up."

The answer was: "Two hundred and four thousand and sixty-two rations in storehouse. Ninety-six thousand to arrive tomorrow, as all trains were loaded which had arrived at Bridgeport up to the 16th; probably three hundred wagons. We will hold the town till we starve."

The Eleventh and Twelfth Corps from the East, under Hooker, were ordered to reinforce Thomas at Chattanooga. About the 21st, all the cavalry was ordered to Dechard to be reviewed by General Grant, who was on his way to Chattanooga. This important occasion required some little preparation and cleaning up, after which we returned to our camp.

On the 25th, the First Tennessee went on a scout to Estell Springs and Tullahoma, on the Nashville & Chattanooga railroad. From Tullahoma the regiment turned west and moved to Lynchburg, encamping there for the night. On the morning of the 27th, the First Tennessee returned to camp near Winchester. On the 30th, a detachment of the regiment, under Lieutenant Bowman, of Company K, was sent to Bellefont, Alabama, where he captured six men and returned to camp without loss. The number of miles traveled by the First Tennessee during the months of September and October reached the grand total of seven hundred and fifty.

Now came a short rest spell, the first since leaving Triune in June, giving us an opportunity to clean up and remove the accumulated dust of the past month. Since the opening of this mid-summer campaign, the First Tennessee had marched almost day and night over rough mountain roads, through rain, mud, heat and dust, and during a part of that time living on short rations. Men and horses were completely worn out, consequently we all enjoyed this season of rest. We laid out a regular camp and again enjoyed the luxury of sleeping in our little "dog-tents," and wearing blacked boots and "boiled" shirts. During our stay at Winchester, the duty was exceedingly light, consequently the men and horses were well rested and recruited by the time the next move was made.

On the 16th of November, General D. S. Stanley was relieved from duty as chief of cavalry, Army of the Cumberland, and General W. L. Elliott placed in command.

While Bragg's army lay in front of Chattanooga, Longstreet, one of his most trusted lieutenants, was detached and sent to operate against Burnside, who was holding East Tennessee with a small force, with his headquarters at Knoxville. Loudon, thirty miles southwest of Knoxville, was held by Burnside as an outpost of his army. On the 3rd day of November, Longstreet left his position in front of Chattanooga and moved up the valley toward Knoxville, with a

force of at least twenty-five thousand men. His orders were to drive Burnside and his army out of East Tennessee.

This bold move of Longstreet caused some little uneasiness about the safety of our army, as it was a long distance from its base of supplies, with bad roads and a mountainous country intervening. The country had been stripped of supplies necessary for the maintenance of an army by the enemy, which up to this time had been held by them. But the loyal and patriotic people of East Tennessee came to the rescue of the Union army, and by various methods succeeded in keeping Burnside's army from starving during that terrible winter of 1863-4, dividing the last pound of bacon and bushel of wheat and corn.

On the 18th, McCook's division was ordered to Alexandria. The First Tennessee moved with the division through Shelbyville, Murfreesboro and Milton. From the latter place, Campbell's brigade moved to Liberty and went into camp at the junction of the Auburn and Liberty turnpikes. The remainder of the division was ordered to Alexandria. While the regiment lay encamped at Liberty, the paymaster visited our camp and made us happy, while we in turn made our sutler happy by paying up "old scores" and purchasing gloves, canned goods, cider and other bottled stuff the boys called "fightin' whiskey," paying the sutler his price, which was equal to the "dutchman's" one per cent. Zack Sanders was our sutler and Silas Fitzwater was his clerk, both good fellows and popular with the boys. Fresh horses and a new outfit of clothing were issued to the men, and from all "signs" we began to think that there was hard work before us. Nothing worthy of mention occurred while the regiment lay at Liberty.

On the 25th, the First Tennessee and one battalion of the Ninth Pennsylvania, all under the command of Colonel Brownlow, were detached and sent to Sparta for the purpose of driving out Champ Ferguson, Colonels Hughes and Murray, who, with their bands of irregular soldiers, were making it exceedingly unpleasant and hot for the Union

people in that locality and the small squads of Union soldiers that scouted through that country. This movement was unusually hazardous in its nature, because of the rough topography of the country and the dangerous practice Ferguson's men had of shooting from behind trees. The day was cold and the march made through a drizzly rain, and when we reached a little hamlet called Yankeetown, our advance encountered the enemy. After several hours spent in skirmishing and maneuvering, the enemy fell back, and we pushed on to Caney Fork, a tributary of Cumberland River, which we found past fording.

Colonel Brownlow found one small flatboat that would scarcely carry fifteen men and horses at a trip. It looked dangerous, and at the same time it seemed like a slow process to attempt to take the men and horses of Brownlow's command across in so frail a craft. But Brownlow was equal to the emergency. He set a detail to work taking the men and equipments across the swollen stream, while the remainder unsaddled the horses and forced them to swim the river. We experienced great trouble in getting our horses in the notion to swim the river. It was cold and chilly, and when we led them into the icy water their instinct caused them to "rebel," and many a poor and unruly horse was severely chastised before he could be induced to brave the current and swim to the opposite shore. The crossing was made, however, without the loss of a man and but few horses.

Colonel Brownlow moved his little army on to Sparta and immediately took possession of the town, placing his men in the public buildings for better protection in case of an attack. Sparta is located near the foot of Cumberland Mountain, and is surrounded by fertile fields and beautiful scenery. The inhabitants were hostile, and we were given a very cold reception on account of the color of our uniforms and the flags we carried. Every road leading into Sparta was well picketed to prevent surprise, for near by a large force, under Champ Ferguson, lay ready to swoop down upon us if we were caught "napping."

On the morning of the 30th, Lieutenant Bowman, of Company K, with a small detachment from the regiment, was sent out on a scout, and when a short distance from camp was attacked by a large force under Hughes and Ferguson. Lieutenant Bowman was routed and driven back, with a loss of four killed and three wounded. This guerrilla band showed them no mercy, but like savages killed all they captured. When Lieutenant Bowman reached town and reported the fact, Colonel Brownlow ordered immediate pursuit with his whole command, and his orders were, "Take no prisoners." A few miles from town they were overtaken and a running fight ensued, in which the enemy lost nine killed and twenty wounded. The loss in the First Tennessee in this day's work was as follows:

Killed—Company E, Corporal F. M. Carr; Company F, Sergeant Oscar D. Steele; Company K, Sergeant D. B. Phillips and Private W. A. Headrick.

Wounded—Company A, Private W. L. Robinson; Company K, Corporal Jacob Smith and Private D. L. Stanley. Stanley died a few days later of his wounds.

Hughes, in his report of the engagement, says: "On the 30th, a fight occurred between my command and a party of Colonel Brownlow's (Tennessee) regiment. For the numbers engaged the fighting was very severe." * * *

After this we were not interrupted any more by this band of bushwhackers. By the end of the month the whole division reached Sparta, where it remained until the 7th of December. In this engagement the Ninth Pennsylvania lost Captain T. S. McCahan and one private wounded.

CHAPTER VIII.

EAST TENNESSEE CAMPAIGN—CLIMBING THE CUMBERLAND.
THE FIRST TENNESSEE AT HOME—A LIVELY SET-TO AT
DANDRIDGE—A BRILLIANT CHARGE—THE SABER FREELY
USED—CHRISTMAS EVE IN CAMP.

On the 28th, a sad accident occurred at the same ferry where the First Tennessee crossed Caney Fork. The Second Brigade was in charge of our division train, and in ferrying the wagons over, seven men of the Second Indiana Cavalry were drowned by the foundering of the boat.

It now became apparent to all that a vigorous campaign was to be carried on all winter. While we were lying in camp at Sparta, an order was received from General Thomas, directing General Elliott, chief of cavalry, Army of the Cumberland, to march at once with the First and Second Brigades, the Seventh Kentucky Cavalry, Third Brigade, and Lilly's Eighteenth Indiana Battery—all of the First Division—and report to General Burnside at Knoxville. No order ever created so much enthusiasm in the First Tennessee as this one did. This movement would give scores of the men an opportunity to visit home and see father, mother, wife, brother, sister and sweetheart, or "the girl we left behind."

Early on the morning of December 7, camp was broken, and soon the long, dark lines of McCook's division could be seen slowly winding along the crooks and turns of the old State road toward Kingston. We "tackled" old Cumberland Mountain again on this road, and after a hard day's march over bad roads we camped for the night near Crossville.

Reveille was sounded at 4 o'clock the next morning, and after a hasty breakfast the column was again set in motion, and, descending the mountain, we bivouacked near Post Oak



LIEUTENANT F. B. SELF.
Commissary of Subsistence



JAMES RAY, BUGLER OF COMPANY K

Springs. The next day the whole division moved to Kingston, where it remained for two days, waiting for the wagons to close up, finding at this place plenty of forage for the horses. On the 14th, we were again in the saddle, and after a disagreeable march of twenty-five miles over bad roads and through a cold, drizzly rain, we camped in Hardin Valley, five miles from Ball Camp.

We were now within fifteen miles of Knoxville, and at 7 a. m. on the 15th, the line of march was taken up and when the command reached Third Creek, five miles from Knoxville, General McCook halted his division for a short time, to allow the line to close up and get ready for the grand entry into Knoxville. General McCook gave the First Tennessee the honor of leading his division through Knoxville, it being the home of Colonel Brownlow and many of his men. The band of the Second Indiana Cavalry was ordered forward to the head of the column, and the march resumed.

We entered Knoxville by the Middlebrook and Clinton roads, and on the range of hills just west of town we passed through Longstreet's main line of works. Shortly after passing this point, we caught sight of Fort Sanders and Benjamin's "dogs of war," which were still peeping through the embrasures, looking bold and defiant. This fort had been furiously assaulted by Longstreet's troops on the 29th of November, in which they were repulsed with severe loss. The huge forts and the long line of new-looking earthworks that crowned the crests of the hills and ridges that almost encircle the town bore the marks of battle and told in silent language that "past events had cast their shadows behind."

We proudly entered our native town about 3 p. m., and marched down Gay street in platoons, with colors flying and bands playing, and were warmly greeted by the loyal people of Knoxville who lined the streets to witness the parade of McCook's veterans. Where Reservoir street crossed Gay, we passed through Burnside's main line of works, the yellow clay towering high above our heads. General Burnside made his headquarters during the siege in the old Crozier mansion

on Gay street, but was relieved a few days before we reached Knoxville, and we were reviewed by his successor, General John G. Foster. Turning east on Cumberland street, we passed the home of Rev. W. G. Brownlow, whose son Jim was colonel of the regiment. The "parson"—as he was familiarly called—and his family came out and witnessed with a great deal of interest the regiment as it marched by, under the command of its youthful colonel. We gave the "parson" and his interesting family three rousing cheers as we marched by. Possibly no family in all East Tennessee had been so cruelly and unmercifully treated by the disloyal people and bands of Confederate soldiers, who were urged to call and pass insults upon the Brownlow family. But with all the cruel treatment, this loyal and patriotic family bore it all, resented insults, defended the "old flag," and never for once did they cease their devotion to the Union and love for the glorious old flag that today floats proudly over a free people, the sight of which every true American should respect and honor. John was also in the Union army, he being lieutenant-colonel of the Ninth Tennessee Cavalry.

We had marched nearly three hundred miles, over bad roads, crossing mountains and fording rivers and swollen streams, bringing with us our artillery and wagons without loss, to find the siege of Knoxville raised and the Confederates under Longstreet gone, he having left on the 5th of December and moved northeast, toward Rutledge. Longstreet had learned of Bragg's defeat at Missionary Ridge on the 25th of November, and determined to attack Burnside in his works before Grant could reinforce him.

He selected Fort Sanders, one of the strongest and best built forts in Knoxville, as the point where the attack should be made. It was named for the young and gallant Kentuckian who was Burnside's chief of cavalry, who gave up his life early in the siege a short distance south of the fort. This fort was laid out by Captain O. M. Poe, chief engineer Army of the Ohio, and was on a hill just west of the

University of Tennessee. Captain Poe, in his report of the East Tennessee campaign, gives the following description of Fort Sanders :

“It is a bastioned earthwork, built upon an irregular quadrilateral, the sides of which are respectively one hundred and twenty-five yards southern front, ninety-five yards western front, one hundred and twenty-five yards northern front and eighty-five yards eastern front. The eastern front was entirely open, and is to be closed with a stockade; the southern front was about half done; the western front was finished, except cutting the embrasures, and the northern front was nearly finished. Each bastion was intended to have a *pan coupé*. The bastion attacked was the only one that was completely finished. The ditch in front of the fort was twelve feet in width and in many places as much as eight feet deep. The irregularity of the site was such that the bastion angles were very heavy, the relief of the lightest one being twelve feet. The relief of the one attacked was about thirteen feet, which, together with the depth of the ditch, say seven feet, made a height of twenty feet from the bottom of the ditch to the interior crest.”

The garrison of Fort Sanders on the morning (Sunday) of the assault consisted of Lieutenant S. N. Benjamin's Battery E, Second United States Artillery, with four 20-pounder Parrott guns; Captain W. W. Buckley's Battery D, First Rhode Island Artillery, four 12-pounder Napoleons and two three-inch steel guns; and one section of Captain Jacob Roemer's Battery L, Second New York Light Artillery; the Seventy-ninth New York Highlanders, and portions of the Twenty-ninth Massachusetts and Twentieth Michigan, one company from the One Hundredth Pennsylvania and Second Michigan—in all about three hundred men, commanded by First Lieutenant Benjamin, Second United States Artillery.

In addition to the deep ditch in front of the fort, telegraph wire was stretched from stump to stump, so that when the enemy moved forward on their wild charge they were

tripped by the wire, producing great confusion in their ranks as they tumbled and fell in confused heaps. This plan of obstruction was the work of the fertile brain of Mr. J. B. Hoxie, a loyal and patriotic citizen of Knoxville, now deceased, who first suggested it to Burnside. The hero of the East Tennessee campaign saw it was a good suggestion, and ordered it put into execution.

Fort Sanders was evidently the key to the defense, and against it Longstreet—Lee's "old war-horse"—hurled his trusted veterans. It is not generally known that General Leadbetter, chief engineer Army of the Tennessee, who reached Longstreet's headquarters on November 25th, suggested, after a hasty inspection and reconnoissance of the entire Union line, that in his opinion Mabry Hill was the weakest point and promised the best result in case of an assault. But after another inspection on the 27th, by Longstreet, Leadbetter, Jenkins and Alexander, Longstreet's chief of artillery, all came to the conclusion that the ground over which the troops would have to pass was too much exposed and the distance to be overcome under fire was too great, consequently it was abandoned.

The assault was made by three brigades of McLaw's division, composed of Georgia, Mississippi and South Carolina troops. Longstreet ordered the assault to be made in two columns, thinking that the spirit of rivalry between the two brigades that were to lead the assault—one being from Georgia and the other from Mississippi—would be sufficient cause to urge them to their work with increased dash and courage. Woford's brigade, now commanded by Colonel S. Z Ruff, Eighteenth Georgia, was composed of the Sixteenth, Eighteenth and Twenty-fourth Georgia, Cobb's and Phillipps' Legion and the Third Georgia Battalion of Sharpshooters. Humphries Brigade, Thirteenth, Seventeenth, Eighteenth and Twenty-first Mississippi. These two brigades were supported by portions of Anderson's and Bryan's brigades, composed of Georgians and South Carolinians, all well-seasoned veterans.

The troops were formed for the assault at 4 o'clock Sunday morning, November 29. Rain had fallen during the week and on the 27th it turned cold. The water in the ditch was covered with ice and the steep sides of Fort Sanders were also frozen, making it almost impossible for the men to gain a foothold in their vain attempt to scale the slippery parapet. A dense fog hung lazily about the river, completely shutting out the movements of both armies on this part of the line.

About daybreak on the 29th, the enemy suddenly opened a terrific artillery fire on Fort Sanders, which was immediately responded to by the Union guns all along the lines. In a short time the enemy's fire slackened and then from the direction of the railroad the enemy moved up the gentle slope toward the fort, while the guns of Benjamin, Buckley and Roemer poured out "thunder and lightning." As they approached the fort, the well-known rebel yell was heard above the roar of battle, then the black-throated monsters from the fort, double and triple-shotted, pierced the advancing column through and through, making wide gaps, which were quickly filled.

On they came with a yell, tumbling and falling when the wires were reached, while only a few rods away the deadly volleys from the muskets were cutting them down like grain before the reaper. At the ditch they paused for a moment only, but, forcing their way across the ditch, they attempted to gain the fort by climbing its icy sides. A few gained the crest, to be shot down and roll back into the ditch, which was full of men, some yelling, others groaning. Now the real destruction came, when the 20-pound shells, with fuse cut short, were lighted and tossed over the parapet into the crowded ditch. The enemy, being unable to capture the fort, now broke and fled to the rear, leaving hundreds of killed and wounded around the fort and in the ditch. Others, finding it useless to keep up the fight and being unable to get away, surrendered.

E. A. Pollard, the great Southern historian, makes the

following mention of the battle of Fort Sanders: "There was a spatter of blood and brains. In this terrible ditch the dead were piled eight and ten deep. In comparatively an instant of time we lost seven hundred in killed, wounded and prisoners. Never, excepting at Gettysburg, was there in the history of the war a disaster adorned with the glory of such devout courage as Longstreet's repulse at Knoxville."

The official returns of Longstreet's assistant adjutant-general show the following loss in the assault on Fort Sanders: one hundred and twenty-nine killed, four hundred and fifty-eight wounded, and two hundred and twenty-six captured, making a total of eight hundred and thirteen. Something over one thousand stands of arms fell into our hands, and three battle-flags. The prisoners captured represented eleven different regiments. The Union loss was eight killed and five wounded. The loss in McLaw's division showed the splendid fighting qualities of his officers and men in their attempt to capture the fort.

Among the officers of higher rank who fell in the assault and in the ditch were: Colonel Ruff, Eighteenth Georgia, commanding Woford's brigade; Colonel McElroy, Thirteenth Mississippi; Colonel Thomas, Sixteenth Georgia, besides majors, captains and lieutenants. Lieutenant-Colonel J. C. Fiser, of the Seventeenth Mississippi, lost an arm while attempting to scale the parapet of Fort Sanders. The assaulting column numbered about four thousand men and was formed for the assault near where the Knoxville Woolen Mills now stand.

Longstreet had promised his men that they should dine in Knoxville on the 29th, but it turned out that not more than two hundred and twenty-six availed themselves of the opportunity, and among them was Lieutenant-Colonel A. G. O'Brien, of the Thirteenth Mississippi Volunteers, a brother of Mrs. W. G. Brownlow. He bravely forced his way up the steep wall of the fort and was captured inside. Burnside granted Longstreet a truce, in order that he might care for his wounded and bury the dead. Longstreet recalled his

broken and shattered columns, withdrew his army from Knoxville and moved into upper East Tennessee, where his army spent the remainder of the winter, subsisting wholly on the country. There were numerous engagements and skirmishes during the winter, and toward spring he left Tennessee and rejoined Lee in Virginia.

Let us now return and follow the movements of the cavalry under McCook. On the 15th of December, the day of our arrival in Knoxville, General Elliott, commander-in-chief of the cavalry, Army of the Cumberland, who had accompanied McCook's division to East Tennessee, reported to General Foster, who had succeeded General Burnside in the command of the Army of the Ohio, with headquarters at Knoxville. Foster ordered Elliott to immediately cross Holston River and attack the enemy's cavalry under Martin, at or near Morristown.

In pursuance of the above orders, and without delay, the First Tennessee, with the remainder of the division, left Knoxville and moved northeast toward Strawberry Plains. We crossed the Holston on the 15th at Armstrong's Ford, which was barely fordable and rising, and went into camp a few miles beyond. Reville called us at 4 o'clock the next morning, and at 8 o'clock we resumed the march, reaching Strawberry Plains, on the East Tennessee railroad and seventeen miles from Knoxville, where we bivouacked for the night. At this point, Elliott reported to General S. D. Sturgiss, chief of cavalry, Army of the Ohio, who by virtue of his rank took command of all the cavalry then operating in East Tennessee.

This was the beginning of the ever-memorable East Tennessee campaign, so well remembered by the survivors of the First Tennessee. After one day's rest at Strawberry Plains, the division moved on the 17th to McKinney's Ford, where it crossed the Holston, which was deep, and after a hard and disagreeable day's march went into camp near Blaine's Cross Roads. Here we found the most of our army in camp, with but little to eat, standing around their camp-

fires "thawing out" one side, while the other froze, the weather being cold and disagreeable, with now and then a light fall of snow. The farmers in their crippled condition had hardly produced enough to keep the "wolf" from their own doors, much less furnish supplies for two armies.

The next day we moved forward to Richland Creek, and went into camp along the southwest side. Stone's Mill on Richland Creek was kept busy day and night, grinding up whatever amount of grain our foragers could find for the use of the army. Just a short distance north of us lay the Confederate army under Longstreet; hungry, shoeless and thinly clad, and very much discouraged, their future being dark and gloomy. The weather still continued to be cold, the mercury "tumbling" away below the freezing point and was rapidly approaching zero. This sudden freeze made the roads exceedingly rough, so that our movements were both difficult and dangerous, but with the elements around us and the enemy in front of us, we tried to make ourselves as comfortable as possible under the circumstances.

Early on the morning of the 23rd, we left camp at Richland Creek and, recrossing the Holtson at Nance's Ford, moved up the valley to New Market, a pleasant little village whose inhabitants were intensely loyal. This was the home of Russell Thornburgh, the senior major of the regiment. This was a hard and disagreeable day's march, being made over bad roads, and late at night we went into camp about two miles beyond town on the Dandridge road, cold, weary and hungry.

On the morning of the 24th, Campbell's brigade and Lilly's battery were ordered to Dandridge to attack a Confederate force at that place. Reveille was sounded at 3 a. m., and soon the whole camp was astir; the camp-fires were re-kindled, and, after partaking of a hasty breakfast, we mounted and marched toward Dandridge. Colonel Garrard's brigade of cavalry, Army of the Ohio, moved on the Bull's Gap road and was to unite with Campbell's brigade near Dandridge. We crossed Bay's Mountain at Flat Gap,

and at 9 a. m. reached Dandridge and found the place unoccupied. Campbell halted his brigade at the far edge of town, to await the arrival of Garrard's brigade.

After waiting about one hour, Campbell received a dispatch from Garrard to advance at once on the Bull's Gap road to his support, as the enemy were advancing on his brigade. The First Tennessee, under Colonel Brownlow, was ordered to advance, which it did, and soon commenced skirmishing with Russell's brigade. Lilly's battery was placed in position and the Second Michigan ordered to support it. After driving the enemy back a short distance, they opened on Brownlow with artillery, and at the same time advanced their whole line and were pressing his regiment so close that Campbell sent the Ninth Pennsylvania and one section of Lilly's battery forward on the gallop to the support of Colonel Brownlow.

A detachment of the First Tennessee charged the enemy's dismounted skirmishers, killing three and capturing fifteen prisoners. The enemy ran forward three guns and opened a vigorous fire, but fortunately very few of our men were wounded. The two guns of Lilly's battery were placed on a hill near Hay's Ferry, about four miles from Dandridge, and after shelling them vigorously for a short time the enemy fell back and all became quiet on this part of the line. Campbell received an order from Garrard requesting him to move forward on the same road, saying that his brigade would move on a parallel road to his left. Colonel Campbell immediately moved the Ninth Pennsylvania in column along the road and the First Tennessee in line of battle on the right of the road, the right of the regiment resting on French Broad River; the Second Michigan was dismounted and placed in line to support the battery.

The First Tennessee and Ninth Pennsylvania had advanced about half a mile when Campbell ordered them to halt, he having received an order from General Sturgis to return to New Market. At this moment, heavy firing was heard in his rear, where the remaining artillery, ambulances,

pack-train and cooks were stationed under an escort of the Second Michigan. This attack was made by Crew's Georgia brigade, who succeeded by overwhelming numbers in capturing two guns and scattering the pack-train and cooks in all directions. The remainder of the Second Michigan and the Ninth Pennsylvania were ordered to charge and recapture the guns.

The order was executed with promptness and great gallantry, and after a fierce struggle in which the saber was freely used, the guns were recaptured and the enemy driven from the field, with severe loss in killed and wounded and fifteen prisoners. Among the former was Major Bales, commanding the Sixth Georgia, who fell among the captured guns. Campbell's brigade was in a critical position—one brigade in front and one in the rear, and no tidings from Garrard. Colonel Campbell sent to Garrard for reinforcements, but the aide was unable to find him. Campbell's brigade was composed of well-seasoned veterans, and on that day did not exceed sixteen hundred men.

The only way of escape was by falling back by a rough, hilly road to our left. We had for a commander an officer of undaunted courage, cool and self-possessed in action—a commander who did not lose his head when he got into a tight place. The artillery, ambulances and led horses were ordered into the woods and moved as rapidly as possible toward the New Market road, closely followed by the Ninth Pennsylvania and the First Tennessee. The Second Michigan was dismounted and covered the rear. In this way Campbell moved his brigade back in good order for some distance, the enemy all the time pressing hard our rear and left flank.

The Ninth Pennsylvania was ordered on this flank and soon relieved it. At the same time, Lilly's battery was placed in position some distance beyond, with the First Tennessee in line as a support. The enemy still continued to press our rear, and when the Second Michigan and the Ninth Pennsylvania reached our position, Lilly opened a vigorous

fire from his three-inch Rodmans, which checked the enemy for a short time only.

The enemy again advanced, and with superior numbers attempted to capture our battery and drive us from the field. The fighting became severe all along the line, and it seemed that Campbell's little brigade would be swept from the field. The enemy pressed on close up to our guns, amid a perfect tempest of bullets from the carbines of the First Tennessee, while grape and canister flew thick and fast from Lilly's "black-throated monsters." Campbell now ordered the First Tennessee, under Colonel Brownlow, to charge the enemy with saber, which he did, driving them back in great confusion, but not without serious loss in his own ranks. The severe fire of the other two regiments at close range and the skill with which Lilly's guns were handled, seemed to satisfy the enemy, as they made no further attempt to press our lines, but fell back, and at dark we returned to New Market.

Colonel Campbell, in his report of the battle of Dandridge, says: "I then ordered the First Tennessee Cavalry to charge with sabers, which they executed most nobly, driving the enemy's line over a fence, with severe loss to their ranks."

The loss of the First Tennessee in this engagement was eleven killed and wounded and seven missing, as follows:

COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

Wounded—Major Russell Thornburgh, commanding First Battalion; Captain Paul Sturm, Company H.

ENLISTED MEN.

Killed—Company D, Private William J. Robertson; Company E, Private Pleasant Anderson; Company G, Private Jacob I. Mallory.

Mortally Wounded—Company A, Aaron Fields, died in hospital at Knoxville, Tenn., February 20, 1864; Company K, Private Allen Bennett, died of wounds, date unknown.

Wounded—Company F, Private Samuel H. Humbard; Company I, Privates Jacob Rector and G. F. Johnson; Company L, Sergeant Isaac F. Cartwright.

Company C was not in this engagement, it being absent guarding Dyer's Ferry, on Holston River. The regiment lost thirty-two horses killed and wounded. The other two regiments lost about the same number of men, and the battery one. One of Lilly's guns was disabled by the breaking of an axle. It was spiked and left on the field, but was recaptured by our division at Fair Garden, Tennessee, the 27th of January, 1864.

This short but spirited engagement is known in history as the battle of Dandridge, and was fought on the 24th day of December, on the farm of Mr. B. A. Blackburn, a true Unionist, who so kindly took care of our wounded. Though our little brigade had contended all day against superior numbers, yet the enemy seemed well satisfied with the punishment inflicted upon them, by allowing us to withdraw from the field at dark and quietly march back to New Market. This was a hard day's work. We had been in the saddle since early in the morning without food; had marched and counter-marched over thirty-five miles of road, fought one battle, and at night were again on the "old camp ground."

This was a sad Christmas Eve to us, and as we gathered around the camp-fires to discuss the events of the day, many an unbidden tear could be seen trickling down the tanned faces of the men when reference was made to those who had fallen in battle during the day. While great preparations were being made in our far-off homes for a grand feast for the next day, the men of the First Tennessee were thinking of the feast in store for them the following day, as the regiment was under orders to march at daylight and could not tell how "Merry Christmas" would be spent.

Late at night we lay down on the cold ground, without tents, and, wrapping our blankets around us to keep out winter's chilly blasts, were soon off into dreamland, while

visions of roast turkey, plum pudding and pumpkin pie flitted before us, the weary vedette on the lonely picket-post standing through the stillness of the night, guarding the army as it slept.

CHAPTER IX.

HOW CHRISTMAS WAS SPENT—BATTLE OF MOSSY CREEK—
DEATH OF CAPTAIN CANNON AND LIEUT. COX—A GAL-
LANT CHARGE—INDIAN FIGHTING IN THE MOUNTAINS
—CAPTURING A WAGON TRAIN.

McCook's division moved at daylight on the morning of the 25th, along the Mossy Creek road, with LaGrange's Second Brigade in the advance, and when within two and a half miles of Mossy Creek, LaGrange encountered the advance of Armstrong's division. After a brief skirmish the enemy fell back, Lilly's battery firing a few shots to hurry them along. On reaching Mossy Creek, McCook halted his division and formed it in line of battle across the valley a short distance below town.

The First Tennessee was formed in line to the left of the railroad. A skirmishers' line was thrown out, and the men ordered to dismount, and in this position we remained during the day. It was a cold, raw day, with a keen, cutting wind sweeping up the valley like a Kansas cyclone, and as no fires were allowed we passed a very uncomfortable day. This was our second "Merry Christmas" spent in the field, and as we looked back we remembered that just one short year ago we were being transported down the Ohio River to Louisville.

This was a day of merriment and rejoicing all over the land. Great feasts were to be served in cheerful homes around blazing fires, but soldiers in the field were differently situated, for sometimes they would feast for several days in succession and then starve as many. But on this occasion the First Tennessee had a feast that they were not ashamed of, namely, raw bacon, hard tack and cold water.

While our Christmas dinner was not sumptuous, yet it was healthful and easily prepared, and we were thankful to be permitted to take this simple meal in peace.

We bivouacked on the field, and the next morning moved through Mossy Creek and went into camp about one mile beyond, and to the left of the railroad. Our camp was in a heavy grove of timber, which afforded the troops some protection, as it was still very cold. The next two or three days were spent in picketing, scouting and skirmishing. The hard realities of active campaign life were now upon us, in the midst of bitter cold weather, with bad roads, scanty rations and a hostile foe near by. Indeed, it was a "Valley Forge" to us, yet with all these hardships thrust upon us we loved the old flag and the cause we were fighting for, and responded to duty cheerfully.

Longstreet's cavalry, which was greatly superior in numbers to ours, lay at that time only a short distance above our camp and was commanded by General W. T. Martin, and was composed of the divisions of Morgan, Armstrong, Ransom and Wharton. The only troops that were confronting this large body of cavalry at that time were McCook's division and a small brigade under the command of Colonel Palmer, Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry, the remainder of the cavalry, Army of the Ohio, being stationed at other points.

On the morning of the 29th, General Sturgis, who was in command of all the cavalry then operating in East Tennessee, learned that a brigade of the enemy's cavalry had moved to Dandridge, and decided to surprise and destroy it. He sent the most of the cavalry off on this "Tom Fool" trip, leaving only Campbell's brigade to hold Mossy Creek. The whole camp was astir early in the morning, and at 5 o'clock LaGrange's brigade left their camp above Mossy Creek, with one section of Lilly's battery, and moved toward Bay's Mountain to support a movement that was to be made on Dandridge by Wolford's cavalry, Army of the Ohio.

This left only the small brigade of Colonel Campbell

to cover the entire front of our camp and hold the valley. Campbell's brigade was encamped near the Morristown road and about two miles east of Mossy Creek. The First Tennessee and the Second Michigan were formed in line of battle across the valley early in the morning, the First Tennessee on the right, between the railroad and the Morristown road, with the Second Michigan on our left. The wagons had been sent to the rear early in the morning. The Ninth Pennsylvania and the three remaining guns of Lilly's battery were placed in position a short distance east of Mossy Creek.

As soon as all the troops had reached their respective positions, Campbell moved up the valley with the First Tennessee and Second Michigan. About a mile beyond our camp, Campbell halted his brigade and threw out a line of skirmishers. He remained in this position until about 10 a. m., when word was sent in by his pickets on the Morristown road that the enemy was advancing in force, with eight or ten pieces of artillery. The enemy continued to advance, and after driving in the pickets encountered his skirmishers, which were some distance out.

There was a sharp, rattling fire along the skirmish line, after which they fell back, closely followed by the enemy in line of battle, with flags waving and arms flashing in the sunlight. It was an exciting moment, and we began to think that it was another Dandridge scrape. But Campbell was equal to the occasion. Seeing that his little brigade was greatly out-numbered, he gave orders to fall back. The enemy pressed forward, showing several lines of battle, and with superior numbers attempted to out-flank him, at the same time using his artillery at close range.

We fell back to the residence of Stokely Williams, a large, two-story, brick house, and during the engagement it was struck several times by flying shells. Here Campbell was compelled to halt his brigade and fight. The enemy was close upon us and at the same time opened a severe fire from a battery at close range, and soon the air about us was



CAPTAIN E. J. CANNON, COMPANY C
Killed at Mossy Creek, Tenn., December 29, 1863



GENERAL S. P. CARTER

filled with missiles of all sizes, shapes and kinds, "whirling and whizzing," producing a most unearthly sound, a sound that would chill the blood of the bravest veteran. Some of our boys at the pack-train went so far as to investigate these strange-sounding missiles when they had, like "grandfather's clock," stopped short never to go again, and reported that Longstreet was shooting railroad iron at us.

Colonel Campbell ordered the First Tennessee to charge the enemy on the right of the brick house, which it did with a yell, driving back their center and halting their whole line. At the same time the Second Michigan, which was fighting dismounted, opened a destructive fire with their Colt's rifles at close range, which completely staggered their line. During this temporary check, Campbell ordered his brigade to fall back and take up a new position near where Lilly's battery and the Ninth Pennsylvania were stationed, hotly contesting every inch of ground as he fell back.

Lilly's battery was on a slight elevation between the railroad and the Morristown road. The First Tennessee was placed in line in front of the battery and in a slight depression, with the right of the regiment resting on the railroad; the Second Michigan and the Ninth Pennsylvania were on our left. Our lines were hardly formed when the enemy opened on us with ten guns, and it began to look like the regiment and battery would be swept from the field. It was the most terrific artillery fire the regiment had ever been under, but we lay there and took it all, not firing a shot.

It was exceedingly monotonous lying there taking all their old scrap-iron, giving nothing in return. Men and horses were going down at almost every discharge. Corporal W. W. Wells, Company D, was the first victim, his body being almost cut in two with a solid shot. It was three guns against ten, but all this time Captain Lilly's three-inch Rodmans were speaking in thunder tones, whose iron throats had carried death and destruction to the enemy on other fields, while his men and horses were being cut down—yet, strange to say, not one of his guns was silenced or disabled during this unequal contest.

Once more the order came to fall back, and as we moved to the left, the solid shot and exploding shells went crashing through the trees, doing no harm except cutting off limbs and tearing up trees. The enemy now seemed more bold and defiant, and with superior numbers expected to win an easy victory. We moved only a short distance to the left, where a new line of battle was formed, with the First Tennessee in the center. Our lines were hardly formed when the enemy came charging upon us in such overwhelming numbers that we were driven back and the day seemed lost. The enemy used every effort to confuse and break our retreating lines, but all their attempts were fruitless.

Oh, how we longed for the old Second Brigade of our division! The day was fast wearing away and the sun was almost lost behind the western hills, and whatever was to be done must be done quickly, or the day would be lost. The fighting was severe all along the line, and we were again compelled to yield ground, falling back a short distance to the edge of the woods. The enemy, seeing us falling back, now rushed on after us with their well-known "rebel yell," and when they reached the edge of the wood Colonel Brownlow ordered his troops to fire, but, disregarding the effects of so hot a fire, they continued to advance.

Colonel Brownlow, seeing the boldness and courage that the enemy were displaying in still advancing upon him under so hot a fire, suggested to Campbell the propriety of making a spirited saber charge, believing this to be the only means of saving the day, as "desperate diseases require desperate remedies." Colonel Campbell remarked that such a line of battle could not be broken by a cavalry charge. Colonel Brownlow, realizing the danger of delay and the importance of immediate action, assumed the responsibility of ordering a charge.

The order was given to draw sabers, and with a yell the First Tennessee, with its well-known gallantry, rushed upon the enemy in one of the most daring charges of the war. The spirit, courage, boldness and audacity with which

the charge was made has scarcely ever been equaled in the war, and the important effect that it produced was a matter of astonishment to those who witnessed it. We drove the enemy back into the woods, retaking a part of the lost ground, but were forced back with some loss, bringing back as prisoners, however, one officer and twenty-five enlisted men.

At this critical moment a portion of Mott's brigade, Second Division, Twenty-third Corps, came upon the field. Cavalry, infantry and dismounted men now charged upon the enemy, who began to show signs of wavering, pouring volley after volley into their ranks, driving them through the woods in great confusion. The Second Brigade, which had been recalled, now reached the field and entered heartily into the chase, which was continued for some distance, halting only when it became too dark to distinguish friend from foe.

This was one of the most spirited and hotly contested cavalry engagements that occurred during the East Tennessee campaign, and considering the severe fire to which the regiment was exposed for so long, its escape from great loss was one of the many "lucky ones." The First Tennessee does not claim all the honor or to have done all the fighting on that day, yet it is true that the regiment bore an honorable part and fully sustained the brilliant reputation of the old "Volunteer State." General Martin had in this engagement the divisions of Morgan and Armstrong, numbering at least six thousand men, and with this superior force no doubt expected to win an easy victory.

The casualties of the First Tennessee in this engagement were as follows:

Killed and Died of Wounds—Company D, First Lieutenant Geo. W. Cox, Corporal W. W. Wells and Private Henry Wampler; Company I, Corporal Andrew J. Drake and B. F. Hansford (died in hospital at Knoxville, date unknown); Company C, Captain Elbert J. Cannon (mortally wounded, died December 31), and Thos. G. Farrow; Company E, Robert A. Vaughn; Company G, L. L. Cope.

Wounded—Company A, William Simpson; Company F, Sergeant James Higgs and John Sweeney; Company C, Geo. W. Troutt and Henry O. Newman; Company K, Sergeant Alfred F. Rhea and Harvey Bales; Company G, Sergeant Frank Cunningham (severely); Company M, Elihu McNeece.

Killed and died of wounds, two officers and seven enlisted men; wounded, nine enlisted men; total, eighteen.

The First Tennessee lost some of its best and bravest men in this engagement. Captain Cannon and Lieutenant Cox were the first officers of the First Tennessee to fall in battle, and both fell leading their men in the moment of victory. They were officers of great promise, full of energy and thoroughly patriotic, were model soldiers, were men of unflinching courage and uncompromising integrity. They fell in the discharge of their duty, and their sudden removal at that moment was a loss we all keenly felt. Their vacant places cannot be filled, and the regiment mourned their loss.

Captain Cannon and Lieutenant Cox were two of the original officers of the regiment. Captain Cannon was a Jefferson county man, and was killed almost in sight of his home. On the death of Captain Cannon, First Lieutenant Jacob K. Lones assumed command of Company C, and was shortly afterward promoted to captain. A. J. Gahagan was promoted from second to first lieutenant after the death of Lieutenant Cox.

General McCook, who commanded the division at the battle of Mossy Creek, makes mention of the gallantry of the First Tennessee in his report, as follows: "The gallant First Tennessee Cavalry and their brave young commander, Colonel Brownlow, added new laurels to their brilliant reputation by the splendid saber charge they made. Among the other brave men whose loss we are called upon to mourn are Captain Cannon and Lieutenant Cox, First Tennessee Cavalry, who fell at the head, leading a charge of their soldiers."

Major H. C. Connelly, Fourteenth Illinois Cavalry, in a well-written article on "Campaigning with Burnside in East

Tennessee," makes honorable mention of the gallantry of the First Tennessee at Mossy Creek. He says: "General Elliott, commanding a fine division of cavalry from the Army of the Cumberland, reinforced us. * * * On the morning of December 29, Longstreet advanced with most of his cavalry, a division of infantry and two batteries of artillery. Our loss this day was about one hundred killed, wounded and missing. The enemy lost from two hundred to four hundred. We buried twenty of their dead. In this fight the First Tennessee Cavalry, commanded by Colonel Jim Brownlow, made a saber charge which did honor to this dashing officer and his soldiers." * * *

"The neighing troops, the flashing blade,
The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout are past."

Soon after the battle of Mossy Creek, the Confederate cavalry fell back to Morristown and we spent the remaining days of the year quietly in camp. Drills and dress-parades were almost forgotten and were things of the past. Everyone doubtless remembers the first day of January, 1864—Happy New Year—as the cold one. It is very forcibly fixed in the minds of the men composing the First Tennessee, for a heavy detail was made from the regiment for picket duty on the first day of the year. The night was exceedingly cold, and many of the men were badly frost-bitten on the picket-line.

The cold continued, with light falls of sleet and snow. The 30th dawned bright and clear, but by night the wind changed to the north, causing the mercury to fall from fifteen to twenty degrees below zero. It was so cold that the ponds from which we obtained our supply of water were frozen up, consequently it was no uncommon thing to see half a dozen men at a time cutting holes through the ice for water. Our rations were short, but we ate our parched corn and pork and, forgetting for the time being our own suffering and privations, thought of the loved ones at

home, who possibly knew nothing of our real wants, and, uncertain of our fate, would at this season of festivities find little cheer at the table and fireside.

On the 14th day of January, the First Tennessee moved with the remainder of the cavalry to Dandridge, where forage was more plentiful. In a few days we were joined by Grainger's Fourth and portions of the Ninth and Twenty-third Corps, all under the command of General Park, numbering in all about 20,000 men. This move was made on account of the concentration of Longstreet's army at Russellville and the pushing forward of Hood's and Buckner's divisions to Dandridge to reinforce Martin's cavalry, which was in camp near the latter place.

We remained in camp near Dandridge until the middle of January, when the First Tennessee was detached and sent to the mountains of North Carolina to fight a body of Indians and irregular troops under Vance and Thomas. We broke camp and forded French Broad River at Evans' Island, and marched to Atchley's mill, on Pigeon River, three miles below Sevierville, where we camped for the night, after a cold and disagreeable march of eighteen miles. At this place we were joined by the Fifteenth Pennsylvania and the Tenth Ohio Cavalry, under Colonel W. J. Palmer, Fifteenth Pennsylvania.

Word reached our camp that a band of Indians and some white troops, under the command of General R. B. Vance, had crossed the Smoky or Blue Ridge Mountains, and were encamped on the headwaters of Cosby's Creek, in Cocke county. Colonels Brownlow and Palmer broke camp at daylight and marched rapidly toward the enemy's camp, which they expected to surprise and capture.

We were the first Union soldiers to carry the "old flag" among these loyal and patriotic people, and were warmly received and ably assisted by them, as they knew the country well.

The roads were exceedingly rough and hilly, and with the mercury down below zero our march was cold and cheer-

less and at the same time dangerous, for on all sides of the narrow, winding roads the water was converted into ice by nature's own process, making it hard for our horses to keep their feet. We marched along the narrow, ice-covered road, admiring the beautiful scenery of these "sky-kissed hills," whose craggy peaks were whitened with snow, singing as we marched along:

"I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above."

This meditation was interrupted and cut short by a scout who dashed up and reported that the Indians were advancing upon us. Our little army was formed in line of battle and skirmishers thrown out, and after waiting a short time for an attack we were ordered forward and soon came in sight of their camp, when the whole command was ordered to charge. With a wild hurrah we made for their camp, when they broke and quickly fled into the hills and up the mountain, uttering as they ran the most hideous and warlike yells that we had ever heard.

We pursued them to the top of the mountain, killing and capturing a few, but the greater portion made their escape by hiding in the thick growth of laurel that completely covered the side of the mountain. Some of the Indians were killed for refusing to surrender, they having been taught that the "Yankees" would kill them on sight, and, not being familiar with Indian warfare, the boys kept up the fire as long as a redskin was in sight. From the prisoners taken, we learned that they were made to believe that they were fighting for the old flag, but said the flags did not look alike. They seemed to admire the rich colors of our company guidons as they fluttered in the mountain breeze.

After the Indians had been driven across the mountain, we returned to our camp below Sevierville. This expedition was quite successful and was made without loss to

our ranks. Our camp had hardly got quiet when word was sent to our commanders that a wagon-train belonging to Longstreet's army had crossed to the east side of French Broad River, a short distance above Dandridge, for the purpose of collecting forage and supplies for his army. The two resolute colonels determined to capture the train, and early on the morning of the 22nd the men were aroused by that old, familiar call, "boots and saddles," and in a short time Brownlow and Palmer were leading their troops rapidly toward the point where the train was reported to be.

The wagons were overtaken some distance above Dandridge, near Muddy Creek, and the entire train, teamsters and train-guard, which consisted of a detachment of the Second South Carolina Infantry and some Tennessee troops, were captured. The train was some distance from the river when overtaken by us, and was moving along leisurely, not thinking for once that the "Yankees" were so close by, and the first warning of our approach was the yell and the keen crack of our carbines.

The brave wagon-guard refused to surrender the wagons without resistance, and in the brisk skirmish that ensued several were killed and wounded and the remainder captured. The First Tennessee had two men wounded. Private Thos. D. Brogden, of Company F, was severely wounded in the right shoulder and left thigh, making him a cripple for life. The wagons were nearly all branded "U. S.," and were captured only a few months before from the Union army near Bean's Station, the whole bearing the marks of the axe made by the teamsters trying to cut them down before capture. They were well filled with all kinds of supplies. The teamsters were ordered to turn the wagons around and for the time being drive for "Uncle Sam."

Longstreet, in reporting the matter, says: "Twenty-eight of our wagons were captured on the south side of French Broad on the 22nd. They were foraging and had neglected to get the usual guard. We lost our teams with our wagons and got none to replace them."

On our way back we could hear the distant boom of cannon in the direction of New Market and Strawberry Plains, and learned from our scouts that the Union forces were falling back to Knoxville, pursued by Longstreet.

We camped for the night a short distance from Fair Garden, and early the next morning moved back to our old camp at Atchley's mill, where we were joined in a few days by the remainder of our division and Wofford's cavalry, Army of the Ohio, who came up from Knoxville by way of Trundell's Cross Roads.

McCook, in his report, says: "The First Tennessee and Colonel Palmer's force are out after a forage train, and I think will get them, unless the guard is too strong." A detachment of the First Tennessee captured on this trip Captain Bennett, commissary on General Benning's staff, Hood's division, and seven men who were out looking for forage.

CHAPTER X.

BATTLE OF FAIR GARDEN—CAPTURE OF COLONEL BROWNLOW
—HE BRIBES THE GUARD AND MAKES HIS ESCAPE—THE
REGIMENT RETURNS TO THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND
—CAMP LIFE AT CLEVELAND—WHEELER'S ATTEMPT TO
CAPTURE THE REGIMENT.

Soon after the Union army fell back from Dandridge to Knoxville, Longstreet immediately sent his cavalry, under General Martin, to the east side of French Broad River, in order that he might operate more freely on the right wing of the Union army, which was held at that time by a small force of cavalry under Brownlow and Palmer, numbering about one thousand men and composed of the following regiments: First Tennessee, Fifteenth Pennsylvania and Tenth Ohio.

This small brigade had been operating in this mountainous country for some time, watching a force that was reported to be approaching from North Carolina. Martin marched his army across the country from Dandridge and went into camp near Fair Garden. This unexpected movement of Longstreet's cavalry made it necessary to push forward the divisions of McCook and Wolford from Knoxville to our support. Late in the afternoon of the 26th, the enemy under Martin was discovered advancing toward Sevierville, on the Fair Garden road.

McCook's division was at once ordered forward to meet this force. The division moved through Sevierville, and when four miles beyond, Campbell's brigade struck the enemy well posted behind the east fork of Pigeon River. Campbell formed his brigade in line of battle to the right of the road, and in a few minutes Martin opened fire on him with his

artillery, which was posted on a high range of hills north of Pigeon River. The second shell that was fired by this battery exploded directly over the colors of the First Tennessee, doing no damage except wounding one horse.

One section of Lilly's battery was sent to the front, and soon the natives heard for the first time the reverberating sound of the loud-mouthed monsters, while the swift messengers of death went flying through the air high above our heads into the ranks of the enemy beyond the river. Darkness soon ended this artillery duel. The First Tennessee was moved a short distance to the left, in the bend of the river, where it lay in line of battle during the night, which was exceedingly cold.

There seemed to be great activity in the enemy's camp during the night, indicating to us that reinforcements must be arriving. There was sharp firing on the picket-line during the night.

On the morning of the 27th there was a heavy fog along the river, making it impossible to see but a short distance, but as soon as the fog lifted, lively skirmishing began all along the line. Campbell's brigade was ordered forward and at the crossing at Dr. Hodsden's, the enemy was encountered in force, and after a sharp skirmish with some Texas troops, we drove them back and crossed the river, capturing several prisoners on the opposite side. Among them was a major, with long, black hair, who was badly wounded.

The enemy fell back about one mile and took up a new position at McNutt's bridge, a covered structure over the Little East Fork of Pigeon River, where we found them well posted behind a rail barricade along the north bank. Lilly's battery was sent to the front and after shelling them vigorously they fell back into the woods.

Our whole line was ordered forward to the river, and a detachment of the Second Michigan was dismounted and ordered to cross a short distance above the bridge for the purpose of turning their left flank. The brave Michigan

boys were overpowered, and after a sharp engagement were compelled to fall back, pursued by the enemy. On account of their superior number we were unable to hold them in check at the bridge, and after a gallant resistance our whole line was forced back a short distance.

General McCook, finding the enemy's position too strong to be carried, sent the Second Brigade, under LaGrange, on a road to his left that intersected the Fair Garden road about two miles from the latter place. Here General Martin had selected a strong position in the timber and was holding a part of his force in reserve. LaGrange soon encountered the enemy under Morgan and drove them back along the road almost to the intersection of the two roads, and now waited for Campbell's brigade to come up on the main Fair Garden road.

The enemy still occupied the bank of the river, with a strong line of skirmishers, but the main force had taken up a new position in the timber, about a half mile from the stream. Campbell's brigade was now ordered to advance and carry the bridge, which it did in gallant style, driving the enemy back from every position they attempted to hold. We continued to drive them back along the road leading to Fair Garden, and as we neared the junction of the two roads the column we were pursuing began to show signs of a panic.

Both brigades had driven Martin's troops back on their position at the intersection of the two roads, where they made a bold and determined stand, opening on us a heavy artillery and musketry fire. A portion of the Second Brigade was dismounted and advanced across an open field, driving back the enemy's right. The dismounted men now wheeled to the left and opened a brisk flank fire upon the force that was confronting Campbell's brigade.

The enemy, being hard pressed all along their line, began to show signs of wavering, when Colonel LaGrange led a portion of the Second and Fourth Indiana Cavalry in a gallant saber charge, routing Morgan's division, capturing

his battle-flag and a part of his escort, two pieces of artillery and one hundred and twenty-five prisoners. While the Second Brigade was engaged in this "cutting and slashing" business, Campbell's brigade was driving a superior force on a parallel road just to the right of the Second Brigade, and as the two brigades were approaching the junction of the two roads, the Second, being a little in advance, were in danger from the fire of the First Brigade.

Campbell's brigade pushed Martin's troops back rapidly on the Fair Garden road, capturing scores of prisoners and throwing them into great confusion. Martin's troops being thoroughly routed, now fled in all directions, the road being lined with guns, accoutrements and hats. Colonel Brownlow was ordered to charge down the road with his regiment after the fleeing enemy, which he did with his usual gallantry, but in doing so he charged by two regiments, said to be the Eighth and Eleventh Texas, who were approaching the same road he was on, but to his left and rear.

They came on the gallop and were either reinforcements or some of Martin's scattered troops. It was a critical moment, as the regiment was some distance beyond the support of the brigade, and it was "fight or be captured." But Brownlow was equal to the emergency. He hurriedly formed his men in line to the right of the road, and as the enemy passed by he ordered the regiment to give them a volley, which emptied several saddles. Colonel Brownlow now led his regiment in a charge against this force, throwing it into rapid retreat.

It was now growing dark, but the pursuit was continued until the First Tennessee was some distance in advance of the brigade, and at the same time was without support and within the enemy's lines. Colonel Brownlow, deeming it unwise to pursue further, halted his troops and started to return to his command, and in the darkness became separated from his men and was captured by some Texas troops; but by a little strategy and a gold watch, he succeeded in making his escape during the night and early the next morning returned to camp.

There was a feeling of sorrow and uneasiness in camp during the night, as we were unable to determine whether he was slain on the field or a prisoner. But imagine our surprise on the following morning when Brownlow came into camp safe and sound. The boys crowded around him and after congratulations on his fortunate escape, cheer after cheer went up from the regiment, for he was the idol of his men and a general favorite of the entire brigade. If the troops making the capture had known who their prisoner was it would have taken several gold watches to win them over; in fact, no bribe or strategy would have saved him, but, supposing the "doughty" colonel was only a poor private who wanted to see his family, let him go.

Campbell's brigade captured about one hundred and fifty prisoners during the day. The loss in the First Tennessee during the day was remarkably light. Company C lost two men wounded at McNutt's bridge, as follows: Corporal John A. Potter, wounded in right arm, and Private James Baysinger, mortally wounded and died in hospital at Knoxville, Tenn., February 16. At Fair Garden, Private Andrew Edens, Company E, was severely wounded, and Colonel Brownlow captured. McCook's division were the only troops engaged at McNutt's bridge and Fair Garden, and for the length of the engagement and the loss inflicted the casualties were exceedingly light, being twenty-eight killed and wounded.

Our division mourned the loss of the brave and gallant soldier, Lieutenant-Colonel John P. Leslie, Fourth Indiana Cavalry, Second Brigade, who fell at the head of his regiment in the moment of victory, leading a saber charge. His loss was keenly felt not only in his own regiment, but in all the command. The regimental flag of the Thirty-first Indiana Volunteers, a silk American flag and a battery guidon in possession of the enemy, were captured. General Morgan narrowly escaped capture himself.

General Martin left a large number of dead and wounded on the field and his loss was estimated at three hun-

dred and fifty. While the battle of Fair Garden is not classed as one of the leading cavalry engagements as to loss, yet in many respects it was a severe blow, and resulted in serious loss to Longstreet's cavalry and artillery and the discomfiture of his men. We had been engaged in a running fight during the day of seven miles, beginning at Hodsdens', on the East Fork of Pigeon River, and ending at Fair Garden.

General Longstreet makes the following report of the battle:

MORRISTOWN, Jan. 29, 1864.

GENERAL S. COOPER, Adjutant-General:

General Martin had a severe cavalry fight on the 27th. He was driven back four miles with the loss of 200 killed, wounded and missing, and two pieces of artillery. The enemy's cavalry has been greatly increased by cavalry from Chattanooga. Most of the cavalry from that place is now here. The men, about half that should be in our regiments, are, I understand, in the camps about Dalton. I hope they may be sent here or these sent there. We can do but little while this superior cavalry force is here to operate on our flanks and rear. Do send me a chief of cavalry.

J. LONGSTREET,
Lieutenant General.

General Sturgis makes the following report:

HEADQUARTERS CAVALRY CORPS,
Dickey's, Jan'y 27th, 1864—6 p. m.

GENERAL: After driving the whole cavalry force of the enemy steadily all day long, our troops went in about 4 o'clock with the saher and a yell and routed them, horse, foot and dragoon, capturing over 100 prisoners and two pieces of artillery—3-inch steel guns. Our troops are very much worn down with continuous fighting and little to eat, but they are a band of as patient and brave soldiers as I have ever seen thus far. Some fifty or sixty of the enemy were killed and wounded in this charge alone. In the whole day's fighting their loss must be very large. As Walford and Garrard were brought from a long distance, they fell in as a reserve, so that this glorious day's work was performed alone by the gallant men of LaGrange's and Campbell's brigades of McCook's divison.

Respectfully yours, etc.,

S. D. STURGIS,
Brigadier General Commanding.

It will be seen from the above letter that Longstreet was

of the impression that most all the cavalry from the Army of the Cumberland was then confronting him. The only cavalry from that army were the First and Second Brigades, The Seventh Kentucky Cavalry of the Third Brigade and Lilly's Eighteenth Indiana Battery, all of the First Division, and the Fifteenth Pennsylvania and Tenth Ohio Cavalry, two small regiments of the Third Brigade, Second Division—in all, nine regiments and one battery.

After the battle of Fair Garden, all the Union troops fell back to Sevierville. On the 29th, the cavalry was ordered to Maryville, sixteen miles south of Knoxville, and went into camp a short distance east of town. Maryville is well and favorably known throughout the land as an educational center. Here it was that Rev. Isaac Anderson, a Presbyterian minister and pioneer in educational work, established a college in 1819 that has since become famous as an institution of learning. Several members of the First Tennessee were forced to leave school before completing their education to avoid conscription into the Confederate army.

On the first day of February, the First Tennessee and Fourth Indiana, Second Brigade, all under the command of Colonel Brownlow, First Tennessee, were ordered to make a reconnoissance toward Sevierville. Reveille called us at 2 a. m., and with the stars for a light, we arose from our warm beds and soon hundreds of blazing camp-fires were seen all over the camp, as the men went about the preparation of this early meal. Coffee-pots and tin-cups with water and coffee in them were suspended over the fires, and when the boiling point was reached the rich aroma whetted our appetites, while some of the boys, skilled in the business, manipulated the flapjack pans.

Breakfast over, we mounted and marched along the main Sevierville road to Little River, where we were joined by two regiments of infantry and one section of artillery as a support. We forded Little River at McCamey's Ford and marched to Trundle's Cross Roads, sixteen miles from Mary-



PRIVATE ALLEN S. TATE, COMPANY H

ville, where we bivouacked for the night. At 5:30 the next morning we left camp and went as far as Boyd's Creek, and within eight miles of Sevierville, where we learned that the enemy were in force behind Pigeon River. The object of the reconnoissance having been accomplished, Colonel Brownlow returned to camp at Maryville.

For the next eight or ten days our camp was very quiet, with nothing but the usual routine camp duty to perform, affording the boys a splendid opportunity to wash their clothing, rest and get ready for the next move. The last duty performed by the regiment in the Army of the Ohio was the reconnoissance toward Sevierville, as we were now under orders to return in a few days to the Army of the Cumberland. The First Tennessee had spent nearly three months in this East Tennessee campaign, during the coldest and most disagreeable weather the regiment had ever experienced.

Our ranks had been invaded by disease, while shot and shell and the much-dreaded "minie," with its dull thud, had laid low some of our best and bravest men. But the First Tennessee responded to duty with a will, and it mattered but little whether it was on the scout, or the march, or around a kettle of well-cooked beans or a pot of steaming coffee, it was always present. The men composing the regiment had many peculiarities. If the commissary had no hard-tack or flour for the men, they would do without either; if they had no beef, they were content with fat pork; if no rice, they would put up with beans; if no coffee, they were satisfied with water; if none of the articles mentioned were to be had, they were willing to satisfy the "craving stomach" with parched corn.

But with all the trials and hardships incident to a soldier's life, the men composing the First Tennessee can point with pride to duty well performed, under the most trying and adverse circumstances, receiving from their commanders the highest admiration for obedience and unflinching endurance on the march or the field of battle.

When it became known that the First Tennessee was to return to the Army of the Cumberland, all over our camp men could be seen taking from their saddle-bags their small stock of stationery, and, while sitting around a smoky camp-fire or beside a sturdy oak, were engaged in writing a hasty letter to the dear ones at home, and to some it was the last.

On the 10th day of February, McCook's division, to which the First Tennessee belonged, broke camp at Maryville and started by slow and easy march for Cleveland. The route we marched over presented to the observing cavalrymen one of rare beauty and grandeur. Old "Mother Earth" was still wearing her winter dress, while the cold, biting frost had robbed the trees of their beauty, giving us an unobstructed view of the grand old mountains, while on every hand the clear, rippling streams, that were rushing madly on to form and help to make up the mighty ocean, furnished us with plenty to drink.

We marched through Madisonville and crossed Little Tennessee River at Nile's Ferry, camping for a few days on Tellico River and near the celebrated Tellico Plains. A detachment of the Second Brigade was sent from this place on a scout to Cherokee county, North Carolina, where it succeeded in capturing thirty-eight prisoners, mostly Indians, and twenty-five horses and mules. This scout was accomplished without any loss on our side. The Indians were very sullen and refused to talk much. Among them was a minister who preached on Sunday to a large audience of "Yankees."

Forage being scarce at this place, we moved a few miles up the Little Tennessee River and went into camp near the foot of Smoky Mountain, where we found only a small amount of grain for our horses. While at this place a light snow fell, whitening up the earth and the mountain, adding grandeur to the scenery. February 18 found us again on the move. We marched through Athens and went into camp near Chestooa camp-ground, said to be one of the oldest churches and camp-grounds in all that country, the church

deriving its name from a small, sluggish stream of the same name near by.

At this camp pay-rolls were made out, but we were not paid until Cleveland was reached. About the last of the month the whole division was moved to Calhoun, on the Hiwassee River, where it went into camp some four miles below. Major Thornburgh, who was painfully wounded at Dandridge, December 24, 1863, rejoined the regiment at this place and was warmly received by the boys. On the 11th day of March, we left camp and marched back to Calhoun, crossed Hiwassee River on a pontoon bridge, and marched a few miles beyond Charleston, where we camped for the night.

The next morning, McCook received orders from General Elliott to move his division to Cleveland, which place he reached late in the afternoon and camped for a few days west of town on the Cotton Port road. Good camping-grounds were selected and tents put up with great care, adding greatly to the appearance and beauty of the camp. This was the first regular camp that we had laid out during the East Tennessee campaign, and was the first time that our tents had been stretched in three months, and we again enjoyed the almost forgotten luxury of sleeping in tents.

We now began to "play" soldier again. Company and battalion drills and dress-parades had been unknown to us during this mid-winter campaign, and while waiting for orders our time was occupied in reviewing the early lessons of the regiment. The First Tennessee was never accused of being a "band-box regiment," but its staying qualities were equal to its "style." After a short stay in this camp, the First Tennessee was moved about one mile east of town on the Spring Place road. Our new camp was near a large and famous spring, known about Cleveland as "Rhat's Spring," from which many a weary traveler had slaked his thirst in days gone by at this free, sparkling fountain.

The First Tennessee remained in this camp until the general advance of the army in May. The duty imposed

upon the troops was light and consisted mainly in scouting and picketing. Our worthy and distinguished chaplain, the Rev. John P. Holtsinger, preached to us regularly every Sunday morning, and here the writer will venture the assertion that no regiment in the service had a higher regard or was more devoted to their chaplain than the First Tennessee.

It never fell to the lot of the First Tennessee to be out of sight of the enemy long at a time, and therefore it acquired great fame as a fighting regiment. The dashing Jim Brownlow, than whom there was none braver, led his men constantly at the front, and they were always in at the finish. We were now enjoying the real sunny side of a soldier's life, and what a change it was from the active campaign just closed.

"No rumor of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind,
No troubled thought at midnight haunts
Of loved ones left behind;
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms,
No braying horn or screaming fife
At dawn shall call to arms."

The greater part of the Confederate army, under the command of General Joseph E. Johnson, was encamped near Dalton, Georgia, about thirty miles from our camp, consequently the outposts of the Union army were kept some distance out. The enemy's cavalry under Wheeler lay encamped near Spring Place, and occasionally their scouting parties would attack our outposts, and especially on the Spring Place road, and as this was considered to be the most important road leading to the enemy's camp, it was kept well picketed. Owing to the long distance of this outpost from camp, the men detailed for picket duty on this road would remain out from two to three days before being relieved.

A detachment of the First Tennessee had been on picket on this road, but was relieved by a detail from the First Wis-

consin, Second Brigade. General Wheeler, the able and dashing leader of Johnson's cavalry, learned that Jim Brownlow's regiment was on picket on this road, and determined to surprise and capture it. He moved with his accustomed boldness and succeeded in surrounding and capturing the most of the men, and when asked why he brought so large a force to capture a picket-post, remarked that he understood that Jim Brownlow's regiment was on picket and that it could not be captured with a handful of men, as he had met the regiment often and knew of its splendid staying qualities.

During our stay at Cleveland and before starting upon the Georgia campaign, some changes were made in the First Brigade. The Ninth Pennsylvania, which had been in the brigade ever since its organization at Triune, was transferred to the Third Division, and their place filled by the Eighth Iowa Cavalry, a new regiment commanded by Colonel J. B. Dorr. We regretted very much to part with this gallant regiment, for we were close friends, and besides, the kindest feeling existed between the three regiments composing the brigade. It made no difference which regiment was in the advance or which one covered the retreat, each could be relied on when in a "tight place." The Iowa boys—nicknamed "Persimmon Knockers"—proved themselves to be good soldiers, and made a good record.

CHAPTER XI.

THE ATLANTA CAMPAIGN—FROM CLEVELAND TO PINE MOUNTAIN—DUG GAP AND TILTON—ACROSS THE COOSAWATTEE AND ETOWAH—SOLDIERING UNDER DIFFICULTIES—BURNT HICKORY—BROWNLOW'S HILL.

The spring of 1864 found the Union commanders east and west making extensive preparations for a general advance. Lieutenant-General Grant, at the head of a large and well-equipped army, was ready to move on Richmond, the proud city and capital of the Confederacy. Blooming May found General W. T. Sherman at the head of a veteran army the equal of Wellington's, and ready to move when the Lieutenant-General issued the order. Lee, with the Army of Northern Virginia, was protecting Richmond, while Johnson, at the head of a large and well-equipped force, was in front of Dalton, ready to dispute the advance of Sherman's army.

These two armies were the largest that ever had assembled east or west, but were too far apart for co-operation, yet they could be helpful by a simultaneous movement. General Sherman was at the head of a large army, composed of well-seasoned veterans, and commanded by such able and distinguished fighters as Thomas, McPherson and Schofield, who commanded respectively the Armies of the Cumberland, Tennessee and Ohio. Grant was to strike at the *head* and Sherman at the *heart* of the Confederacy.

Sherman entered the campaign with an effective force of nearly one hundred thousand men and two hundred and fifty-four guns. Of these, the Army of the Cumberland had sixty thousand men and one hundred and thirty guns; the Army of the Tennessee, twenty-five thousand men and ninety-six guns, and the Army of the Ohio, fourteen thou-

sand men and twenty-eight guns. General J. E. Johnson, the Confederate commander, who was reckoned by military men as almost the equal of Lee, was at the head of an army numbering, at the opening of the campaign, about fifty-three thousand men, but before the battle of Resaca was fought, reinforcements increased it to seventy-one thousand, two hundred and thirty-five men and one hundred and twenty cannon.

General Sherman had issued an order for a general advance of his army the first of May, consequently there was a great hurry and bustle in camp, getting ready for the approaching campaign. The sound of the blacksmith's hammer was heard throughout camp, shoeing horses, repairing wagons and ambulances for the march "through Georgia."

"Bring the good old bugle, boys, we'll sing another song,
Sing it with a spirit that will start the world along,
Sing it as we used to sing it, fifty thousand strong,
While we were marching through Georgia."

Winter had become a thing of the past, the biting winds of March had also departed, and now May, with its warm sunshine, had aroused to action the dormant germs of the vegetable kingdom. All the beauties of springtime were ushered in. Beautiful flowers unfolded their petals to our view; fragrant odors freighted the breezes, while upon every hand the birds were apparently trying to see which could sing their sweetest songs; the bees were humming and buzzing among the trees and clover for honey. As the army marched along, unmindful of the surroundings, nature was quietly getting in her work, covering old "Mother Earth" again with a rich, green carpet, and seemed to rebuke man, who was engaged in a business so much at variance with the beautiful world.

Sherman's army was encamped at Cleveland and Chattanooga, and one of the most difficult problems to be solved was that of supplies. This large army was to be supplied by a single line of road from Nashville to Chattanooga, and thence to Atlanta. This was a knotty problem, and its solution

turned upon the capacity of this single track to do the work. Chattanooga again, as in 1863, became a place of great importance, and scenes of great activity were going on night and day.

Large store-houses were built in which quartermaster and commissary supplies were stored. In addition to the supplies for the army this single line of road must also transport artillery and cavalry horses, mules, cattle and ammunition. Day and night the long, trembling trains were seen rolling into Chattanooga with their precious cargoes. Longstreet's army had left East Tennessee and joined Lee in Virginia, while Martin, with his cavalry, was sent to Johnson. This left the Union troops that had wintered in East Tennessee free to join either Grant or Sherman.

The Ninth Corps was sent east, and McCook's cavalry returned to the Army of the Cumberland, followed soon after by Schofield's Twenty-third Corps. The order to march was issued and soon myriads of tents disappeared like snow before the sun. Knapsacks were packed, horses caparisoned, letters answered, and on the third day of May the army began to move. The First Tennessee broke camp at Cleveland and moved with the remainder of the division along the Dalton road. The march was continued to Red Clay, where it bivouacked for the night. This move placed McCook's division in advance and to the left of Stanley and Schofield.

Early on the morning of the 4th, we advanced toward Catoosa Springs, and during the day had several skirmishes. On the 7th, we moved to Varnell's Station. At this place the First Brigade encountered Wheeler's cavalry, and lively skirmishing was kept up during the day. Late in the afternoon the enemy advanced in such numbers that LaGrange's brigade was sent to our support.

The 8th was spent in maneuvering and skirmishing. On the 9th, the Second Brigade was ordered to advance on the Dalton road to develop the position and strength of the enemy. A short distance from Varnell's Station, LaGrange struck the advance of the enemy and drove it back on their

main line. Here a brisk engagement ensued, in which the Second Brigade was driven back with serious loss, the brigade losing one hundred and thirty-nine killed, wounded and missing. Among the latter was Colonel LaGrange, First Wisconsin, commanding Second Brigade, who was badly wounded and captured.

General McCook, in his report of the Georgia campaign, says: "During these days the services called for and rendered by the division were of the most arduous kind. Potato Hill, a strong natural position, was assaulted and the first line of the enemy's breast-works taken by the First Tennessee regiment, under Colonel Brownlow."

On the 11th, the whole division moved through Tunnell Hill to Dug Gap, an important position on the left of the Union army, relieving General Geary's division, Twentieth Corps. On the morning of the 13th, we crossed Rocky Face Ridge, at Dug Gap, and joined Howard's Fourth Corps, and during the afternoon engaged the enemy near Tilton.

The next day we moved forward in the direction of Resaca, covering the advance of the Fourth Corps, and during the early part of the day met and drove back the enemy's outposts upon his main force. During the operations around Resaca a part of the division was dismounted and placed in the rifle-pits, while the remainder held the left of Hooker's line. After the battle of Resaca, the enemy retreated south through Calhoun to Adairsville. At this place Johnson expected to make a stand and offer battle, but finding his army hard pressed and his flanks threatened, continued to fall back to Cassville.

We were still on the left flank of the army and on the 16th crossed Connasauga River and camped for the night near Field's Mill, on the Coosawattee. On the 17th, we took the advance again and moved toward Cassville, leaving Calhoun and Adairsville to our right. On the 19th, McCook's division was pushed rapidly forward toward Cassville, and a short distance north of town the enemy's cavalry and a force of infantry were encountered, and after a

brisk engagement they were driven back "pell-mell" into town, losing thirty-eight by capture.

The First Tennessee Cavalry was in the advance, and near sundown drove Wheeler's advance back upon the infantry, who were behind rifle-pits. The regiment captured several prisoners. Lilly's battery was sent to the front and shelled the enemy vigorously until dark. The regiment had two men wounded and several horses shot.

We moved to Kingston on the 20th, where we remained for a few days, resting and waiting for the railroad to be repaired and the accumulation of supplies at Resaca. In our front were the rough hills and gorges around Allatoona, with but few roads and these very indifferent, penetrating the densely wooded country. On the 23rd, the First Tennessee, with the remainder of the division, crossed the Etowah River at Island Ford, and, taking the advance of the army, moved through Euharlee to Stilesborough.

At this place we met and defeated Morgan's and Ross's brigades. The next two days we continued to advance, skirmishing almost continuously with the rear of Johnson's army, and during the time crossed Raccoon and Pumpkin Vine Creeks in advance of the Army of the Cumberland.

On the 26th, we caught up with Wheeler's cavalry near Burnt Hickory, and after a sharp engagement he was driven back upon the intrenchments held by the infantry, with a loss of seventy-two prisoners. We captured a courier with a dispatch from Johnson to one of his subordinate commanders, in which he outlined his plan for the next move, which was of great value to Sherman.

In this engagement the First Tennessee lost two men captured, as follows: Samuel Carnes, Company C, and Corporal W. D. A. Schrade, Company E. Samuel Carnes, after surviving all the horrors of Andersonville, was exchanged, and on his return was lost on the ill-fated *Sultana*, April 27, 1865.

The heavy rains that had fallen during the past few days had almost put an end to the operations of the army,

for in that part of Georgia turnpikes were unknown. For the next two or three days the boom of cannon could be heard in the direction of Pickett's Mill, New Hope Church and Dallas, where the Union troops were hammering away at Johnson's intrenched lines. In this engagement Howard's Fourth Corps suffered heavily, losing about fifteen hundred men killed, wounded and captured.

Johnson was holding Allatoona Pass, a very strong position on the Western & Atlantic railroad, with his left extending to New Hope Church and Dallas. From now until the 4th of June there was almost continuous fighting, night and day. The battle-lines were some six or eight miles long, and the whole country was almost a battle-field, with trenches running in all directions. This was possibly the strongest and best fortified position on the whole campaign, and around these hills and mountains, whose crests were covered with hostile guns, flanked with rifle-pits, desperate fighting was carried on for several days, amid drenching rains and thunder-storms.

General McCook, in his report of the Georgia campaign, says: "From this time until the 3rd of June, the division remained without infantry support, without forage for its horses and but half rations for the men, holding successfully a hilly, wooded country, utterly unfit for cavalry operations, subject to continued and persistent attacks of all three arms of the service, both by night and day."

On the 3rd, the army advanced, with McCook's division on the left of Schofield's corps, and in this position moved forward and took possession of the Dallas and Acworth roads. We remained near this place, holding this part of our line, reconnoitering and picketing heavily the country some distance from our position. In the advance on Acworth we found the enemy in force and ready for a fight. As we approached the town, the First Tennessee, being in the advance, found the enemy strongly posted on a high hill, and after considerable skirmishing, Colonel Brownlow led his regiment in a charge, drove the enemy back and captured the hill.

This was the key to the position, and the Confederates, knowing its importance, made several attempts to recapture it, but were unsuccessful, and fell back, leaving the First Tennessee in possession of the hill. The skill and courage displayed by Colonel Brownlow in capturing and holding this important place and the equal determination of the enemy to retake it, made it a noted place, so much so that we called it "Brownlow's Hill," in honor of the gallant commander of the First Tennessee. After we had captured the hill, one section of Lilly's battery was sent forward and from its summit the enemy's lines were shelled for some time. Some of the Union commanders made mention of Brownlow's Hill in their reports.

On the 5th, we moved to Acworth and drove the enemy out and occupied the place. The morning of the 6th found us again in the saddle and moving toward Big Shanty, where we met the Confederates and after a light skirmish they fell back and we occupied the place.

The Union army threw up earthworks as it advanced, and no doubt they are still visible in many places, and serve as a reminder of what real war is. All this time the national lines were being gradually extended to the left. This movement of Sherman's army alarmed Johnson, and on the night of the 4th he abandoned his whole line and fell back to a new line of defense, extending from Powder Springs on the left to Lost Mountain, and thence to Pine and Kennesaw Mountains on the right.

Cold, drenching rains had been falling almost continuously since the first of the month, making the roads almost impassable. Streams were up and the earth was so well soaked with water that activity was impossible, while dry places commanded a premium, and, like all mountainous countries in wet weather, it was cold and chilly, consequently our bivouacs were very unpleasant. The Union soldiers from the East and West were about to be disappointed in their anticipations of the beautiful summer weather they had expected to find in the "Sunny South," the land of cotton.

While nature was profuse in its gifts of hills and mountains, her valleys seemed to have been overlooked in this part of Georgia.

The bridge over the Etowah had been completed and the welcome sound of the locomotive was heard in our camp. When the Confederate soldiers heard the whistle, they would sing out, "There comes your hardtack, Yank;" and when a whistle was heard from the Confederate side, the boys in blue would shout back the reply, "Here comes your corn-meal, Johnny." The opportunity for this bit of pleasantry did not occur very often to soldiers of either army, but was a pleasant and agreeable change from the "pop-pop" of the rifle on the skirmish line.

Just here I want to digress and make reference to two incidents that have made the name of Big Shanty and Allatoona memorable in the history of the civil war. In April, 1862, while the Union army under General O. M. Mitchell lay in camp near Murfreesboro, Tennessee, J. J. Andrews, a citizen of Kentucky, then in the secret service of the government, planned an expedition for the purpose of destroying the bridges on the Western & Atlantic railroad, between Chattanooga and Atlanta. Twenty-one soldiers were detailed from the Second, Twenty-first and Thirty-third Ohio Volunteers to assist him in his enterprise. They were picked men, and among them were engineers, firemen and brakemen of experience, all of them known to be strong men, men of great courage and cool under the most trying and difficult circumstances. This ill-fated expedition has already passed into history as one of the most daring exploits of the war, and the writer will not attempt to go into all the details of the pursuit, capture and tragic death of the leader and seven men of the famous raid, familiarly known as "A Race for Life." They all wore citizens' dress and received their instructions from their leader. They secretly left camp and moved to the appointed rendezvous, a thicket near Shelbyville, where, in the darkness and amid the low, muttering sounds of thunder and the vivid flashes of lightning, these brave, determined men perfected their plans.

After receiving their instructions they broke up into small squads and made their way on foot to Chattanooga, where they took the train and went as far south as Marietta. From this place they turned back and at Big Shanty, a station that had no telegraph office or an extra locomotive, and while the train-men and passengers were at breakfast, they detached the engine and three box-cars and started toward Chattanooga at full speed. These brave men had been drilled by Andrews until each one knew what to do and the part he was to perform.

It was a thrilling moment. Andrews and his engineers mounted the engine, known on the Western & Atlantic road as the "General," and the first three cars from the tender were cut loose. Those selected for brakemen climbed nimbly to the top and lay flat on the box-cars, while the remainder jumped inside and closed the doors. The brakes were loosened, the steam turned on and the captured train started on its perilous journey. There was a small detachment of Confederate soldiers at the station, and when the alarm was given the soldiers and citizens fired on the now rapidly moving train.

The locomotive, with its precious freight, behaved splendidly for a while, but soon came to a "halt" for want of steam. During a five minutes' stop the fire was renewed and sufficient wood gathered to run some distance. While obtaining wood and waiting for the engine to steam up, the wires were cut. At Cass' Station, Andrews secured water for his engine and a time-schedule of the road, which was of great value to him. Nothing special occurred until Kingston was reached. Here a railroad leaves the main line and runs almost due west, following the meanders of the Etowah River, terminating at Rome.

The track was blocked with cars and matters looked gloomy for Andrews and his devoted men, for all knew full well that they were being pursued. Much valuable time was lost in clearing the track at this and other points, to avoid a possible collision. It is true Andrews had the start of his

pursuers, but was compelled to run slow to avoid accidents on a crowded track, yet he usually kept the track clear and was given the right of way by telling those he met that he was running a "special train" loaded with powder for General Beauregard's army at Corinth.

It will be necessary now to follow the movements of those left at Big Shanty. When the alarm was first given, the conductor, W. A. Fuller, and his engineer, Jefferson Cain, and one or two others, rushed excitedly from the breakfast table and started at once on foot up the track after the captured train. After a chase of two or three miles, Fuller and his party found the wires cut. The pursuers rushed madly on after the fugitive train and, fortunately for them, came upon a squad of trackmen with a hand-car.

The almost exhausted men, now elated at this piece of good luck and with the aid of the brawny workmen, tugged away at the cranks, up and down grade alike, as well as around curves, making almost eight miles an hour. At one time, while running at this break-neck speed, the hand-car reached the point where a rail had been removed, and the car, with its living freight, was tumbled headlong into the ditch. This caused them to be more careful and run on a slower schedule.

Near Etowah, Fuller saw the "Yonah," a splendid engine that was used to haul iron from the extensive furnaces of Major Cooper, which were several miles from the main line. This locomotive was standing on the main track, fired up and headed for Kingston. With this powerful locomotive, Fuller almost made a mile a minute between this place and Kingston. When Fuller reached Kingston, he found the track badly blocked and Andrews with his captured train only a few minutes the start.

After working some little time in trying to clear the track, Fuller became impatient at the delay, abandoned the "Yonah" and took possession of the "Shorter," an engine used on the Rome branch.

On leaving Kingston, Andrews found by consulting

his time-table that there was still a freight and a passenger train between Adairsville and Chattanooga. Before reaching Adairsville, Andrews halted long enough to cut the wires and obstruct the track. Andrews reached Adairsville a few minutes before the freight train. Here Andrews again worked his powder-train racket and moved out as fast as steam would move his train, while the men in the rear box-car dropped cross-ties upon the track and poured oil on the rails.

Calhoun, the second station north, was reached, and here the long-expected passenger train was met, and as the fugitive train glided by, Andrews and his men breathed easier, as the track was now clear to Chattanooga. The next stop made by Andrews was near the bridge over the Oostenaula River. Here the pursued halted for the purpose of oiling their engine, removing a rail and burning the bridge, but before this task was accomplished they were startled by the whistle of Fuller's engine.

Andrews' only hope of escape was to either burn a bridge or wreck the train of his pursuers. So far not a bridge had been burned and but little damage had been done to the track. The rear car of Andrews' train was dropped for the purpose of wrecking Fuller's engine, but he, being an old railroader, slowed up and, picking up the abandoned car, continued the pursuit. The exciting chase was continued mile after mile, crossing bridges and passing stations at a high rate of speed.

At Dalton a branch road leaves the Western & Atlantic and runs to Cleveland, Tennessee, where it connects with the main line running from Knoxville to Chattanooga. Andrews took the left-hand road at Dalton and dashed madly on toward Chattanooga. Andrews made another attempt to cut the wires and obstruct the track a short distance from Dalton, but before it was accomplished Fuller again came in sight and the flight was continued. Andrews now placed all his men on the engine and tender, set fire to his remaining car and left it in the center of a small covered bridge, hoping as a last resort that the structure might burn.

Fuller was so close that he was able to push the burning car across before doing any damage, sidetrack it and continue to pursue the intrepid soldiers. The "General," though jaded and almost without fuel, was still urged on to its utmost speed, hoping yet that it might be able to reach the Union line with its precious load.

But it was hope against despair, and when near Graysville, Georgia, nineteen miles from Chattanooga, Andrews and his devoted men abandoned the noble old locomotive that had made such a long run without accident. The men now fled in all directions to avoid capture, but after enduring great hardships all were captured and placed in jail at Chattanooga. Strenuous efforts were now made by the Confederate authorities at Chattanooga to obtain from Andrews and his men the name of the leader and the principal participants in this great military enterprise, but all efforts were in vain.

Mistreatment and short rations were resorted to in hope of accomplishing what other methods had failed in, but all was naught—even Sims' dungeon had no effect. Later on, Andrews and seven of his men were hung in Atlanta. Eight of this daring band made their escape from the Atlanta prison the following October; the remaining members were exchanged in March, 1863. The remains of Andrews and his seven companions who were executed in Atlanta, now sleep in the National Cemetery at Chattanooga, a beautiful monument marking their last resting-place.

A part of these men were confined for a short time in the Knoxville jail. Some were tried in the old courthouse, that stood at that time on Main street, opposite the old Franklin House, the present site of the new courthouse. Hon. O. P. Temple, a lawyer and one of the great Union leaders of 1861 and one of Knoxville's prominent citizens, not only defended them in that dark and trying hour, but also befriended them the best he could under the circumstances. Thus ended a great military enterprise. The damage done to the railroad was so light that it amounted to

nothing. If Andrews could have destroyed all the bridges on the Western & Atlantic road as contemplated, the loss would have been a serious one and greatly embarrassed the Confederates at Chattanooga and elsewhere.

Allatoona Pass, the natural fortress on the line of the Western & Atlantic road, had already fallen into our hands by one of Sherman's flank movements. It was well fortified and was made a secondary base for storing supplies. This place shortly afterward became noted in "story and song." After the fall of Atlanta and when General Hood was making his famous movement north for Tennessee and in the rear of Sherman's army, French's division of Stewart's corps was ordered forward in advance of Hood's army to capture this stronghold. At this place Sherman had a very large amount of rations stored for his army. This unexpected movement of Hood caused Sherman to feel anxious about their safety, and was at a loss to know where he would strike first.

Allatoona was garrisoned by eight hundred and ninety men under the command of Colonel Tourtellotte, Fourth Minnesota Volunteers. Sherman signaled from Vining's Station, on the W. & A. road, to the station on Kennesaw Mountain, and from there the message was sent over the heads of the marching Confederates, "through the sky," eighteen miles away to the commander at Allatoona for General Corse at Rome to be notified that he must hasten at once to Allatoona with reinforcements for the garrison at that place. Sherman hastened to the top of Kennesaw Mountain and during the day received a message from Corse, stating that he was badly wounded and hard pressed. Sherman sent back the following answer: "Hold the fort, for I am coming." General Cox's division, Twenty-third Corps, was then rapidly approaching with reinforcements. From this message and the thrilling circumstances under which it was sent has come this great gospel hymn, now sung by all Christian people the world over:

“Ho! my comrades, see the signal,
Waving in the sky,
Reinforcements now appearing,
Victory is nigh!

CHORUS: Hold the fort, for I am coming, etc.”

This bloody engagement was fought October 5, and a victory won by the Union troops after a desperate struggle in which French's division sustained heavy loss. The day after the battle, General Corse wrote to General Sherman as follows: “I am short a cheek-bone and one ear, but am able to whip all hell yet.” French sent a flag of truce, summoning the garrison to surrender, “to avoid the needless effusion of blood;” to which Corse promptly replied that he was prepared for “the needless effusion of blood” whenever it would be agreeable to General French.

In no instance during the war was the value of the Signal Corps more fully illustrated than in the battle of Allatoona, Ga.

CHAPTER XII.

ATLANTA CAMPAIGN CONTINUED—OPERATIONS AROUND PINE MOUNTAIN—ADVANCE ON THE KENNESAW LINE—ASSAULT AND FLANK MOVEMENT—DARING FEAT OF THE FIRST TENNESSEE AT THE CHATTAHOOCHEE—BROWNLOW'S NAKED CHARGE.

Johnson had spent considerable time on his works around Pine Mountain. In fact, we found a fort on almost every hill, each being invariably flanked with long lines of rifle-pits, with bristling bayonets visible above the head-logs. McCook moved his division from Acworth and drove back the enemy's advance and formed in line of battle near Pine Mountain. From this position we could plainly see the enemy in force on the top of the mountain.

Johnson had not only fortified the top of Pine Mountain, but had built a strong line of works close to the foot, and from his lofty position he could overlook the camp of the Union army and watch all of its movements. Lively skirmishing was carried on between the two armies night and day, and the keen crack of the rifle and the still louder sound of the loud-mouthed cannon was heard all along the line as the skirmishers crept forward.

Heavy rain-storms, accompanied with thunder—"heaven's own artillery"—at times could hardly be distinguished from the terrible discharges of the artillery from both armies, which were constantly belching and bellowing at each other. The constant "pop, pop" of the carbines and muskets along the skirmish line sounded like wood-choppers, while the much-dreaded "Minie" would come whistling uncomfortably close to our heads. In this way hundreds of the boys in blue were killed and wounded.

Johnson's lines extended from Lost Mountain to Kenne-

saw Mountain. Pine Mountain, or Pine Hill, as it is sometimes called, is a little in front of the other mountains and to the right of the Western & Atlantic Railroad, but was connected with the main line of works by strong rifle-pits. Pine Mountain is conical in form and very steep, and is a great deal higher than Lost or Kennesaw Mountains. On its summit Johnson had a signal station in full working order, from which he kept his army fully posted about the movements of Sherman's army. There were numerous batteries on this eminence, protected by heavy earthworks, while down near the base a strong line of rifle-pits encircled the hill.

On the 14th, Lieutenant-General Leonidas Polk, who commanded a corps in Johnson's army, was killed by a shell fired from Simonson's Fifth Indiana Battery, Fourth Corps. On the 15th, we were ordered to Lost Mountain and took up a position on the right of the Twenty-third Corps, which at that time was the extreme right of the Union army. The next day we advanced and drove the enemy from his position on the side of the mountain. In this engagement the First Tennessee sustained the following loss:

Killed—Company B, Elcana Gipson.

Wounded—Company M, Corporal James S. Moody.

Captured—Company D, Corporal George Beckner, John B. Morelock, Samuel Short, William Rush and Jack Brown; Company E, Captain Charles H. Burdick; Company G, W. B. Taylor.

General McCook, in his report of the Atlanta campaign, makes mention of the engagement at Lost Mountain as follows:

HEADQUARTERS FIRST CAVALRY DIVISION,
DEPARTMENT OF THE CUMBERLAND.

In the Field near Lost Mountain, June 17th, 1864.

SIR: I have the honor to report that I found the north side of Lost Mountain entirely inaccessible. They opened four guns from entrenchments on the top of the mountain on my skirmishers about 3 p. m., which were silenced by a section of my battery. Two regiments, Fourth Indiana and First Tennessee, got inside of the first

line of barricades on west side of mountain, but could get no further. Late in the evening, part of their lines were occupied by their infantry; so reported by Major Helveti. I will try to get in the rear of their line to-morrow morning, while General Stoneman demonstrates in their front. Their position is strong and their force much larger than mine, and I do not feel sanguine of accomplishing any material result, but think that I can annoy them excessively and attract their attention to this end of the line.

E. M. McCook,

LIEUT. D. F. HOW,

Brigadier-General Commanding.

Acting Assistant Adjutant-General.

General Sherman continued to press the enemy at all points, and on the 17th Johnson abandoned his position at Lost Mountain and fell back to a strong position behind Mud Creek, which extended along the base of Kennesaw and across the Western & Atlantic road. In addition to this line of works at the base of Kennesaw, a still stronger line was built on the top, extending the entire length. Several forts were also erected on the summit and artillery placed in them. From the larger Kennesaw, Johnson could, as he did at Pine Mountain, witness the movements of the Union troops.

This was a position of great strength and was thoroughly entrenched and made strong by a liberal use of the pick and shovel. Johnson's line of retreat was along the Western & Atlantic road, and as Sherman advanced the road was kept repaired close on the heels of the victorious army. At times the train would be run almost up to the skirmish line. In the operations around Kennesaw Mountain, McCook's division remained on the right wing of the Union army, and on the 18th moved around the left flank of Hardee's corps and drove his cavalry across Mud Creek and pursued it along the Dallas and Marietta wagon-road.

In this venturesome move, McCook's division succeeded in getting within five miles of Marietta, capturing on the way two hospitals, which contained some forty or fifty sick and wounded officers and men, together with their attendants and nurses. Notwithstanding the continuous down-

pour of rain and the bad condition of the roads, Sherman kept his army moving, driving the enemy from one position to another. On the 19th, the Union army advanced and drove the enemy across Nose's Creek.

During this time McCook's division went as far south as Powder Springs and Sweet Water Creek, driving in the enemy's pickets at the former place. These movements on Johnson's left alarmed him, and he sent Hood's corps from his right to strengthen this wing of his army.

On the 22nd, Hood made a furious attack with his corps upon a portion of the Twentieth and Twenty-third Corps, but was repulsed with considerable loss. This was known as the battle of Kulp's Farm, and was fought on the right of the Union line, near Olley's Creek.

General Sherman's skirmishers had worked their way close up to the foot of Kennesaw Mountain. This was a position of great strength, and was held by a veteran army. Sherman decided to make a direct assault on the 27th, and ordered Generals Thomas and McPherson to make preparations for the attack. At the signal, the troops designated for this desperate work moved forward with that dash and courage that everywhere characterizes the American soldier, but no troops could stand the pelting storm of lead that was falling upon them.

The assault failed, the columns retired, broken and shattered, and the army mourned the loss of hundreds of its bravest and best men, Generals Harker and McCook being among the slain. During this assault in the center, Sherman ordered his whole line forward and some sharp fighting was done at different places on the line. Sherman continued his demonstrations on the right to turn the position he had failed to carry by assault.

On the 1st day of July, the divisions of McCook and Stoneman moved through Powder Springs and down toward Campbellton, as far as Sweet Water, skirmishing almost all the way, but finding no large bodies of the enemy. On the night of July 2, General Johnson withdrew his troops from

Kennesaw Mountain and fell back to a strong line of works at Ruff's Station, his line extending across the track of the Western & Atlantic road. This new line of works was laid out by a competent and skilful engineer and was one of great strength.

On the 4th, we moved to Marietta. From this place we were ordered to the left, and bivouacked for the night on Soap Creek, near Chattahoochee River. Sherman pursued the retreating enemy on to his works at Ruff's Station, and here the great national holiday, the Fourth of July, was quite extensively as well as expensively celebrated. The exercises were of a very lively nature, and thousands took part amid the boom of cannon and bursting of shells. In this engagement, General E. F. Noyes, of Ohio, lost a leg, and General Sherman says, "I came very near being shot myself." Thus in this strange and singular manner was our great Independence Day celebrated by both armies.

Two months had passed since the opening of the Atlanta campaign, and during that time Johnson had been forced to give up position after position, had been driven back from strongholds of his own selection until the spires of the "Gate City" were almost visible to the boys in blue. Johnson, finding his flanks again threatened, fell back from Ruff's Station to the Chattahoochee River, where he entrenched himself in the bend of the river. The recent heavy rains had so swollen the Chattahoochee that the few fords were impassable. Johnson ordered all the ferry-boats to be destroyed for miles up and down the river, to prevent them from being used by the Union army.

McCook's division remained near the mouth of Soap Creek for several days, guarding the ferries on this part of the Union line. During the time, lively and continued skirmishing was kept up along our whole front, at times resembling a battle. The pickets would conceal themselves in the bushes along the bank of the river and fire upon the Confederates, who were in trenches or behind rocks and trees on the opposite shore.



CAPTAIN CHAS. H. BURDICK, COMPANY E
As he appeared after his release from prison, 1864

It was while McCook's division was holding this part of the Union line that the First Tennessee, under Colonel Brownlow, performed one of the most daring and characteristic feats of the war. Colonel Brownlow was ordered to a point on the river supposed to be fordable, with orders to cross and develop the strength of the enemy on the opposite side. The place where he was ordered to cross was at Cochran's Ford, some little distance above the mouth of Soap Creek and near Powers' Ferry. Whether the order emanated from General Sherman, the corps, division or brigade commander was a subject that was "cussed and discussed" by the boys, both during and after the execution of the order, and the conclusion was reached that the "General" who issued it must have considered the men of the First Tennessee not only web-footed but thick-skinned fellows, capable of swimming a river which they or their horses could not ford, and of going into battle minus clothing or even wearing the proverbial undress uniform of a Georgia major—"a paper collar and a pair of spurs."

They arrived at the designated point about 3 o'clock in the morning, while the rain was falling in torrents, and at daylight discovered a small force of the enemy on the other side, supposed to number twenty-five or thirty men, who had the advantage of being on higher ground and protected by trees and rocks. As most of the regiment was deployed along the river and were busily engaged in sending their leaden compliments across, a few of the men charged into the stream without the slightest knowledge of its depth, the condition of its bed or the course of the ford.

As they advanced under a brisk fire, the water getting deeper and deeper, the boulders on the bottom getting bigger, men and horses floundering and wallowing, the bullets *zip, zipping* and pattering in the water, it became evident that it was not a proper place for good cavalymen to cross, and they came back out of that river tolerably fast—at least, much faster than they went in. Though their spirits and ardor as well as their clothing and ammunition were some-

what dampened in their futile attempt to cross, they had no idea it would be the last of it, or that they would permit such an insignificant force to hold them longer in check.

A consultation of the officers was held, and it was decided to find a native who knew the ford and to show its course. Meanwhile their carbines were kept busy, and as the day wore on, Colonel Dorr, commanding the brigade, made his appearance and seemed as mad as a hornet because the boys were not in possession of the opposite side. Dissatisfied with explanations made, he gave Brownlow peremptory orders to move at once on the enemy, and uttering an unnecessary threat that would be executed in case his order was not promptly obeyed.

The acting brigade general rode off, leaving Rev. William G. Brownlow's gallant son in a truly "fighting-mad" frame of mind. These were the facts as they came to the men in the ranks. Soon thereafter, a few of the boys were called to the rear—there were just nine men in all—and Colonel Brownlow said, "Boys, we are going to cross that river. It is plain we can't ford it here, and as we have no pontoons, and can't very well make a swimming charge, we'll find another way or break the breeching."

Then, giving directions for the men at the ford to keep up an incessant fire so as to divert the attention of the enemy from the move about to be made, the colonel led his little squad through the brush to a point about a mile up the river, behind a bend, where, lashing a couple of logs together and placing their carbines, cartridge-boxes and belts thereon, they stripped to the skin and, leaving their hats, boots and clothing behind, swam the river, pushing the raft in front of them.

The appearance of nine naked men with belts on, as they stood in line, was somewhat ludicrous, and while Brownlow was giving, in undertones, the directions and plan of attack, it was difficult to repress the humorous remarks interjected by the boys, witty expressions, some of them, that would make the gravest soldier laugh, but would not be appreciated

by civilians unfamiliar with military terms. "I'll be durned if this ain't baring our breasts to the foe, for a fact," said one. "I reckon the rebs will climb them trees when they find out we're a lot of East Tennessee bear hunters," put in another. "Talk low, talk low!" said Brownlow, "for the success of this attack depends upon our quietness until we close in with the game, and then you may yell like ——." Well, they started, with trailed carbines, into the cedar thicket, which concealed them from the enemy's view, leaving one man to guard the raft, and moved as rapidly as the nature of the ground would permit, but the funny expressions soon gave place to some that were in violation of the Third Commandment.

They were all "tenderfoots," and as the sharp stones and dry twigs harrowed their soles, and their naked bodies were scratched and punctured by the cedar brush and stung by insects, some vigorous profanity was naturally indulged in. "Curse low, men," ordered Brownlow as he turned his head, and in doing so he nearly stumbled to the ground, but as he recovered himself and went limping along he continued, in a very loud voice, "The occasion is worthy of considerable profanity, but cuss low, cuss low!" Coming to a road that led to the ford, about four hundred yards in the rear of the enemy, and reconnoitering the location and number of the rebel reserves, they formed for the charge, and moved quietly forward, unseen by the rebs, until they got within forty or fifty yards of them.

Then, turning their carbines loose and rushing on them with a yell, in a very few minutes most of those Confederates were awaiting the orders of the Tennesseans. Some of them got away, but they bagged twelve. One of the last to give up was a freckled-faced fellow, half concealed behind a tree. When he was covered and surrendered, he threw down his gun and said: "I surrender, but dog-gone my skin, Yanks, 'taint fair to come at us in that way. If we'uns had been strong enough to take you'uns, the Confederate government 'ud hung you all for spies, as you hain't got no uniforms on."

The prisoners were hustled up the river to the raft, where they swam across in advance of their captors and were received by some of the boys, who had come up to cover the retreat, if necessary. Thus a simple little order was executed. The rebels said it was a "Yankee trick." We'll agree that it was. Now, you will notice, the colonel of the regiment went into that "scrimmage" just as naked as the other boys. He might have had his clothes carried across the river for him by one of the privates, or he might have detailed a lieutenant or a captain to lead the attack, while he, in some safe position, viewed the battle "from afar." But, like a true volunteer, standing not upon his dignity or rank, he was willing to bear the same hardships or share the same fate as the privates.

General McCook makes honorable mention of this daring feat, said to be the only naked charge made during the war:

HEADQUARTERS FIRST CAVALRY DIVISION,
DEPARTMENT OF THE CUMBERLAND,

July 9th, 1864.

GENERAL: I have the honor to report that a detachment under Colonel Dorr crossed the pontoon this afternoon, and scouted the country in front of General Schofield. They found the enemy's cavalry there in force.

Brownlow performed one of his characteristic feats to-day. I had ordered a detachment to cross at Cochran's Ford. It was deep, and he took them over naked, nothing but guns, cartridge-boxes and hats. They drove the enemy out of their rifle-pits, captured a non-commissioned officer and three men, and the two boats on the other side. They would have got more but the rebels had the advantage in running through the bushes with clothes on. It was certainly one of the funniest sights of the war, and a very successful raid for naked men to make.

Everything is quiet along the line, and citizens on the other side say the enemy were totally unprepared for a crossing on this flank.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

E. M. McCook,

Brigadier-General Commanding Division.

GENERAL W. L. ELLIOTT, *Chief of Cavalry.*

The morning after this occurrence, notice was given of

the changed situation by a reb, yelling out across the river: "Hello, Yank!" "What do you want, Johnny?" "Can't talk to you'uns any more." "How is that?" "Orders to dry up." "What for, Johnny?" "Oh, Jim Brownlow with his d—d Tennessee Yankees swam over upon the left last night and stormed our rifle-pits naked, captured sixty of our boys and made 'em swim back with him. We'uns have got to keep you'uns on your side of the river now." This expedition was quite successful, but it completely broke up the friendly relations that had existed the past two days between the boys in blue and gray along the banks of the Chattahoochee.

On the afternoon of the 8th, Bird's Third Brigade, Third Division of the Twenty-third Corps, laid a pontoon near us at Phillips' Ferry and crossed over without much opposition, and intrenched. In this brigade there were two Tennessee regiments that had formerly belonged to Morgan's Seventh Division, Army of the Ohio, namely, the First and Fifth, the latter being in our old brigade when we were at Cumberland Gap, in 1862. The most of the crossings for eight or ten miles along the south side were kept guarded, the enemy being protected by detached fortifications and rifle-pits.

On the night of the 9th, Johnson moved his army to the south side of the Chattahoochee, burned the railroad bridge and fell back to Peachtree Creek, where he again built a strong line of works along the south bank. The Army of the Tennessee, under McPherson, was transferred from the right to the left, near Roswell, above Powers' Ferry, where in a few days it crossed, the remainder of Sherman's army crossing at Pace's Ferry, below the mouth of Soap Creek.

McCook's division was ordered to the right, below the Western & Atlantic road, where it rebuilt an old fort near where a bridge had been burned. Lilly's battery was placed in the fort, and on the 17th the enemy opened on our battery with nine guns from the forts on the south side of the river.

The fort being rudely constructed, the enemy's shells almost destroyed the works and compelled the battery to cease firing for a short time, but in the afternoon the enemy were discovered leaving, when Lilly's guns were run back and opened a rapid fire on the retreating columns.

After crossing the river, we moved forward on the Sandtown road, skirmishing heavily with the enemy during the afternoon, occupying their position at Mason's Church during the night. On the 17th day of July, General Joseph E. Johnson was relieved by the authorities at Richmond and General J. B. Hood placed in command. The greatest reason assigned for his removal was his failure to check Sherman and his victorious army, which was fast approaching the objective point.

The thundering of the artillery and the rattle of musketry had been heard from Tunnell Hill almost to the very gates of Atlanta, and this city and its important railway connections were now in danger. One peculiar feature of the campaign so far was that Johnson had never assaulted the Union lines, but on the other hand had done the most of his fighting behind positions of his own selection and works that were almost impregnable. But the patience, skill and watchfulness which he displayed on this memorable campaign entitled him to more praise than criticism. In the language of the immortal Lincoln in reference to a proposed change of commanders, said: "It is a bad plan to swap horses in the middle of a stream."

On the 23rd, McCook's division was attacked near Mason's Church, but repulsed the enemy. After this, orders were given to build a line of works. In this engagement, Stephen Smith, of Company A, was wounded.

There was constant skirmishing and heavy cannonading maintained along our whole front. McCook's division was thrown on Thomas's right, along Proctor's Creek, covering the Mason and Turner's Ferry roads, and while holding this position was attacked on the afternoon of the 25th. After

a brisk skirmish, the enemy were driven back, and we continued to hold this part of 'Thomas' line until the 27th.

On the 20th, just three days after Hood assumed the command of the Confederate army, he left his works and assaulted our lines furiously at Peachtree Creek, but was repulsed with severe loss. The desperate fighting on the 22nd, in which the gallant McPherson, commanding the Army of the Tennessee, was slain, on the Union side, and General Walker, on the Confederate side, and Ezra Church, the 28th, were all fought by the new Confederate commander, and the result of each has already passed into history. In these severe engagements, Hood was the attacking party. He was brave and determined, but rash, and was now about to lose the reputation that he had made in Virginia, under Longstreet, as a "stubborn fighter." In these assaults his loss was heavy, and he soon lost all taste for such recklessness and learned that it was much easier to defend rifle-pits than to capture them by assault, and subsequent events proved that his dash and eagerness to "rush" into battle cost him his command, and the Confederacy an army.

CHAPTER XIII.

RAID BELOW ATLANTA—GREAT DESTRUCTION OF PROPERTY—
DEATH OF LIEUT. ROBERTS—BROWLOW REFUSES TO SUR-
RENDER—CUTS THE LINES—HARDSHIPS OF THE MEN—
SWIMMING THE CHATTAHOOCHEE.

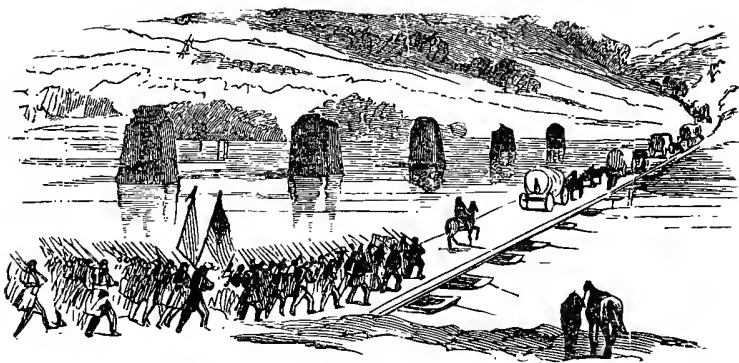
DIVISION OF THE MISSISSIPPI, July 25th, 1864.

SPECIAL FIELD ORDER No. 42.

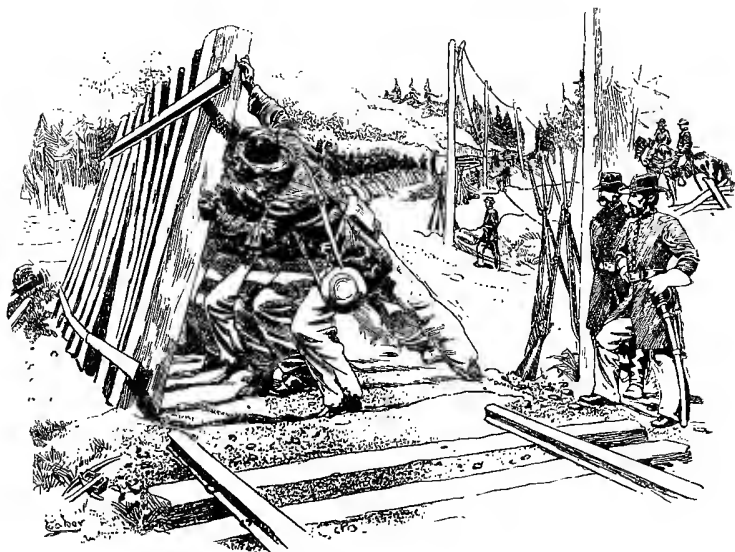
General McCook and Colonel Harrison's cavalry will move rapidly on Fayetteville and the railroad beyond, breaking it if possible. General McCook will command the joint cavalry command, his own and Colonel Harrison's, but will use Colonel Harrison's fatigued command as a reserve, and his own to reach the road and break it. The railroad when reached must be substantially destroyed for a space of two to five miles, telegraph wires pulled down as far as possible and hid in water or destroyed. The cavalry will, unless otherwise ordered, move out at daylight of Wednesday, the 27th instant, and aim to reach and break the railroad during the day or night of the 28th, and, having accomplished this work, will return to their proper flank of the army.

It will be seen from the above order that Sherman had resolved to break the two main roads running south from Atlanta. Stoneman, with five thousand men, was to move upon and destroy the Atlanta & Macon road, while McCook, with a force of about three thousand, five hundred men and one section of Lilly's Eighteenth Indiana Battery, was to break the Atlanta & West Point road. Before starting, Stoneman asked permission to make an attempt with his own division to release the two thousand Union prisoners at Macon and the twenty thousand at Andersonville.

Before starting on this raid, the Fourth Kentucky Mounted Infantry was attached to the First Brigade, taking the place of the Second Michigan, which had previously been sent to Middle Tennessee, where the veteran portion



A PONTOON BRIDGE



DESTRUCTION OF A RAILROAD TRACK

of the regiment was doing guard duty along the Nashville & Decatur Railroad. General John T. Croxton, a young and gallant Kentuckian, and the former colonel of the Fourth Kentucky, was placed in command of the brigade and remained its commander until our muster-out.

McCook's division was composed of three brigades. Croxton's brigade was composed of three regiments, and had an aggregate strength at that time of only nine hundred and forty officers and men. Everything was put in "trim" for the raid, and on the morning of the 27th, McCook moved his division back and crossed to the north side of the Chattahoochee River at Turner's Ferry. From this place the division was moved south to Campbellton, reaching the latter place at 3 p. m.

From this point we still moved south about six miles to Smith's Ferry, which is almost opposite Palmetto Station. Here a pontoon bridge was laid, and we again crossed to the south side early on the morning of the 28th with but slight opposition. After crossing, the whole command mounted and moved rapidly toward Palmetto Station, on the Atlanta & West Point road, with the Second Brigade in the advance. About two and one-half miles from the river the roads fork. Croxton's brigade took the right-hand road and, with the First Tennessee in the advance, pressed on rapidly, encountering only small squads of the enemy, reaching Palmetto Station at sunset, simultaneously with the Second Brigade, which had moved on the left-hand road.

At this place two hours were spent in destroying the railroad and telegraph line. We captured the mail, burned the depot, which contained a lot of cotton and a large quantity of salt, bacon and flour; tore up and destroyed the railroad track, cut and pulled down the telegraph wire, and at 9 p. m. mounted and moved toward Lovejoy's Station, on the Atlanta & Macon road, by way of Fayetteville, which was reached at daylight on the 29th, destroying at this place the mail and a lot of tobacco, whiskey and sacks.

At 5 a. m. the First Tennessee was ordered forward,

supported by a battalion of the Eighth Iowa under Major Root, capturing on the way about five hundred loaded wagons, which we turned over to the rear guard to burn, and in this way we were able to help many a distressed quartermaster to make settlement and "balance accounts." The most of the wagons belonged to Hood's army, and among them were several paymasters, with chests well filled with Confederate money. The boys filled their pockets, and on meeting a comrade who had failed to "suddenly become rich," would make him a present of a few thousand dollars by way of a joke.

We were soon overstocked with quartermasters, paymasters, teamsters and camp-followers, and, to be truthful, we had all the good horses and mules that we needed. The sorry ones were ordered to be killed. As we approached Flint River, the Confederates fired the bridge, but the First Tennessee, led by Colonel Brownlow, charged across the burning bridge, captured the guard, extinguished the fire and saved the bridge. We reached the railroad at Lovejoy's Station at 7 a. m., after an all-night march, and immediately cut the wire, and then commenced the destruction of the track, depot and cars.

Major Thornburgh, First Tennessee, and Major Root, Eighth Iowa, were ordered to the Station with their battalions to destroy the depot, cars and all other property, which they did most effectually. They destroyed three hundred thousand dollars' worth of cotton and salt, one hundred dollars' worth of tobacco—so estimated by our officers—besides a large quantity of bacon, lard and some miscellaneous property. While this was going on, the road was lined with men, who were busy tearing up the track and rendering the rails useless by heating and bending them around trees or over a pile of cross-ties.

When an army was pressed for time, the usual method of rendering rails unfit for use was the bending process, which was both simple and quickly done. A dozen or so ties were piled together, and across this the rails were placed



THE ADVANCE



FIRST LIEUTENANT JOHN ROBERTS, COMPANY C,
Killed at Lovejoy's Station, Ga., July 29, 1864

side by side until it was thoroughly covered; on each end of the rails two heavy ties were placed, and when the rails got hot enough from the burning ties the weight on the ends would force them to the ground, while the raiders would be many miles away.

General McCook expected to communicate with Stoneman from this place, as he was supposed to be at or near McDonough, and for that purpose kept his division waiting until 2 p. m. At times the troops had to cease the destruction of the road and take up their arms for battle. McCook, finding it impossible to communicate with Stoneman, decided that it was unwise and dangerous to wait longer and ordered his command to return to Moore's bridge, on the Chattahoochee River, by the way of Newnan, on the Atlanta & West Point road.

The delay almost proved fatal, as his command was almost surrounded by Wheeler's cavalry before starting. McCook had not moved his division more than one mile when Croxton's brigade, which was in the rear, was cut off from the remainder of the division and attacked with great vigor from the front and right flank by Armstrong's division. The enemy rushed upon our little brigade with all the ferocity of savages, but after a severe hand-to-hand conflict they were handsomely repulsed, but not without severe loss to the brigade.

Colonel Dorr, Eighth Iowa, was wounded, his adjutant and one lieutenant killed. The First Tennessee mourned the loss of Lieutenant John Roberts, Company C, who fell in this engagement, and like a true soldier died at his post of duty. He was brave, kind and courteous, beloved by all, and especially by the members of his company, who knew of his worth. His remains now rest in the beautiful National Cemetery at Marietta, Georgia. The writer visited the cemetery a few years ago and found his grave.

The Fourth Kentucky lost two companies by capture, and several men killed and wounded. After this spirited engagement, Croxton was able to withdraw his brigade, and

now moved rapidly forward and overtook the division. McCook now turned to the left and moved toward Newnan, with the Second brigade in the rear, until Flint River was reached. Here the division commander again placed Croxton's brigade in the rear, and during that July night it covered the rear.

The command was kept moving as rapidly as possible, but the column was greatly impeded by the pack-train and prisoners, which at times completely blocked the road. The men and horses were quite exhausted, and it was no uncommon thing to find the men riding along sound asleep, regardless of the strict orders from the officers to keep awake and the column well closed up. All this time the rear guard was hard pressed and the keen crack of the carbine was heard ringing out on the midnight air, warning us that the enemy was close upon the rear, covered by the gallant Fourth Kentucky, under Colonel Kelly.

The advance guard was fired upon several times during the night, and we momentarily expected to be attacked in flank, as there seemed to be a great many roads tapping the one over which we were marching. When Croxton's brigade reached the bridge over White Water Creek, the First Tennessee was halted and formed in line, covering the road where it crossed the stream, with orders to destroy the bridge and then cover the rear to Newnan, which was about ten miles southwest. The rear now became the place of honor, as well as danger, but the First Tennessee never asked for an easy place.

A small train of wagons was captured and destroyed during the night. About 10 a. m. on the 30th, the advance guard reached the Atlanta & West Point road near Newnan, and immediately cut the telegraph wire and destroyed the road in three places. This accomplished, McCook pushed on to Newnan, where he encountered an infantry force that had been stopped on its way to Atlanta by the break he had made in the road at Palmetto on the 28th. McCook, finding the force at this place too strong and escape cut off by

this route, moved to the left and rear of the town, with Harrison's brigade in the rear. He had moved his division but a short distance, when he found a heavy force in his front. This temporary check gave the infantry time to move up to the support of Wheeler's cavalry, which greatly outnumbered the Union troops. Wheeler had with him the divisions of Armstrong, Jackson and Roddy. The pursuing cavalry now had him completely hemmed in and he was compelled to drop his captives and fight. McCook's small division, which had been greatly reduced by death and capture, was in great danger of being captured. He ordered his command to prepare for action.

Croxton was ordered to form his brigade in line of battle, covering a road to his right, with the Eighth Iowa on the left, the Fourth Kentucky in the center and the First Tennessee on the right. The troops were dismounted, and at the command charged forward under a hot fire, driving back the enemy on this part of the line and holding them in check. Just then a force was seen advancing in line of battle in McCook's front. Croxton was ordered to mount his brigade and move forward at once.

This order was executed promptly and in gallant style by the Eighth Iowa, supported by the First Tennessee, in which Rose's brigade of Texas troops were driven back in great confusion, the general and a part of his staff being captured. McCook's division was almost surrounded and all avenues of escape nearly cut off. The fighting was severe; in fact, it was one series of brilliant charges and counter-charges. Lieutenant Miller, who was in command of the section of Lilly's battery, had in the two hours of hard fighting used up all the canister, and had only a few shells left. The enemy was fast closing in upon his guns when the First Tennessee was ordered to charge and save them if possible. The regiment raised the "yell," and in a few minutes the enemy was sent flying to the rear. The regiment captured several prisoners in this charge, and after sending them to the rear, charged on after the flying enemy until their second

line was reached. Here the firing was very heavy, and all that saved us was, they fired too high. The regiment was then ordered to fall back.

The chances of escape now looked bad, and thoughts of a horrible prison life seemed close at hand, for only a short distance away were the well-known prison pens of Andersonville and Macon, where at that time twenty-two thousand Union soldiers were confined. McCook ordered Lieutenant Miller to destroy his two guns, which had been doing such deadly work, cut the harness to pieces and mount his men on the artillery horses.

All this time the enemy was fast closing in on all sides and, so far as we could see, we were completely surrounded. McCook had put every man he had into the fight, even his escort, and then was unable to hold the advantage gained or even get through their line. McCook, finding his position completely enveloped by a vastly superior force, and when the day seemed lost and all hope of escape abandoned, called a council of his brigade and regimental commanders to decide what to do. McCook spoke of their calamity and the prospect of being made prisoners, when Colonel Brownlow remarked that he would be d—d if he would ever surrender. "What," said McCook, "will you do? How can you help it?" "Why," said Brownlow, "I can and will cut my way out. I would about as soon be killed in the attempt as to be sent to Andersonville or Libby. They treat Southerners worse in those prisons than they do you Northern men, and I am going to cut my way out if my men will follow me."

When Colonel Brownlow returned to his regiment and told the men what he proposed to do, they raised a shout and said, "You are right, Colonel; by G—d, we will follow you!" Then Brownlow went in one direction and McCook another both reaching Marietta about the same time. Brownlow was ordered to lead the brigade in this forlorn hope. The route selected was through a large open field, but upon examination an impassable ditch was found, but, after some

little delay Brownlow's eagle eye caught sight of a small bridge, across which he led his regiment. Croxton rode out with Colonel Brownlow, and after crossing the ravine ordered Brownlow to form his regiment on the crest of a ridge, facing the enemy.

Croxton ordered up the remainder of his brigade and sent McCook word that he was out and that the road was clear. McCook at once ordered Croxton to move south in the direction of LaGrange, but in a short time became separated from his brigade. Colonel Brownlow, supposing that he was captured, assumed command and moved in the direction of the Chattahoochee River. The command was badly scattered, and it seemed like the old-time adage was about to be fulfilled—"Boys, take care of yourselves, and the devil take the hindmost man."

McCook came through with detachments of the Second and Third brigades, while a portion of the Second remained with Brownlow. It was about 5 p. m., July 30, when the command left the field near Newnan, and now began a race for life. The men and horses were utterly exhausted and worn out. The men had been constantly in the saddle day and night ever since the 27th of June, with almost constant fighting and no sleep except the "forty winks" snatched while on the march. But the men were nerved up to the supreme effort by the surrounding circumstances.

The Chattahoochee River, with its steep, rugged banks and swift-flowing current, with no means of crossing, was in our front and must be crossed before morning. All prisoners and led horses were dropped before starting, and with a hostile army in our rear we made very good time during the night. Colonel Brownlow kept his weary column moving as rapidly as the circumstances would permit, and at 1 a. m. on the 31st reached the Chattahoochee River at Rotherwood.

At this place Brownlow found two small canoes, and immediately commenced crossing his troops, which was necessarily a slow one on account of the limited means at hand. Colonel Brownlow displayed great energy and cour-

age on this occasion and set a noble example to his men by swimming the river time and again, helping his men to cross. Scores of the men, becoming impatient at the slow process, plunged their horses into the river and succeeded in gaining the opposite shore, while others would "grab" a horse's tail and make the poor animal perform double duty.

When from two to three hundred had succeeded in crossing, the enemy made an attack from both sides of the river and captured scores of men, who, from exhaustion and want of sleep, had laid down while the men in front were crossing, thinking they were in no danger. It was about seventy-five miles from this place to Marietta, and as the greater part of the men had lost their horses at the river, the journey had to be made on foot. The route was through a hostile country, and as the news had gone forth that the country was alive with "Yankees" every old Georgia farmer who had a gun was on the lookout for our men.

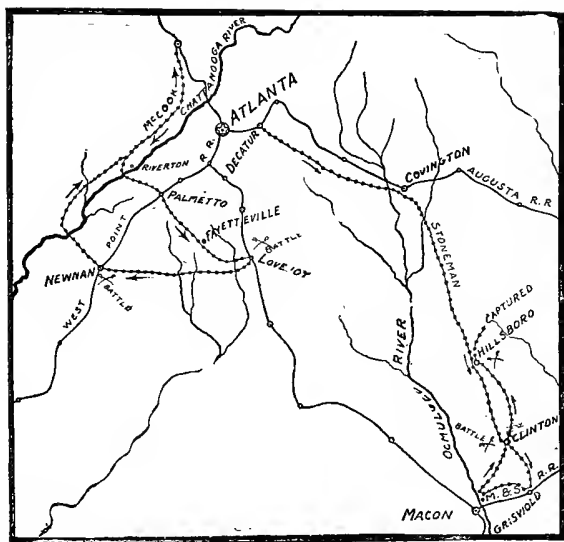
The Confederate cavalry was divided up into small squads and kept the country through which we traveled thoroughly guarded, making escape exceedingly doubtful. Some of the boys were captured almost in sight of the Union pickets. Others were pursued through thickets and swamps, but at last reached the Union line at Marietta. Among the first to arrive was Colonel Brownlow and a small detachment of men from different regiments.

On the 2nd day of August, the boys began to come into camp, some barefooted, others without hats, but each one with a story that would fill a volume. The regiment was greatly reduced before starting on the raid, and the writer is sorry that he is unable to give the strength at that time. The First Tennessee sustained the following loss on the raid, which is very light considering the amount of service rendered:

Killed—Company C, First Lieutenant John Roberts.

Wounded and Captured—Company K, Bugler James Ray; Company M, Private B. F. Hously.

Captured—Adjutant John M. Harris and Hospital



MAP SHOWING ROUTE TAKEN BY MCCOOK'S DIVISION,
 In the rear of Atlanta, July, 1864.

Steward S. H. Hendrix; Company A, Captain Moses Wiley, Privates Colby Payne and William Ward; Company D, Privates D. C. C. Brown and John Earls; Company I, Privates William Gharst, Hugh Davis, W. F. Williams and Jeremiah Rogers; Company C, Corporal John A. Potter; Company K, Lieutenant A. M. Smith and Private John Dunn; Company L, Private Jacob Collier; Company M, Farier S. R. Taylor, Privates S. J. Felknor and Jacob McNeese; Company B, Calvin Wolf.

The officers were first taken to Macon and after a short stay at that place were sent to Charleston and from there to Columbia. The enlisted men were sent to Andersonville, where, after several months of suffering, some were exchanged, while others answered to the last roll-call on earth and passed over the river and joined the vast army beyond.

“Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!
Dear as the blood ye gave;
No impious footsteps here shall tread
The herbage of your grave!
Nor shall your glory be forgot
While Fame her record keeps,
Or Honor points the hallowed spot
Where valor proudly sleeps.”

After a hasty review of the raid, no just criticism can be made of its management, for it was planned by an able general and promptly and faithfully executed by a skilful and brave general, backed and supported by gallant officers and men. It is exceedingly doubtful, however, if McCook had not waited so long at Lovejoy's Station to hear from Stoneman, that any misfortune would have overtaken his command. The valuable time lost was wisely improved by the enemy, who was rapidly concentrating his forces at Lovejoy, with Wheeler between our command and that of Stoneman. When McCook left Lovejoy for Newnan, a large force was in his rear, as well as on his flanks, so by the time his division reached Newnan it was almost surrounded, and nothing saved it from capture but stubborn fighting.

McCook, in his official report of the raid, says: "I regard the raid as a brilliant success, and had the forces of General Stoneman been able to unite with mine near McDonough, as I understood was contemplated by the general commanding the military division, I think we might have successively carried our arms wherever we desired, and accomplished more magnificent results than any raid in the history of the war. My whole loss, killed, wounded and missing, will not exceed five hundred. It is not improper here to refer to the fact that the rebel papers acknowledge a loss of from eight to nine hundred, and severely censure their generals for not having, with their vastly superior force, entirely destroyed our whole command. In concluding my report, I desire to make special mention of Colonel Brownlow, First Tennessee, and other officers of my command." * * *

By the 10th the most of the scattered troops had eluded their pursuers and made their way to our camp at Marietta.

Stoneman's command did not fare so well. It seems that he moved direct to Macon for the purpose of releasing the Union prisoners confined there, but was unsuccessful. He went close enough to shell the town, but the place was too strongly fortified, and he withdrew a short distance, where he and several hundred of his men were captured. The remainder of his troops cut their way out and returned. Stoneman's troops, however, did considerable damage to the road.

After the famous McCook raid in the rear of Atlanta, the First Tennessee lay quietly in camp at Marietta, enjoying for a short time the first rest since the opening of the campaign. This was a very long and active campaign, lasting for one hundred days. During a portion of the time there was almost a continuous downpour of rain, making the roads almost impassable, consequently all the movements of the army were slow and difficult.

Magnificent forts and long lines of rifle-pits had been built by Johnson's army across our line of march to check

the invading army. These works had cost weeks of hard labor, but were all wrested from the prudent and sagacious Confederate commander, General Joseph E. Johnson. These were the fruits of months of hard, patient service and were obtained at a cost to us of hundreds of brave men. When Sherman found the works too formidable to be taken by assault, he resorted to his well-known "flanking business," which usually produced the desired result.

The following report will give the reader an idea of the cost of war and what we were doing all this time. General J. M. Brannan, chief of artillery, Army of the Cumberland, reported the following expenditure of ammunition from May 3 to September 3: Eighty-six thousand, six hundred and eleven rounds of artillery ammunition, and eleven million, eight hundred and fifteen thousand, two hundred and ninety-nine rounds of small-arms ammunition, used by the Army of the Cumberland alone.

The official report of General W. L. Elliott, commander-in-chief of the cavalry, Army of the Cumberland, during the Atlanta campaign for the same period, shows a loss in McCook's division of eleven hundred and forty-eight officers and enlisted men, killed, wounded and missing.

CHAPTER XIV.

ORDERED TO NASHVILLE—WHEELER'S RAID—SHARP FIGHTING
—COLONEL BROWNLOW WOUNDED — WHEELER DRIVEN
ACROSS THE TENNESSEE—FORREST RETURNS BUT MEETS
THE SAME FATE—THE DARING RAIDER FORCED TO FIGHT—
FIGHTING BUSHWHACKERS—LIFE ALONG THE TENNESSEE.

In the recent raid south of Atlanta, the men composing McCook's division lost a great many of their horses, and as it was important that this splendid division should be fitted up and take the field with as little delay as possible, Croxton was ordered to turn over the horses belonging to his brigade for the purpose of furnishing re-mounts for the remainder of the division. This being done, he was ordered to take his brigade to Nashville for the purpose of being re-equipped and remounted.

The First Tennessee moved by rail from Marietta to Nashville by way of Chattanooga. The Western & Atlantic Railroad, the one over which the regiment was being transported, runs through a country unsurpassed for scenery. Earthworks and new-made graves were also visible along this historic road. Nothing of special interest occurred on the way to Nashville.

The regiment reached its destination without accident, and was immediately moved to Camp Smith, about three miles east of Nashville, on the Cumberland River. The First Tennessee pitched its tents at the east end of the camp. From this point we had a splendid view of the Cumberland River. This camp was in a beautiful grove of oak and poplar trees, whose wide-spreading branches made inviting places for the boys to pass away their idle moments as well as protect them from the hot rays of the sun.

During the long summer campaign, the uniforms of the officers and men, that were once bright and new, were now faded and covered with dust. The faces of the men were bronzed by the blazing sun, and as the regiment marched through the streets of Nashville the appearance of the men indicated that they had been at the front.

The Christian Commission, through its agents, visited our camp and furnished the men with many things that the government did not provide for its defenders. This grand organization did a great deal of good by furnishing the soldiers with many little useful articles, such as paper and envelopes, needles, buttons and thread. In addition to these articles, they furnished the soldiers with Bibles, Testaments and hymn-books.

The duty imposed upon the regiment was very light, in fact, it was a "picnic" to us, and we began to put on style and "play soldier" again.

Eighteen long months had passed by since the regiment had left Nashville and gone to the front, and during that time we were scarcely ever out of sight of the enemy's camp. With our bountiful supply of "greenbacks" we were able to purchase a great many things that our generous government did not furnish us with, such as watermelons, peaches, grapes and apples.

While we were enjoying this delightful season of rest and "high living," General Joe Wheeler, our old antagonist, was on his way out from a raid through East Tennessee, and headed for Nashville. This raid furnished the opportunity for further display of gallantry on the part of Colonel Brownlow and his "fighting regiment."

Croxton's brigade drew horses, and everything about our camp was put in order to meet this unexpected movement of Wheeler. Orders were issued to the First Tennessee to be ready to move at a moment's notice, and to an "old soldier" that kind of an order usually meant business. Wheeler was moving toward Nashville with a large force of cavalry, and General L. H. Rousseau, who was in command

of the District of Middle Tennessee, with headquarters at Nashville, ordered Croxton to move his brigade from Camp Smith to Lavergne, a station on the Nashville & Chattanooga Railroad, and fifteen miles southeast of Nashville.

General Croxton moved his brigade at 6 p. m., August 31, closely followed by Rousseau, with a force of infantry. It was a beautiful night, and as we marched along the turnpike leading to Murfreesboro, myriads of twinkling stars peeped out from a cloudless sky, furnishing sufficient light for the marching columns.

The First Tennessee under Colonel Brownlow led the column, and after moving a short distance from camp, Company C was ordered to the front for an advance guard. This was not the first time the First Tennessee had ever marched along the turnpikes of Middle Tennessee at night, neither was it a new experience to lead a marching army.

As we were marching along we could see a very bright light in our front, and supposed that Wheeler was burning the depot at Lavergne. When we were within a few miles of Lavergne, Company A was sent forward to reinforce the advance guard. No singing or loud talking was allowed that night.

Toward midnight, our advance struck Wheeler's pickets about two miles from Lavergne, and after a lively skirmish his pickets were driven in.

Rousseau halted his command for the night, deeming it unwise to move any farther, as he knew nothing of the strength and location of the enemy. Colonel Brownlow was ordered to dismount his regiment, send his horses to the rear and build a rail barricade across the turnpike and hold his position until morning. In this midnight skirmish, Privates W. A. Cannon and Zack Peay, of Company C, were wounded, and three horses shot.

The regiments built a temporary line of works and remained in line of battle during the night, and early the next morning, September 1, Colonel Brownlow was ordered to take the advance again. He led forward his regiment toward

Lavergne and in a short time engaged that portion of the enemy which he had fought during the night. The most of Wheeler's troops were in our front, and he was making a desperate attempt to hold us in check until his men could destroy the road.

The First Tennessee continued to drive back Wheeler's troops toward Lavergne, and when near that place, Colonel Brownlow charged his advance and drove it back rapidly upon his main line, which was partly concealed by a heavy cedar grove, and after a hand-to-hand fight, in which the saber was freely used, the regiment was driven back by overwhelming numbers until the remainder of the brigade was met. Two companies of the Eighth Iowa and Company C, First Tennessee, were detached and sent on the gallop to the railroad to drive away a force that was tearing up the track.

This little detachment drove in their pickets, charged upon and routed the troops that were engaged in the destruction of the track. The enemy had fired a small bridge, but with a few canteens of water the fire was extinguished and the bridge saved. We killed one man, captured five and returned without loss to our ranks.

Not until the most of Wheeler's forces were massed and hurled upon the regiment did it yield an inch, and then the enemy were not allowed to press it with impunity. Wheeler, finding himself hard pressed, left the Nashville & Chattanooga Road late in the afternoon, without doing much damage. He turned almost due west and struck the Nashville & Decatur Road, at Franklin. In this short but spirited engagement, the First Tennessee sustained the following loss:

Killed—Company D, Sergeant Geo. W. Witt; Company I, Private Samuel Broyles; Company B, Sergeant John Hopson; Corporal Thos. L. Seal and Private Thomas Cook.

Missing in Action—Company B, Claiborne Gibbs.

Wounded—Company I, Private Elbert Smith; Company E, Private Newton F. Smelser, severely; Company K, Private E. S. Smith; Company L, Privates Henry C. Fisher

and John Martin; Company B, Lieutenant Daniel S. Fox, Privates James G. Trent and Rolly Maze. Corporal Robert Marsh was seriously hurt by his horse falling while making the charge.

John Hopson was color sergeant of Company B, and was killed while carrying the guidon of his company.

Rousseau pursued the retreating enemy rapidly from Lavergne, marching almost the entire night, reaching Franklin about daylight on the morning of the 2nd. At this place we were joined by the Second Michigan, of our brigade. This regiment had been doing guard duty for some time along the Nashville & Decatur Railroad.

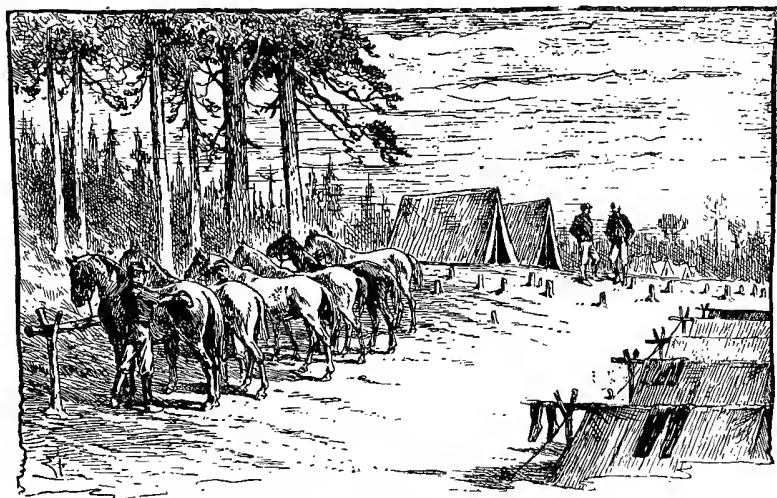
Wheeler had swung around Franklin and was approaching from the south just as Croxton's brigade was entering from the east. The two columns met on a high range of hills about one mile south of town on the turnpike leading from Franklin to Columbia. Our battery took up a position on the turnpike and opened a brisk fire on the enemy, who were just a short distance in our front. Wheeler, seeing that we had won in the race for position, now made an attempt to turn our right flank and capture the battery that was dealing out shells, grape and canister in such great profusion.

Colonel Brownlow was ordered to move his regiment at once and occupy the hill to the right of our battery and to hold it at all hazards. The regiment was moved to the foot of the hill on the gallop. Here Colonel Brownlow dismounted his regiment and, forming it in line of battle, moved rapidly up the steep and rocky hill. The day was exceedingly hot, so by the time the summit was reached we were almost exhausted. Wheeler moved his troops forward with equal promptness, so the contending forces met at the crest almost at the same moment.

The firing was severe and began at close range, and in a few minutes the hill was completely enveloped in smoke. Almost at the first fire, Colonel Brownlow, while gallantly leading his men into the very ranks of the enemy, fell severely wounded, and was borne from the field amid



SOUNDING THE CHARGE



A CAVALRY CAMP

a perfect tempest of bullets. A musket-ball passed through both of his legs, producing a very painful wound—a wound that almost proved fatal. He was immediately carried to the rear, where his wounds were dressed, but almost bled to death before the surgeons reached him. About the same time, Lieutenant I. B. Self, C. S., received a wound in the head, at first supposed to be mortal, but by good nursing he survived his wound and is now a prominent Cumberland Presbyterian minister.

After the fall of Colonel Brownlow, Lieutenant-Colonel C. M. Dyer assumed command of the regiment, and filled the position to which he was so suddenly and unexpectedly called with that cool and conspicuous bravery that had characterized him on all occasions. He was a brave, true Christian soldier, and the noble example he set before the brave men he was called at that trying moment to command, was worthy of emulation.

The enemy made several attempts to drive the First Tennessee from its position, but the orders were, "Hold the hill, and don't give it up until ordered to do so." We fought from behind logs, trees, rocks or anything else that would afford us protection from the pelting storm of lead. The First Tennessee was not ashamed or the least bit backward on an occasion like this to seek the friendly protection of a stump, or a tree, in order that a valuable life might be saved. The regiment maintained its position until the left had been repulsed and driven back almost in its rear, when Croxton ordered Lieutenant-Colonel Dyer to fall back.

The regiment fell back in splendid order, and it is a fact worthy of remark that the enemy in its front were so severely punished that they did not pursue as it withdrew. Croxton moved his brigade back a short distance and took up a new position, which he held until the arrival of Rousseau and his infantry. Wheeler remained in our front until late in the afternoon, when he withdrew and moved south.

The First Tennessee sustained the following loss:

Killed and Mortally Wounded—Company A, James

Martin, mortally wounded, died Nov. 5; Company D, Corporal Robert B. Cook.

Wounded—Colonel James P. Brownlow, severely; Company D, Lieutenant I. B. Self, C. S., and John W. Legg, severely; Company E, William Fletcher; Company M, C. M. Fellers.

In this engagement the First Tennessee was confronted by the Fourth Tennessee, Eighth and Eleventh Texas Cavalry, of Kelley's division. Among those who fell on the Confederate side and in front of the First Tennessee, was Brigadier-General J. H. Kelley, one of Wheeler's brave and trusted division commanders.

While we were engaged at Franklin, Atlanta, one of the most important cities of the Confederacy, fell into our hands, together with its extensive mills and foundries. The First Tennessee had contributed three months of hard and distinguished service toward its capture, but was ordered away before it fell.

There was considerable sharp skirmishing during the afternoon, in fact, it continued until darkness enveloped both armies and shut out from view the contending forces. Rousseau's troops camped on the field during the night, and early the next morning he pushed his column toward Columbia, in search of Wheeler, who had retreated south during the night, under cover of darkness.

General Rousseau, not being detained by engagements or burnt bridges during the day, marched his army in the vicinity of Columbia and bivouacked for the night. At this place, Wheeler scattered his troops for the purpose of misleading the pursuing column, consequently the greater part of the 4th was spent in trying to ascertain the route his main force had taken. Late in the afternoon, Croxton was ordered to advance with his brigade toward Pulaski, halting for the night about six miles from Columbia.

The pursuit was resumed early on the morning of the 5th, and when near a small hamlet called Campbellsville, Croxton overtook a portion of Wheeler's force, and a lively

engagement ensued. Wheeler had taken up a strong position in an extensive beech forest, which afforded great protection to his men. The artillery was run up and opened a brisk fire on the enemy. At the same time, Croxton moved his brigade forward in line of battle and soon the whole line was warmly engaged.

Rousseau's troops were too far in the rear to be of any benefit to Croxton, consequently his small brigade was alone, contending against the most of Wheeler's troops. Finding it impossible to dislodge Wheeler from the position he had taken, Croxton ordered the First Tennessee, under Lieutenant-Colonel Dyer, to charge him with the saber. In the execution of this order the First Tennessee was compelled to charge across an open field under a brisk fire.

But the regiment never failed to execute an order, and on this occasion, with its accustomed gallantry, charged upon the enemy with the saber, cutting and slashing right and left, breaking his line and driving him from the woods. The remainder of Croxton's brigade advanced, and soon Wheeler's troops were routed and sent flying southward.

The casualties in the First Tennessee were as follows:

Killed and Mortally Wounded—Company F, John H. Shaver; Company C, Sergeant J. L. Geasland, mortally wounded, died in hospital at Nashville, Sept. 30; Company K, Harrison Key; Company L, John W. Pettitt and W. H. Osmitt.

Wounded—Company A, James Harris; Company F, Geo. W. Black, Peter Henry and Nathaniel Spencer; Company I, A. J. Kelly, severely wounded and captured; Company C, James R. Chambless; Company M, Harvey Bales.

In this charge, Sergeant J. B. Clapp, of Company C, had the misfortune of having his horse shot from under him. He was carrying the regimental flag, and in falling his right leg was caught under his horse. The plucky sergeant managed to extricate himself with the loss of one boot and a few bruises, but saved the colors.

This was the last stand made by Wheeler. Finding him-

self closely pursued, he withdrew and moved rapidly through Pulaski, and after an exciting chase he succeeded in crossing the Tennessee River near Rodgersville, Alabama. The loss inflicted to our railroads was very light, and so closely was Wheeler pursued that not a single place of any importance was captured, and on the whole his raid was not a very great success.

After Wheeler had been driven across Tennessee River, General Croxton's brigade was ordered to Franklin, where a camp was laid out. This camp was southeast of town, near Harpeth River, and in a beautiful grove of oaks and elms. This was one of the prettiest camps that the regiment had ever laid out. The tents were put up in parallel rows, with wide streets between each company. Pretty arbors were put up in front to break the force of the sun.

We were not permitted to enjoy this beautiful camp very long. It is said that Hood was very much disappointed at the light damage inflicted upon the railroads by Wheeler, and determined to send another raiding party to more fully destroy the roads that were supplying Sherman's army. Forrest at once set about organizing a force of at least ten thousand men for this purpose. He crossed the Tennessee River at Waterloo, Alabama, September 20, and moved upon the Nashville & Decatur Road, striking it first at Athens.

Here, after considerable skirmishing and maneuvering, Forrest succeeded in capturing the place, with the garrison, a portion of it being a small detachment of the Third Tennessee Cavalry. The bold raider pushed north and on the 25th captured the garrison and burned the long trestle at Sulphur Branch. At this place, the remainder of the Third Tennessee Cavalry was surrounded and captured, after a brave defense of this important place. Forrest, elated with his success thus far, now moved on toward Pulaski, destroying some small bridges and several miles of track.

All this time Rousseau was collecting and concentrating his scattered forces at Pulaski to head off Forrest and stop his march north. General Croxton's brigade was

pushed forward from Franklin and by the time Forrest reached Pulaski he found Rousseau there with a force, awaiting his coming, so he turned to the right to avoid an engagement, but was met on the east side of town and compelled to fight.

There was some sharp fighting during the 27th around Pulaski, and at night Forrest drew off. The loss in the regiment was:

Killed—Company L, C. G. Montgomery.

Wounded—Company L, Eli Cleveland.

Forrest was very much astonished and perplexed to find such a large force in his front, for it was his intention to strike the Nashville & Chattanooga Railroad with his whole force; but, having learned that a much heavier force was in his front than he wished to meet, changed his direction and divided his forces. A portion of Forrest's command succeeded in reaching the Nashville & Chattanooga Road near Tullahoma, where the track for a short distance was destroyed and the wires cut.

General Forrest, with the remainder of his command, moved to our rear in the direction of Columbia, but we were pushing him so close that he made no attack. He still moved north and at Spring Hill he destroyed the track by turning it down an embankment. Forrest was unable to move any further north, as there were four columns closing in upon him.

The daring raider now turned southwest and passed through Lawrenceburg. On the 6th day of October, we overtook his rear guard at Cypress Creek, Alabama, and after a brisk skirmish he fled and made his escape by crossing the Tennessee River at Bainbridge. This was the second time inside of a month that we had assisted in driving the enemy out of our State and across the beautiful Tennessee. In this skirmish, L. C. H. Long, Company A, was wounded and captured.

The chief object of these raids was for the purpose of destroying the railroads and burning bridges, but the damage

was so slight that it only took a short time to place the road again in running order. So, after long and weary marches and hard fighting, the State was once more rid of the raiders, and all efforts to baffle Sherman in his preparations for his grand march to the sea were at an end.

On the 10th, the regiment and brigade took up the line of march for Pulaski, by way of Florence and Lexington. We remained only a few days, however, at Pulaski. From this place, Croxton moved his brigade to the Tennessee River, and during the remainder of the month it was engaged in guarding the ferries from Muscle Shoals to Florence. In addition to this duty, we maintained a courier line between our camp and Pulaski.

The First Tennessee camped for a short time at Center Star and Blue Water Creek. The citizens in this part of Alabama were very hostile toward the Union soldiers, and large numbers armed themselves and turned out to be regular "bushwhackers." They would hide in some secluded spot and when the couriers came riding by these midnight murderers would fire upon them.

During the remainder of October the regiment lost in killed and wounded as follows:

Killed—Company L, W. G. B. Williams.

Wounded—Company A, Nathaniel Robinson; Company K, Cornelius Smith; Company L, Charles V. Orton, severely.

Shortly after the fall of Atlanta, Jefferson Davis, the Southern president, left Richmond and came south to confer with his generals in regard to the next campaign, and also to arouse his soldiers to greater activity, and, if possible, remove that despondent feeling that Hood's army had fallen into since the removal of Johnson. At this meeting, Hood outlined his proposed plan, which was to throw his whole force upon Sherman's long line of communication and destroy it, thereby forcing him to abandon his "march to the sea," and again transfer the seat of war to Tennessee.

The plan was approved, and as Hood seemed to be full

of pluck and enterprise, all eyes were centered upon him. He at once set about putting his army "in trim" for—as it proved to be—his last campaign. It was some little time after Hood began his march north before Sherman was able to determine at what point he would strike his line first.

When General Sherman became thoroughly convinced that Hood was going toward Tennessee, he sent General George H. Thomas, that grand old hero, the "Rock of Chickamauga," who never lost a battle, back to Nashville to organize a force sufficiently large to crush Hood at the proper time. Two divisions of the Sixteenth Corps, under General A. J. Smith, then in Missouri; the Fourth Corps, under General D. S. Stanley; the Twenty-third Corps, under General J. M. Schofield, and the two remaining brigades of McCook's division of cavalry of Sherman's army, were sent to Thomas.

While Hood was busy getting ready for his northern campaign, Sherman was also making preparations for his grand march from Atlanta to the sea, and when he became fully satisfied that Hood was on his way into Tennessee, he cut the wires, burned the bridges in his rear, and on the 15th day of November he left Atlanta, and of him President Lincoln said: "We know where he went in, but no one can tell where he will come out."

Hood began his march the first of October. He entered the campaign full of hope, and with his large army he expected to move in the rear of Sherman's army and destroy his long line of communication, and as far as possible feed his army on captured supplies. Hood also entertained the hope that this move north would arouse the "old-time" war spirit in Tennessee and Kentucky, and that thousands would flock to his standard, and with this additional force he could sweep north to the Ohio River, if he desired to do so.

Sherman followed Hood as far north as Dalton, but did not propose to give up his hold on Georgia or be led off upon a "wild goose chase" if he could prevent it. Toward the last of October, Hood moved his army westward to Summer-

ville and Decatur. At the latter place he expected to cross the Tennessee River, but finding the place too strongly fortified, he now turned west and moved along the south side of the river to Tuscumbia, Ala.

Croxton's small brigade was the only troops on this wing of the Union army, and at this time the total effective strength was about one thousand men, well officered, well equipped, and good "fighters." This veteran brigade was entrusted with the arduous duty of guarding the ferries and crossings for twelve or fifteen miles along the Tennessee River; and many weary days and nights were spent by the men of the First Tennessee in watching the movements of Hood's troops on the opposite shore, as they went "nosing" about, trying to find a good and suitable place to cross.

By great activity and watchfulness on the part of this brigade, every movement of the enemy and every indication of his intention were promptly reported to General Thomas, the nearest telegraph station being at Pulaski. The mosquitoes gave us almost as much trouble as Hood's men. They were very friendly and excellent foragers, but invariably wanted their "meals" free, and if they ever caught a fellow napping they went for him with all their might.

The muscadine, a fruit resembling the grape, was found in great abundance along the Tennessee River, and the First Tennessee enjoyed many great feasts from this delicious fruit, which grew spontaneously in the rich bottoms bordering on the river. Though we were in the State of Alabama, yet we were guarding the crossings of our own beautiful Tennessee, whose waters were gathered from the hills and valleys of our own East Tennessee. Near Bridgeport, the Tennessee River leaves the State and, turning almost due south, enters Alabama and runs "away down" into the State, then, turning northwest, again re-enters Tennessee a short distance below Waterloo, Alabama.

CHAPTER XV.

HOOD CROSSES THE TENNESSEE—RACE WITH SCHOFIELD—
HATCH FLOGS FORREST AT CAMPBELLSVILLE—WILSON AT
DUCK RIVER—NIGHT MARCH TO FRANKLIN—PREPARA-
TIONS FOR BATTLE.

On the 29th of October, the advance of Hood's army drove back Croxton's cavalry at Florence, Alabama, and in the afternoon of the same day attempted to lay their pontoon bridge, but as the fire of the Union cavalry was so hot, the further attempt was delayed until darkness set in. During the night the bridge was completed and on the morning of the 30th, Johnson's division of Lee's corps crossed over and threw up a line of works.

Croxton, finding that the whole of Hood's army was in his front at Florence, fell back behind Shoal Creek, picketing heavily on the road leading to Florence. Early on the morning of November 5, the First Tennessee, under Lieutenant-Colonel Dyer, was sent out to reconnoiter the enemy's position on the road leading to Florence, and when about three miles from camp, the advance guard of the regiment was met and driven back by a column of rebel infantry. We learned afterwards that this was Johnson's division of Lee's corps. Lieutenant-Colonel Dyer retired slowly, disputing every foot of ground, and on reaching Shoal Creek the regiment moved to the north side and was formed in line of battle to the left of the road.

General Croxton heard the sharp firing of the First Tennessee, and on reaching Shoal Creek we found the brigade and two 12-pound Howitzers in line of battle along the north bank of the creek. The name of the battery I cannot now recall, but think it was a United States battery.

About 9:30 a. m., the enemy appeared on the opposite side of the creek, when our guns opened a rapid fire on them. The Confederates responded with six guns, and soon the air was full of flying missiles. The enemy's skirmishers repeatedly advanced to the bank of the creek, but our fire was so rapid and destructive that they were unable to cross, and were compelled to fall back and seek shelter in the woods. Hood's men, already feeling good over their success in crossing the Tennessee without serious opposition, now moved up in force, and attempted to cross, but our fire was so hot they fell back. But the artillery on both sides kept up the fire.

Hood's men were so severely punished during the forenoon that they made no further attempt to force a crossing in our front. The artillery on both sides kept up a rapid and vigorous fire from commanding positions, while shot and shell went flying thick and fast across the stream, the Union guns maintaining the unequal contest with great courage.

Johnson, believing that there was a large force in his front, and being unable to effect a crossing on the main road, sent two brigades to a ford on our left, near the mouth of Shoal Creek, where they crossed. This move forced Croxton to abandon his position and fall back. The enemy had almost gained our rear before he was discovered, consequently it was a hair-breadth escape all around.

When Croxton found that his left flank was turned, he ordered his brigade to fall back to the road. The First Tennessee was on the left of the brigade and in line along the north bank of the creek, with a thick growth of scrubby timber in its rear. The Fourth Kentucky was to our right, and was fighting dismounted. The Second Michigan and Eighth Iowa were still further to our right. When we began to fall back, the enemy immediately plunged into the stream and followed close upon our heels.

On reaching the road, Croxton was compelled to halt the First Tennessee and Fourth Kentucky for the purpose of checking the enemy long enough to let the other two regi-

ments and battery get to the road. The enemy soon emerged from the woods we had just left and moved on the quick step toward our thin line of battle. As they approached, the First Tennessee and Fourth Kentucky gave them a volley, which for the moment staggered their line, and during this temporary check Croxton ordered his brigade to retire.

Just as we reached the road our battery went dashing by, under "whip and spur," the enemy not being over fifty yards away, but could do but little with empty muskets in their hands.

Croxton fell back a short distance and took up a new position near Sugar Creek. In this engagement the First Tennessee sustained a very small loss, a loss that the writer is unable to account for, as the regiment was in the engagement from beginning to end. It was one of the many lucky escapes for the regiment. Company B lost one man, Sergeant Robert A. Trent. He was reported as "missing in action," and supposed to have been killed. Robert Adair, Company C, was severely wounded. This brave and gallant soldier received his fourth wound in this engagement, besides being hit with a spent ball on the retreat from Cumberland Gap, in 1862. Just as the order was given to fall back, he was struck in the left breast with a musket ball, which passed through his body, producing, as we thought, a mortal wound. Almost at the same moment his horse was killed, and both went down together. The Confederates were advancing, and were not fifty yards away, when Sergeant James B. Clapp and the writer dismounted, picked up their wounded comrade, who seemed more dead than alive, and placed him on the horse behind his brother. We then hurriedly mounted our horses and all escaped without further injury, amid a shower of lead. But, strange to say, this iron soldier survived his wound and is at this date an honored citizen of Knox county, but much shattered in health.

During the night the enemy recrossed the stream, and Croxton's pickets re-occupied the line at Shoal Creek.

During our stay at this place the Presidential election

of 1864 took place amid these stirring events, and the boys in blue were given an opportunity of expressing their choice between the opposing candidates. The Republicans had re-nominated Abraham Lincoln for President and Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee, for Vice-President, while the Democrats selected as their candidate for President, General Geo. B. McClellan, and for Vice-President, Geo. H. Pendleton. After the votes had been counted and the result announced, there was great rejoicing in camp over the result, as Abraham Lincoln had received almost the unanimous vote of Croxton's brigade.

Hood was compelled to wait until sufficient supplies could be collected to warrant the opening of an active campaign. This delay was of the greatest importance to Thomas, as it gave him more time to collect his scattered forces, with which he was expected to drive Hood from Tennessee. Hood's field returns, dated November 16, 1864, show an aggregate force present of forty-four thousand, eight hundred and thirty-two. These returns do not include Forrest's cavalry, at least nine thousand strong, which at that time was absent on a raid along the Tennessee River, but rejoined Hood before he started on his campaign.

Hood entered Tennessee with three corps of infantry and one of cavalry, commanded respectively by Cheatham, Stewart, Lee and Forrest, and it is safe to say that his army numbered at least fifty thousand men, while Thomas did not have exceeding twenty-seven thousand men, of all arms, confronting Hood, until Nashville was reached.

General Edward Hatch, with the Fifth Division of Cavalry, was sent to Sugar Creek to reinforce Croxton's brigade, and, being the ranking officer present, assumed command of all the cavalry at that place.

There was sharp picket fighting in our front. Our scouts having learned that Hood's entire army was now on the north side, all the roads leading toward the enemy's camp were blockaded with fallen timber, so as to delay him as much as possible. Rafts were sent down the river to break

his bridges, but we never knew whether they were broken or not.

On the 19th, Hatch moved the most of his division out toward Shoal Creek, where he met Forrest, with a large force, moving along the west side. Coon's brigade, of Hatch's division, crossed and attacked Forrest, but was forced to re-cross the stream after some sharp fighting. This move developed the fact that Hood's entire army was moving north.

Hood believed that the most of Sherman's army was with him in Georgia, and all that he would have to contend with would be hundred-day men, convalescent troops and government employes. The great race began on the 20th, and after the little "set-to" at Franklin, Hood became convinced that he must have been mistaken and that if hundred-day men and convalescent troops could do such fighting, it would be impossible to whip Thomas's veterans.

On the 20th, Hatch concentrated his troops at Lexington, and the next day moved to Lawrenceburg, Croxton's brigade acting as rear guard. Early on the morning of the 23rd, the enemy drove in our pickets, but we held the town during the day, repulsing all charges made by his dismounted cavalry. Late in the afternoon they brought up their artillery and shelled us vigorously. General Thomas sent Schofield to Pulaski, with orders to take command of all the troops that were confronting Hood. The nearest infantry force to us was at Pulaski, but as Hood was pursuing us on a road almost parallel to the one from Pulaski to Columbia, the place was evacuated and the troops ordered to Columbia.

Hood, knowing the country well, did not confine his marching columns to one road. Lawrenceburg is sixteen miles west of Pulaski and thirty-three from Columbia, and as the greater part of Hood's army seemed to be advancing on the same road over which Hatch was moving, it was important that his army be delayed as much as possible, to allow Schofield's troops and wagon-train to reach Columbia first.

The weather, which up to this time had been warm and pleasant, now changed, and rain, sleet and snow fell, making our marches and bivouacs unpleasant. Hood was a "hard pusher" as well as a "bold fighter," and hoped by a rapid march to get in Schofield's rear before his troops could reach Duck River, and this was only prevented by a hard night's march. If Hood had won in the race for Columbia, the Union army would have been entirely at his mercy, and the capture of Nashville assured. Hatch withdrew his troops from Lawrenceburg and moved back toward Columbia, with Croxton's brigade covering his rear.

During the day there were several brisk encounters as the enemy kept pressing our rear guard, but at no time were they able to "produce a panic." Thus the day wore away—fighting and falling back. There is one thing that can be truthfully said about Hood. He was the only Confederate general who could make his infantry keep up with his cavalry on the march. We almost invariably found Forrest well supported by infantry.

On the 25th, as Hatch was approaching Campbellsville, Forrest forced a battle on him, and for his "impudence" he was thoroughly and soundly whipped, and without further molestation Hatch moved his troops to Columbia, where our little army once more faced about to confront the foe. Columbia is a beautiful place, surrounded by rich and fertile fields and situated upon the south bank of Duck River, which at this place flows almost west, with numerous fords above and below town.

A heavy line of works was thrown up in front of Columbia, with a view of checking the enemy and to hold the place. It was Thomas's intention to meet Hood and offer battle at this place, but his force was so small that he abandoned the idea and gave instructions to Schofield to delay Hood as long as possible without endangering his command.

The cavalry was ordered to the north side of the river and distributed above and below Columbia for the purpose of guarding the fords and watching Schofield's flanks. Crox-

ton's brigade and a portion of Hatch's division held the fords above Columbia, the latter extending his line as far east as the crossing of the Lewisburg and Franklin turnpike. When Hood approached Columbia and found Schofield in possession, he deployed his troops and moved up toward the Union works, but made no attack.

At this place, Croxton's brigade was assigned temporarily to the Sixth Division of Cavalry, commanded by General R. W. Johnson, and remained in his division until Nashville was reached. In Johnson's report for the month of November, we find the following: "Brigadier-General Croxton, with his fine brigade of the First Cavalry Division, was also placed under my command. Of the operations of General Croxton's brigade during the short time he was under my command, I shall not attempt particularly to speak, though I desire to observe that upon all occasions both General Croxton and the officers and soldiers of his command conducted themselves in a manner becoming the high reputation which both he and they deservedly enjoy."

On the 26th, there was heavy artillery firing and some very sharp skirmishing in front of Columbia, but no general attack was made. In the meantime, Schofield sent part of his troops to the north side, with orders to entrench, but as this side of the river is much lower, this position was completely commanded by the hills on the south bank. The 27th was comparatively quiet at Columbia, and that quietness there meant great activity on some other part of our line.

While we were holding the fords and crossings along Duck River, east of Columbia, General James H. Wilson, our new chief of cavalry, reached us. He was relieved from the command of the Third Division, Cavalry Corps, Army of the Potomac, for the purpose of taking command of General Sherman's cavalry. The cavalry was too much scattered and entirely too busy to receive him in the manner that his rank demanded, but he set a noble example to his troops by remaining at the front and sharing the hardships and dangers with his men.

All the afternoon of the 27th we could see troops marching east along the opposite side of the river. This information was immediately sent to Schofield at Columbia. Hood left two divisions of Lee's corps and all of his artillery in front of Columbia, and with the remainder of his army moved to his right, with a view of turning Schofield's position.

On the morning of the 28th, Forrest made several attempts to cross at different fords between Columbia and the Lewisburg turnpike, but was unsuccessful. Later in the day he massed his troops at Huey's Mill, about seven miles east of Columbia, drove back the pickets and began crossing. General Wilson at once notified Schofield of the enemy's movement, and suggested the immediate evacuation of Columbia, as he believed that Hood, once across, could beat him to Franklin—and subsequent events proved that Schofield had delayed the withdrawal of his troops one day too long. Croxton's brigade was some distance below where Forrest crossed, and as it was in great danger of being outflanked and captured, Wilson ordered Croxton to fall back.

Hood laid his pontoons at Davis' Ford, five miles east of Columbia, late in the afternoon of the 28th, and early the next morning his army began crossing. Wilson fell back to Rally Hill, where he held the enemy in check during the evening, but was unable to concentrate his scattered troops until Hurt's Cross Roads was reached. From Rally Hill, a turnpike runs northwest to Spring Hill, and along this road Hood led his army in person the next day. With Schofield's small force at Columbia, it looked like he might as well try to dam up Duck River with a fish net as to check Hood's army. The road over which his army was to retreat was badly blockaded with wagons, but a greater obstacle than this was in his way just then. The most of Hood's army was across Duck River as soon as Schofield was, and stood ready to march toward Spring Hill on a shorter route. With all these obstacles in the way, it will be seen that Schofield's situation at Columbia was extremely perilous,



and he was led to believe himself that he had delayed the evacuation of Columbia at least one day too long. All communication between Schofield and Wilson was cut off. Croxton's brigade reached the Lewisburg turnpike at Rally Hill about dark, and was immediately formed in line of battle across the road to check the enemy until all the scattered troops could close up. Wilson held his position at Rally Hill, on the Lewisburg turnpike, until after dark on the 28th, and then fell back and bivouacked near Hurt's Cross Roads.

During the night, Buford joined Forrest, and early the next morning he moved against Wilson with all of his cavalry. But Wilson made a brave and determined resistance, putting Croxton's brigade in the rear, with orders to contest every foot of ground. Wilson began to fall back along the Lewisburg turnpike, and just after passing Hurt's Cross Roads, Forrest made a fierce attack on our rear guard. Croxton dismounted the First Tennessee and Second Michigan, and ordered them to build a line of barricades across the turnpike, but before the last rail and log were laid on, Forrest drove in the skirmishers and charged upon our works. As his men approached our line, the two regiments opened such a rapid fire upon his troops that they broke and fled to the rear, leaving several dead and wounded in our front. We mounted and fell back, still pursued by Forrest, but after this he was very shy of barricades. The only casualties in the First Tennessee were: Private Harvey Sandidge, of Company L, wounded, and B. Taylor, of Company G, missing—supposed to be killed.

As Wilson approached Mount Carmel, his leading brigade—Coon's—was attacked in front by a portion of Forrest's cavalry, who had gained his front by hard marching, but was repulsed and driven off with severe loss. About 10 a. m., Croxton's brigade reached Mount Carmel and passed inside our lines. At this place the turnpike leading from Spring Hill to Murfreesboro crosses the Lewisburg turnpike. Croxton's veteran brigade had gallantly covered the

retreat to this place, and during that time there was hard and almost continued skirmishing, as the enemy kept pressing forward with great energy, and made several attempts to push around and strike our column in flank.

Forrest left the most of his troops at Mount Carmel, to hold Wilson, and with the remainder moved to the left toward Spring Hill, ten miles west on the Franklin and Columbia turnpike, where he attempted the destruction of our large wagon-train. Hood was moving rapidly along the Rally Hill turnpike, toward Spring Hill, with Cleburne's division of Cheatham's corps in advance. Wilson's cavalry had been driven back to Mount Carmel. Schofield was still at Columbia, but when he learned that Hood, with the most of his army, was moving toward his rear, he at once ordered Stanley, with the Fourth Corps, to Spring Hill.

All the wagons had been sent back to Spring Hill, and Stanley arrived there just in time to save them, as Forrest had moved with the remainder of his cavalry and driven in a small force of cavalry that was holding Spring Hill. Cheatham heard Stanley's cannon and hurried forward Cleburne's division, followed by the remainder of his corps. Cleburne dashed upon Stanley's men like a mad man, but was repulsed with severe loss. There was desperate fighting all the afternoon, but Stanley held the place and saved our wagons.

Toward night the fighting ceased, and Hood's army lay in line of battle near the turnpike. The day closed with the Union army badly scattered. Part of the Twenty-third Corps was still at Columbia, with a portion of the Fourth Corps in supporting distance; the remainder of the two corps was at Spring Hill with Stanley; the cavalry under Wilson was on Stanley's left, near Mount Carmel. All of Hood's army was with him at Spring Hill except his artillery and the two divisions of Lee's corps, which were still at Columbia. Hood was no doubt puzzled and hardly knew what to make of the heavy firing he heard at Columbia.

General Cox, with his division, left Columbia at dark and by hard marching reached Spring Hill near midnight.

As Cox's weary troops were marching along near Spring Hill, the camp-fires of Hood's army were dimly burning only a short distance away. As the Union troops were marching by, Hood was notified of the fact, and he sent one division to check the movement, but as the night was dark and the commander not being familiar with the ground over which he was to move, the enterprise failed.

There was some light skirmishing during the night, but by daylight Schofield's army had passed the "danger line" and was now in front instead of the rear. It was evident that someone had blundered, and the responsibility must be shifted upon some subordinate. General Pat Cleburne, one of Hood's bravest and most trusted division commanders, was severely criticised, and even Cheatham, one of his corps commanders, did not escape censure. Cleburne, smarting under the reprimand of his commander, rushed into the battle the next day and laid down his life upon the bloody field of Franklin. Hood was present upon the field during the fighting around Spring Hill, and could see that all of his orders were properly and faithfully executed and that perhaps no one erred but himself.

The heavy wagon-train was pushed out of Spring Hill during the night, followed by Schofield's troops, the last leaving at daylight on the 30th. Wilson's cavalry still held the Lewisburg turnpike, and during the night reached Franklin. The only works at Franklin at this time was Fort Grainger, a small fort built a year before, on a high elevation on the north bank of Harpeth River, for the purpose of protecting the railroad bridge and track, which runs almost parallel with the river some distance south. The guns of this fort completely commanded the town and the entire battlefield, and during the engagement on the afternoon of the 30th enfiladed Stewart's line and did fearful execution to his troops as they moved forward to the assault.

It was about noon when the advance of Hood's army approached Franklin. Hood halted his weary troops some little distance out for a short rest and to allow his columns to close up. All morning there was great activity among

those who were in charge of our large wagon-train. There were two bridges over which they were crossing, and the shouts of the teamsters, the rattle and rumbling of the wagons, could be heard some distance, and occasionally some thoughtless fellow would get excited and let out a big word that was in direct violation of the Third Commandment.

As the troops came up they were assigned positions in the line. Wilson's cavalry was placed on the left of the Union line, with Croxton's brigade on the right. The Lewisburg turnpike, as it approaches Franklin, runs parallel with the Franklin and Columbia turnpike until it reaches the Harpeth River, then it turns almost due west and runs almost parallel with the river to where it crosses the Nashville & Decatur Railroad. The ground south of Franklin, between the Lewisburg turnpike and the railroad, was at the time of the battle covered with timber, which furnished some protection for Stewart's infantry and Forrest's cavalry. Hood evidently intended to move a portion of his army along this route for the purpose of turning Schofield's left, but in this attempt he "struck a snag." Stewart's corps and Forrest's cavalry, when formed for the attack, held this part of Hood's line, and in the grand move met with stubborn resistance from the two advance regiments of Croxton's brigade.

Schofield, with his advance, reached Franklin about daylight, and by noon his entire command had reached the town. Schofield selected a position on a slight elevation a short distance in front of Franklin, and early in the morning picks and shovels were distributed and his weary troops began throwing up a single line of works, which completely encircled the town in front, with each end extending to the river. The Harpeth River at this place makes a big bend northward, while the Union line curved outward, and in this bend the little town of Franklin, which was about to become historic, and its people to witness one of the most desperate struggles of the war, is located. Franklin is on the south side of the river, and was entirely within the Union lines.

CHAPTER XVI.

BATTLE OF FRANKLIN—HOOD ASSAULTS THE UNION LINES—
REPULSED WITH GREAT SLAUGHTER—HIS LOSS IN OF-
FICERS UNEQUALED IN THE WAR—DESPERATE FIGHTING
—GENERAL STANLEY WOUNDED—SCHOFIELD WITHDRAWS
IN THE NIGHT—HE REACHES NASHVILLE.

The building of earthworks was no new experience for Schofield's veterans, and when the picks and shovels were passed along the line the dirt "fairly flew," and soon a long line of rifle-pits was thrown up, and then the exhausted troops lay down and "snatched" a few hours of sleep. Where the line of works crossed the Franklin and Columbia turnpike the full width of the roadway was left open to allow the wagons and artillery to pass through in double lines, while a few rods in the rear a re-trenched line was built across the turnpike to command the opening and its approach. An old cotton-gin near the line of works was torn down and the timber used for head-logs.

This hastily constructed line of works was held by the following troops from right to left: Kimball's division, Fourth Corps; Rugers' and Reilly's division, Twenty-third Corps. Opdycke's brigade of Elliott's division, Fourth Corps, having covered the retreat from Spring Hill the previous night, was halted just in the rear of the Union works on the Franklin and Columbia turnpike. This splendid brigade was composed of seven regiments, and was ordered to fight where its gallant commander thought it was needed the worst. Subsequent events proved that this brigade was halted at the right place, and its heroic fighting no doubt saved the day. Five batteries of artillery were also placed in the line. Wood's division, Fourth Corps, crossed

to the north side, and continued the line on Reilly's left, and to act as a reserve to either flank. Then came Wilson's cavalry, with Croxton's brigade of McCook's division next to Wood. Hatch's and Johnson's divisions were still on the left of Croxton.

But let us now follow the First Tennessee on the morning of the 30th. As stated in the preceding chapter, Croxton's brigade was ordered to the south side early in the morning, with orders to take an advanced position near Douglass Church, on the Lewisburg turnpike. The First Tennessee and Second Michigan were thrown well out to the front to watch the movements of the enemy. During the morning everything was quiet save an occasional shot on the skirmish line. Toward noon, the advance of Forrest's cavalry moved up and made an attack on Croxton's two advanced regiments.

The position of the two regiments was well chosen, there being a small stream in front which the enemy must cross before reaching us, and on their first advance they met with so hot a fire that they were forced to fall back. They were quickly re-formed, and advanced again, but not a man crossed that stream. Once more Forrest re-formed his broken lines, and, with a loud "rebel yell," rode straight for our line, but the fire from the revolving rifles of the Second Michigan and the breech-loading carbines of the First Tennessee was so hot that Forrest made no further attempt to force us back, and all became quiet again. Forrest was severely punished, and his loss must have been heavy, for at each volley we could see men and horses go down—some never to rise again.

At 1 p. m., Croxton ordered his two advanced regiments to fall back to the line selected by him. This line was in the woods, and extended across the Lewisburg turnpike, with the left resting on Harpeth River.

Major D. W. Sanders, Adjutant-General of French's division, Stewart's corps, in an article on the battle of Franklin, says: "Stewart's corps marched on a dirt road

east of the Columbia pike to De Graffenreid's, on the Lewisburg pike, and completely turned the flank of the enemy's force, which were seen in line from the Winstead Hills. As a consequence, the enemy withdrew his troops from that position. * * * Stewart formed his line of battle one and a quarter miles southeast of Franklin, with Buford's and Jackson's divisions of cavalry on his right, extending east from the Lewisburg pike, with Loring, Walthall and French's division on the left, and moved from DeGraffenreid's to the woodland south of McGavock's residence. When Stewart's line was formed, Buford and Jackson drove Wilson's cavalry beyond McGavock's and east from the Lewisburg pike across the Harpeth River." * * *

At 2 p. m., Croxton's brigade was attacked by both infantry and cavalry, and after a brave resistance was forced to retire to the north side of the river. Croxton had scarcely reached the north bank when the pickets higher up the river reported that the enemy's cavalry was crossing at different places. Forrest, with the divisions of Buford and Jackson, had made one of his bold moves in order that he might gain our rear and destroy the large train, which was already in motion for Nashville. Wilson immediately hurled Croxton's brigade and Hatch's division upon him, realizing the great importance of keeping him on the south side, and after some severe fighting he was driven across the river with heavy loss.

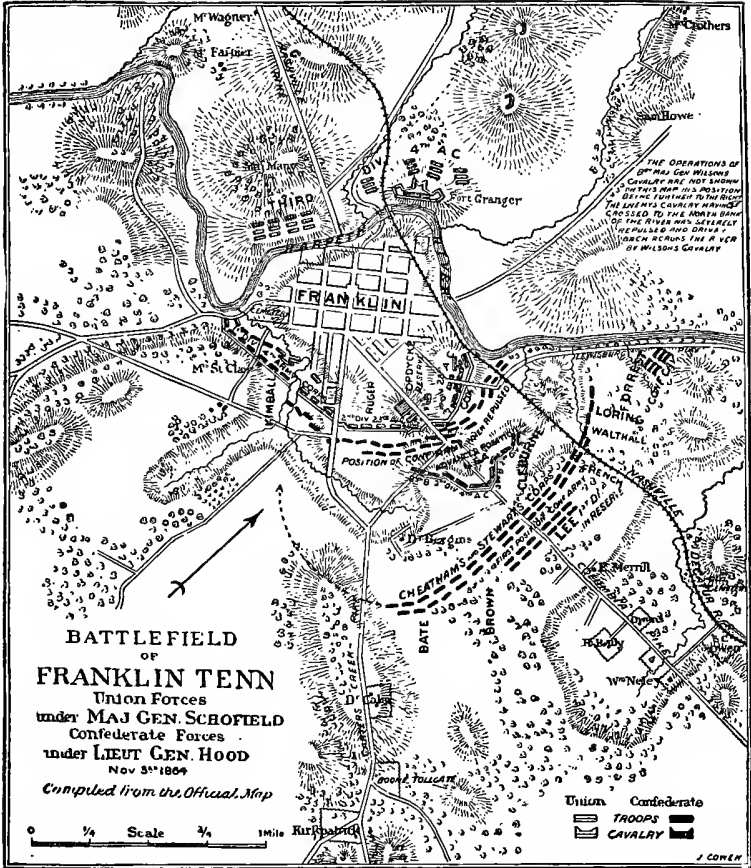
This was a bold and daring move, and if he had succeeded in gaining Schofield's rear, it would have caused the withdrawal of a portion of Schofield's troops to meet this movement of Forrest. But Wilson was equal to the emergency and, realizing the importance of holding this part of the Union line, threw his whole force along the north bank, and during the remainder of the day kept Forrest on the south side of Harpeth River. During the afternoon there was some sharp fighting along our front, but at no time was Forrest able to effect a crossing. Wilson felt confident that he could now hold his position if Schofield could only take care of himself against the combined attack of Hood's troops.

While we were busy on this wing of our army, Hood was forming his troops in line of battle for the desperate struggle that was about to take place. The battle was fought in full view of each other, and at the same time each commander, from his position, could witness the battle and the movements of his men. Eighteen veteran brigades of infantry, with cavalry on the flanks, under Cheatham and Stewart, were formed in line and stood ready to move when the order came.

It was a beautiful autumn afternoon, not a cloud obscured the sun, which shone in full, rich splendor upon the plain with its gentle slopes, over which they must pass to engage in the deadly fray, in the desperate effort to carry a single line of works, by a most reckless and daring assault. Possibly no battlefield of the war was so free from obstructions as the field of Franklin. It is almost level, and on that afternoon presented the most imposing martial display of the war.

Behind the works lay Schofield's veterans, who had been pounding away all the summer on the same men who now confronted them, but differently situated. By a blunder of someone, two brigades of Wagner's division—Lane and Conrad—of the Fourth Corps, were halted in an exposed position a short distance in front of the Union line, astride the Franklin and Columbia turnpike. So when Hood's troops rushed forward on their wild charge, these exposed troops delivered a volley and then made for the works to avoid capture by Hood's men, who were close upon their heels.

It was about 4 p. m. when Hood ordered his troops to the assault. They advanced with a quick step, with trailed arms, the bright barrels flashing in the sunlight, with Cheatham on the left and Stewart on the right, their right and left flanks composing the center. As Cheatham approached Wagner's line, his men opened fire, which checked him for a few minutes only. As these two brigades came swarming over the works, word was quickly passed along



MAP OF THE BATTLEFIELD OF FRANKLIN

the line for the Union troops to withhold their fire until they could pass the works.

Already the black-throated monsters from Fort Granger, on the north bank of the river, were raking Stewart's line with an enfilading fire, cutting down his troops like grain before the reaper. As the fleeing troops came swarming over the works at the center, the men in the trenches became confused, and were carried away by the excitement and confusion for at least three hundred yards. This was the key to the position, and Hood had gained it without serious fighting, and now held the main approach to the bridge, over which the Union troops must retreat if defeated.

This breach was on both sides of the turnpike, and through it Hood's troops rushed, capturing two batteries, and with this advantage and his superior force, it promised an easy victory and inspired his troops to greater activity. The remainder of the Union line was held firmly, and the reserves, under General Opdycke, and all the routed troops, were thrown into the breach at once, and then there began one of the most desperate struggles of the war. Here the fighting was hand to hand, and of the most desperate character. The fighting at this point was for the possession of the works, and it was maintained with great fury and stubbornness, in which men fought with clubbed muskets, and, with bayonets baptized in blood, they drove Hood's veterans from the works and saved the day.

The Union troops, in this short but desperate struggle, recaptured all the guns and soon changed the direction of their death-dealing missiles. They also captured ten battle-flags and several hundred prisoners, showing that Hood must have thrown a large force into this gap. General Pat Cleburne, one of the most desperate fighters in Hood's army, fell a few rods in front of the works, near the center. During the fearful struggle at the center, Hood was assaulting our line from end to end, and the terrible discharges of the artillery and the rapidity and destructiveness of the

musketry fire was hardly equaled in the history of modern warfare. The firing was so rapid that the smoke almost obscured the field and shut out from view the assaulting columns as they rushed madly into the very "jaws of death."

The battle raged with unabated fury from 4 to about 8 p. m., and during the desperate charges the flags of the enemy could be seen near the works by the bright flashes of the artillery and small arms. The shouts of the charging columns, mingled with the groans of the wounded and dying, will never be forgotten by those who stood shoulder to shoulder in the deadly struggle on that beautiful November afternoon in 1864. Hood's troops assaulted the Union lines with a recklessness never displayed before, and the great loss of officers and men attest the great gallantry and sacrifice on the bloody field of Franklin, and after all was lost they sullenly retired.

From Schofield's headquarters he could witness the fighting of his entire command, and at one time, when it seemed that Wilson's cavalry was about to be routed and his left turned, he sent part of Wood's division to his support, but before reaching him, Forrest was driven back, and he was unable to get in his rear or turn his flank.

Schofield makes the following mention of this engagement in his report: "A short time before the infantry attack commenced, the enemy's cavalry forced a crossing about three miles above Franklin, and drove back our cavalry, for a time seriously threatening our trains, which were accumulating on the north bank and moving toward Nashville. I sent General Wilson orders, which he had, however, anticipated, to drive the enemy back at all hazards, and moved a brigade of General Wood's division to support him if necessary. At the moment of the first decisive repulse of the enemy's infantry, I received the most gratifying intelligence that General Wilson had driven the rebel cavalry back across the river. This rendered my immediate left and rear secure for the time being."

Firing was kept up all along the line until about 10 p. m., when all became quiet, except an occasional shot from the skirmish line. Schofield could not be driven, and Hood would not sound the retreat, and even after darkness had settled over the field, he ordered Johnson's division of Lee's corps from his reserves to assault the works held by Ruger's and Kimball's division. This division made a determined effort to carry the works, but failed. Walthall's division of Stewart's corps was confronted by Casement's brigade, which was armed with repeating rifles, and here the carnage was fearful.

Hood's loss was frightful, and the next morning the battlefield presented a horrible picture. Officers and men lay in heaps in front of the works, cold in death, while wounded men, horses and broken guns attested the work of destruction by the unerring aim of the western men. Hood's loss in officers was exceedingly heavy, and from the best figures obtainable his loss was as follows: Major-General P. R. Cleburne, Brigadier-Generals O. F. Strahl, John Adams, S. R. Gist and H. B. Granberry. In addition to the five generals killed, who commanded divisions and brigades, he lost six colonels, two lieutenant-colonels, three majors and two captains, who commanded regiments. Line officers and enlisted men killed, seventeen hundred and fifty. Officers wounded, one major-general, five brigadier-generals, fifteen colonels, nine lieutenant-colonels, five majors and two captains. Missing, two colonels, three majors and four captains. Captured, one brigadier-general. Enlisted men wounded, thirty-eight hundred; missing, seven hundred and two; making an aggregate loss in Hood's army of six thousand, two hundred and fifty two. Thirty-three stands of colors were also captured.

The loss in Schofield's army was as follows: Killed, one hundred and eighty-nine; wounded, one thousand and thirty-three; missing, eleven hundred and four; making an aggregate loss of two thousand, three hundred and twenty-six. The most of the missing were from the two exposed

brigades of Wagner's division, Fourth Corps. Among the wounded on the Union side was Major-General D. S. Stanley, commanding the Fourth Corps. He was helping to rally the men near where the breach was made, and during the fierce fighting at this point he received a severe wound in the neck. General Stanley was Rosecrans' chief of cavalry in 1863, and as such led us through the Tullahoma campaign and on to Chickamauga, but before the battle he was forced to relinquish the command of account of sickness.

The battle of Franklin, for the numbers engaged, was the grandest and hardest fought battle of the Civil War. The cannon of Fort Grainger continued to bellow out in tones not to be misunderstood, and as the shells went whistling into the darkness beyond the Harpeth, they provoked no reply from the enemy.

The casualties in the First Tennessee were as follows:

Killed and Mortally Wounded—Company E, Corporal Joseph A. Beal, mortally wounded and left on the field, date of death unknown; Company K, John T. Baxter; Company L, Jacob Bacon.

Wounded—Company A, Charles Dooley and Calloway Collins, severely wounded and left on the field; Company D, John W. Legg; Company L, Corporal W. H. H. Bacon.

Alexander H. Stephens, in his history of the United States, makes the following mention of the battle of Franklin: "In this battle Hood gained a signal victory, though at considerable loss."

When the last of Schofield's troops had been withdrawn from the south side, the bridges were fired by Wood's division, Fourth Corps, and as the flames arose from the burning bridges the enemy opened a heavy fire from his artillery. From our position east of town we could see the light of the burning bridges and hear the roar of the cannon, as the sound floated out on the cold, frosty morning air.

The First Tennessee moved from its position, with the remainder of Wilson's cavalry, at 4:30 a. m., December 1, and covered the retreat of Schofield to Nashville. Forrest

followed and skirmished with the rear guard to Brentwood. Near this place, Stewart's brigade of Hatch's division had a sharp engagement with Buford's division. From Brentwood, Johnson's division and Croxton's brigade were moved east to the Nolensville turnpike, and then, turning north, moved on toward Nashville. Late in the afternoon we were halted two miles from Nashville and ordered to build a temporary line of works across the turnpike.

After completing the works, our horses were sent to the rear and a fresh supply of ammunition issued to the men. During the night the enemy moved up near our position, but made no attack, though there was considerable picket firing during the night in our front. Early the next morning we moved into Nashville, and were placed in rifle-pits on the left of Thomas's line, between the Murfreesboro turnpike and Cumberland River.

On the 3rd, Wilson's cavalry was relieved by Steedman's troops and ordered to the north side of the river, to continue the line on the left and to watch Thomas's long line of communication with Louisville. All the crossings for some distance above and below Nashville were kept guarded by the cavalry. Croxton's brigade went into camp nearly opposite the works on the south side, and remained in that position until the 11th. During this time there was great activity going on in Wilson's camps, as every effort was being made to put this arm of the service in an efficient condition for the next move.

All broken-down horses were turned in, and the government corrals and the adjacent country searched for horses. By these means, Wilson almost doubled the strength of his cavalry. Horses were newly shod and extra shoes fitted ready for an emergency. Clothing was issued to the men and the old ones and their inhabitants consigned to the flames. Thomas intended to move out and attack Hood as soon as his cavalry could be mounted and his troops concentrated. When Schofield's troops reached Nashville they were placed in the lines that were already built in the follow-

ing order: Twenty-third Corps on the left and adjoining Steedman, the Fourth Corps in the center, and the Sixteenth Corps, from the Army of the Tennessee, on the right. This splendid corps of hardy Western men under General A. J. Smith was by Sherman's orders sent to Thomas from Missouri and reached Nashville on the 1st day of December.

Notwithstanding Hood's great defeat at Franklin on the 30th he moved his army on toward Nashville, and on the 3rd day of December drove in Thomas's outposts and placed his army in position in front of the city. The line selected by him was on the high ground on the southeast side of Brown's Creek, extending westwardly from the Nashville & Chattanooga Railroad across the Nolensville, Franklin and Granny White turnpikes, crossing the spurs of Montgomery Hill; thence deflecting southwest along the high ground east from the Hillsboro turnpike, and thence westwardly across this turnpike to a high hill immediately west of the Hillsboro turnpike to Sugar Tree Creek.

In addition to this line, he built numerous detached works still southwest, extending across Richland Creek and the Nashville & Northwestern Railroad and west of the Harding turnpike. These were the works first struck by Wilson's cavalry on the morning of the 15th, as will be stated further on. This line was well chosen and was a position of great strength. Into this line of works Hood placed his troops in the following order: Cheatham on the right, Lee in the center and Stewart on the left, with Forrest's cavalry on his flanks. From the most reliable figures obtainable it is safe to say that Hood had at least forty-two thousand men in the trenches at Nashville.

On the 5th, Hood detached Bate's division of Cheatham's corps and part of Forrest's cavalry and sent them to destroy the railroad and to capture Murfreesboro. Three block-houses were captured and the bridges burned, but no serious harm was inflicted upon the track. On the 6th, Bate was reinforced by two additional brigades of infantry and the next morning approached Murfreesboro. Rousseau was

holding the place with eight thousand men and as Bate declined to make a direct attack, Milroy was ordered to move out and engage him. After some sharp fighting, Bate was routed and driven from the field with considerable loss. Bate's troops were recalled, but Forrest continued to operate between Nashville and Murfreesboro.

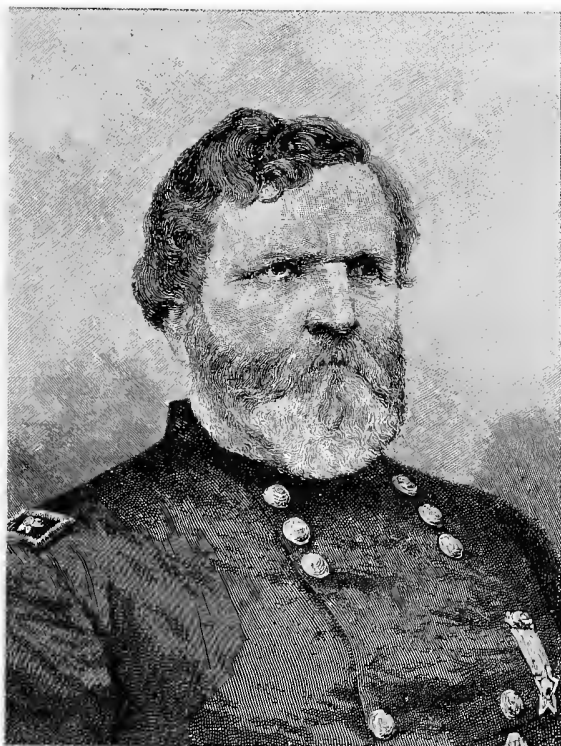
Governor Harris and R. L. Caruthers accompanied Hood's army on this "wild campaign," expecting that Nashville would be captured and Caruthers, who, it is said, had been elected Governor to succeed Harris, would be inducted into office, amid the boom of cannon. This distinguished citizen was doomed to disappointment, as a loyal son of Tennessee was occupying that honorable position, and no doubt it was a sad disappointment to be "so near and yet so far" from this coveted prize and position of honor.

General Thomas had hoped to be ready to attack Hood sooner than he did, but was delayed in procuring horses for his artillery and remounts for his cavalry. Grant was dissatisfied at what seemed to him a useless delay, and urged him to attack at once, but "Old Pap," as the boys called him, knew more about the situation than he did. The weather, which previous to the arrival of the troops had been good, became, shortly after reaching Nashville, exceedingly cold for that latitude. About the 8th, a driving storm of rain and sleet set in. This continued for about twenty-four hours, freezing as it fell, making it utterly impossible for the cavalry to move and exceedingly difficult for the infantry to move about in the performance of camp duty, so slippery was the surface. It was a war with the elements, as well as the enemy, and it is very doubtful if Thomas could have won a victory under the circumstances. But our grand "old hero," who had never lost a battle, had the entire confidence of his troops, and his true character seemed to shine brighter on this occasion than ever before. He won the first Union victory in the West, at Mill Springs. At Murfreesboro, on that terrible December day when all seemed lost, he set a noble example, and was designated "the lion-hearted hero, calm

amid the fury of battle." At bloody Chickamauga, when the Union army was being swept from the field, he turned at bay and was ever afterwards called "The Rock of Chickamauga." Later on, to the same commander, while at Chattanooga, he said, "We will hold the town till we starve."

General Thomas was a Southern man, but the government did not have a more loyal or faithful soldier in its ranks than this grand old hero. To show that he was faithful and true to the Union and its flag, and free from all petty desires, he yielded a ready acquiescence in the selection of General Sherman to command the Military Division of the Mississippi, his junior in years, experience and commission, and at no time his superior as a commander. He executed all the orders of his superior faithfully and co-operated with him in all plans and movements of his army. He was no army pet, consequently was never on favored duty of any kind, and possibly no commander ever had so few leaves of absence. The fame of General Thomas is so well known that comment is unnecessary. He was always at the front.

Sherman having severed his connection with the forces in Tennessee, Thomas received all of his orders direct from Grant. Thomas was in command of all the troops operating in the Departments of the Cumberland and Ohio, and to him was committed the task of driving Hood's army from Tennessee. The same army that had confronted Sherman in Georgia was now before Thomas at Nashville. The audacity and boldness of Hood's movement was calculated to depress the spirits of his men, for if defeated, there was no army close enough to come to their rescue. Beside all of this, Thomas's army was badly scattered, and when once collected the officers and men were strangers to each other, save the uniform and the old flag. In Hood's ranks were thousands of Tennesseans who were glad to press their native soil once more, and when he marched south, hundreds continued to press the soil of their native State while his broken and shattered army moved south.



GENERAL GEO. H. THOMAS

CHAPTER XVII.

BATTLE OF NASHVILLE—A GREAT UNION VICTORY—THE GREAT CAVALRY BATTLE OF THE WEST—WILSON'S CAVALRY CAPTURING FORTS—HOOD'S ARMY WRECKED—THE DEFEAT AND ROUT—CAPTURING PRISONERS AND GUNS—THE PURSUIT.

During this extreme cold weather the soldiers of both armies were trying to keep warm around the blazing camp-fires, while the men on the picket-lines stood shivering like a fellow with the ague. On the 12th there were some signs of a "thaw-out," consequently General Thomas ordered Wilson to move his cavalry from Edgefield to the south side of the river and take up a position on the right of his line. The earth was still covered with ice and it was with the greatest difficulty that Wilson was able to reach the position assigned him. This move of Wilson thoroughly convinced General Thomas that he could not use his cavalry so long as the ice remained upon the ground; besides, the horses could not draw the artillery and wagons over the slippery surface. This caused another delay, and as we were unable to put up our tents on account of the frozen condition of the ground we passed several very uncomfortable nights on the cold, icy ground, with the sky for a roof and old Mother Earth for a bed.

The position of Hood's army around Nashville remained the same, and with the exception of occasional picket-firing nothing of special importance occurred from the 1st to the 14th. The weather, which had entirely stopped all offensive operations, began to moderate, and by the 14th the ground had thawed out sufficiently to enable men and horses to stand up. General Thomas, believing that there would

be a general "thaw-out," called a meeting of his corps commanders on the afternoon of the 14th and laid before them his plan of attack, and after a thorough discussion until all fully understood it, special field order No. 342 was issued. This order contained his plan of battle.

The formation of the Union troops from left to right was as follows: General Steedman, commanding the District of the Etowah, formed the left; General Wood's Fourth and General Schofield's Twenty-third Corps, the center; General Smith's Sixteenth Corps and Wilson's cavalry, the right. Brigadier-General Miller, commanding the garrison of Nashville, and General Donaldson, with the quartermaster's troops, occupied the interior line.

General Wilson formed his cavalry in the following order: Hatch's Fifth Division on the right of the Sixteenth Corps; Croxton's brigade of McCook's First Division to the right of Hatch. The other two brigades—Second and Third—and Eighteenth Indiana Battery, were in Kentucky after General Lyon, who had crossed the Cumberland River near Clarksville and was trying to reach the Louisville & Nashville Railroad at some point north of Nashville. General Johnson's Sixth Division was on Croxton's right—the right of his division extending to the Cumberland River. General Knipe's Seventh Division was formed on the Harding turnpike, inside of the works, and during the early part of the morning was held in reserve, to support either Hatch or Smith.

Hood had placed a battery on the extreme left of his line, near Cumberland River. This battery was protected by light earthworks and supported by cavalry, and as Johnson advanced on the morning of the 15th it shelled him vigorously, but the fun was soon spoiled when Lieutenant-Commander LeRoy Fitch, who commanded the gunboats, began enfilading this part of Hood's line. The tremendous discharges of his heavy guns could be heard above the rattling fire of the carbines and the light 3-inch Rodmans of Wilson's cavalry, and no doubt contributed largely to the demoraliza-

tion of this part of Hood's line, which was held by Chalmers's division, supported by infantry.

The effective force of General Wilson's corps on the morning of the 15th was twelve thousand, five hundred men and eighteen guns. It was a fine body of men, but very deficient in horses, many being wholly unfit for active service. Reveille was sounded at 4 a. m. on that chilly morning, and by 6 o'clock the men were in line ready to move. A heavy fog hung over the two armies during the morning. This and the unevenness of the ground completely concealed the movements of the Union army. The fog lifted about 9 o'clock, revealing to Hood and his shivering soldiers a grand and magnificent military display, as the solid lines of blue moved forward in splendid order, with colors flying and bands playing. The house-tops in Nashville and the hills were covered with people, all eager to witness the display and battle, while from Montgomery and Overton hills Hood's troops could witness all of our movements; and to them no doubt it was an unexpected revelation. Hood, it seems, was totally unaware of any intention on the part of Thomas to attack his position and especially his left flank, for on advancing toward his position during the morning we came upon unfinished works.

Steedman, on the left, was the first to move out and begin the attack. This heavy demonstration on Hood's right was not intended as a real attack, though it had that effect, and he was led to believe that this part of his line was to be attacked in force. As soon as Steedman had completed his movement, General Smith, commanding the Sixteenth Corps, moved out. Then the long, dark lines of Wilson's cavalry began moving forward on the extreme right and commenced the grand movement of the day.

Croxton's brigade had been standing in line of battle during the morning just outside of the entrenchments near the Nashville & Northwestern Railroad and on the right of Hatch's division. It was about 10 a. m. when the order came to move. Croxton threw out a strong line of skirmishers

and moved his brigade out between the Charlotte turnpike and the Nashville & Northwestern Railroad. The skirmishers moved forward, closely followed by the brigade, and soon the sharp firing in front warned us that the enemy's advance had been struck. The brigade continued to advance, and during the forenoon there was some very sharp skirmishing in Croxton's front.

Just after crossing Richland Creek, the enemy opened fire on Croxton's brigade from a battery posted on the Charlotte turnpike. Croxton wheeled the Second Michigan to the right, and supporting it with the Eighth Iowa, moved toward the hill on which the enemy were posted, and after a few volleys from the revolving rifles of the Second Michigan, the enemy fell back. This move turned the enemy's position in front of Johnson's division on the Charlotte turnpike. Croxton received an order from Wilson directing him to remain and support Johnson's division, which was on his right, and who had not yet gotten into position owing to the roughness of the country and the long distance he had to move.

During the time Hatch's division, which was just to our left, was driving the enemy along the Harding turnpike, and after crossing Richland Creek the Twelfth Tennessee Cavalry, Colonel Spaulding commanding, made a gallant saber charge, routing the enemy, capturing forty or fifty prisoners and General Chalmers' headquarters train, consisting of fourteen wagons, which contained his records, baggage and safe.

In perhaps no battle of the war did cavalry and infantry move forward on the same line and join in the desperate work so eagerly and with so much vigor and unanimity. Often it was a race to see who would be the first to cross the "dreaded ditch," and if the ground was too rough to charge mounted, Wilson's troopers would dismount and with a yell charge the rifle-pits. This part of Hood's line was held by infantry and cavalry, and during the day some sharp fighting occurred on this part of the line. Wilson wheeled

Hatch's division to the left and re-established his connection with the infantry. In making this move his right flank struck the enemy's line on the flank and rear, completely enveloping it.

Stewart was in command of Hood's left, and during the morning he found that Thomas was working toward his left and beyond his works. He therefore set his troops to work early in the morning building works and extending his line farther to his left. Finding that his own troops could not man the lines, he called for reinforcements, and Hood sent him Johnson's division of Lee's corps. These works were west of the Hillsboro turnpike, and about 1 p. m. Hatch dismounted his men, assaulted and captured one of these advanced redoubts, containing four guns and some three hundred men. This was the first fort captured from Hood, and was accomplished with dismounted cavalry. Immediately after the capture of this fort, Hatch's division charged a second line and captured another four-gun battery, with its infantry support. The captured guns were wheeled around and used upon the retreating enemy. In the capture of this last fort, McMillan's brigade of McArthur's division, Sixteenth Corps, claimed a part of the honor, but as the guidons of Hatch's division were the first over the works, the honor and captured guns were credited to Hatch's brave men by McMillan's brigade.

While these successful movements were going on, Wilson's cavalry had not yet reached Hood's true flank on account of the extension of Stewart's line to his left. Late in the afternoon Schofield's Twenty-third Corps was moved to the right of the Sixteenth Corps, so that Wilson could operate more freely upon Hood's left and rear. Shortly after reaching this position, Cooper's brigade of Couch's division, Twenty-third Corps, assaulted and captured a line of works near the Hillsboro turnpike. In this brigade were the Third and Sixth Tennessee Volunteers, our former companions while in Morgan's Seventh Division, Army of the Ohio.

Croxton was ordered to move his brigade from the

Charlotte turnpike across the country to the Hillsboro turnpike. In making this move Croxton's brigade skirmished most all the way, and shortly after crossing the Harding turnpike Croxton encountered a portion of Chalmers' division, which had been in Johnson's front but was now trying to reach Hood's left. The First Tennessee was in the advance and was marching left in front, and shortly after dark was fired upon by the enemy, who, by the flash of their guns, seemed to be either behind a stone wall or in rifle-pits. General Croxton immediately ordered Lieutenant-Colonel Dyer to dismount his regiment and dislodge the enemy. The order was promptly obeyed, and in a few minutes the regiment was over the fence and in line ready to move. At the command "forward," the men raised the yell and moved forward under a brisk fire, and in a few minutes reached the stone wall, and springing over succeeded in capturing a portion of the Fifth Mississippi Cavalry. The prisoners were sent to the rear, and moving to the opposite side, again the regiment opened a brisk fire on some troops that were posted in the woods a short distance in its front. In a short time the enemy's fire slackened and soon they fell back, and all became quiet again.

The only casualties in the First Tennessee were two men wounded, as follows: Thomas Jones, Company G, and Wiley Milligan, Company I.

Darkness having closed the operations for the day and shut out from view the contending forces, Croxton's brigade was ordered to bivouac near the Hillsboro turnpike. This was a hard day on us, as we had been in the saddle since early morning.

The operation of Thomas's army on the first day of battle was a grand success and was rewarded by the capture of seventeen pieces of artillery and twelve hundred prisoners, besides large quantities of small arms and equipments. Wilson's cavalry had fought during the day infantry and cavalry, had cleared their front, covered the extreme right of Thomas's infantry, and not only enveloped Hood's flank,

but had taken it in reverse. Hood's flanks were much stronger than his center, and during the day Wilson's cavalry had completely turned his left and swept everything before them, and at night bivouacked near his line of retreat.

During the night Hood withdrew his army and took up a new position south of the one he occupied on the morning of the 15th. This new line was much shorter, and extended from Overton's Hill on the Nashville & Decatur Railroad, west across the Franklin and Granny White turnpikes, thence almost due south along a range of hills almost parallel with the Granny White turnpike, and reaching nearly to the Brentwood Hills. Hood kept his weary troops working all night digging rifle-pits and building forts, so by morning he had constructed a much stronger line than the one just abandoned.

The Union army bivouacked on the cold ground, feeling assured of a complete victory the next day. The early part of the morning of the 16th was spent in reconnoitering the enemy's position. The ground on Hood's left was very hilly, consequently Wilson moved his troops forward dismounted and by noon was east of the Granny White turnpike and had completely turned Hood's left. During these early movements there was some sharp fighting, but no ground was lost. Wilson's cavalry forced back the enemy, completely turning his left flank, and was now in possession of the hills through which the Granny White turnpike runs, completely cutting off Hood's line of retreat by this route in case of disaster. Stewart made several attempts during the forenoon to drive back Wilson's dismounted cavalry and retake the ground lost, but was unsuccessful and was repulsed without difficulty.

Let us now turn to the Union left and see what was going on there. Generals Steedman and Wood had moved forward early in the morning and discovered the enemy thoroughly entrenched on Overton's Hill. At 3 p. m. the works were assaulted by Post's brigade, Beatty's division of Wood's Fourth Corps, supported by Streight's brigade, of the same

corps, and Grosvenor's brigade of white troops, and Thompson's brigade of colored troops, all of Steedman's command. The assault was made with great courage, but the fire was so destructive that the two assaulting columns were repulsed with severe loss, Colonel Post being among the severely wounded.

The two assaulting columns were re-formed at the foot of the hill for another charge. Smith, Schofield and Wilson now assaulted Hood's center and left with great vigor, sweeping everything before them. The shout of the victorious troops on the right was caught up by those of Wood and Steedman, and again they pushed forward upon the enemy on Overton's Hill, this time driving everything before them and capturing the works. The shout of victory was heard by Thomas's charging troops, which was taken up and responsive cheers heard from one end of the Union line to the other. Hood's lines were broken, and there being no reserves to restore order or save the day, his troops from one end of his line to the other threw away knapsacks and guns and rushed for the rear, which at that time was a long way off.

Hood's troops rushed toward the Franklin turnpike in great confusion, and soon lost all semblance of organization and retreated in the wildest confusion. General Wilson's command was delayed in the pursuit, caused by the troops being so far from the led horses, as the men leading them made slow progress over the hills and dense forests. Croxton's brigade, which had been in reserve, was now moved to the right of Hammond's brigade of Knipe's division, and in making this move captured several prisoners.

As soon as Wilson's men gained their horses the pursuit was begun, with the commands of Hatch, Knipe and Croxton on the Granny White turnpike and Johnson on the Hillsboro turnpike. Everything indicated a rout, and after moving a short distance the leading division—Hatch's—encountered Chalmers' division about dark, well posted behind a rail barricade across the turnpike. Hatch dis-

mounted his division and charged the enemy, driving him from his position. General Rucker was wounded and captured, besides several prisoners and a Confederate flag. In this engagement the Twelfth Tennessee, Union, fought the Twelfth Tennessee, Confederate, and in the darkness and during the hand-to-hand fighting the Twelfth Tennessee, Union, succeeded in capturing General Rucker, who was in command of a Tennessee brigade, also his flag.

The line of Hood's retreat revealed the fact that his army had retreated in great haste, as the turnpikes were thickly strewn with guns and accoutrements, while he made no effort to carry off his wounded or bury the dead. Hood's veteran army, which had been engaged in all the hard-fought battles in Tennessee and on the Georgia campaign—"one hundred days under fire"—was wrecked upon the field of Nashville.

In perhaps no battle of the war was there such a small loss of life to the victors. The Union troops repeatedly assaulted the enemy's lines, and but one assault was unsuccessful, and that was made upon the strongest position held by Hood, on Overton's Hill on the Union left. And it is doubtful if that would have been a failure had not the gallant leader of the main column fallen at the critical moment, when the presence of a brave and determined leader is so important. The battle moved on vigorously from beginning to end, the cavalry and infantry vieing with each other in the effort to carry everything in their front, reflecting the highest type of generalship and the displaying of that true courage due Thomas and his brave soldiers.

This was called the great cavalry battle of the west, and it is exceedingly doubtful if there was a single battle of the war where so much gallant and meritorious service was rendered by that arm of the service. The first fort captured at the opening of the battle was accomplished by Wilson's brave troops fighting as flat-footed infantry, and proving beyond a doubt that if General Hooker had been present at the battle of Nashville he could have seen the remains of

several dead cavalrymen. This brave old hero was credited with the remark, "Who ever saw the body of a dead cavalryman?" or that he would pay twenty-five dollars for the "dead body of a cavalryman."

The fruits of this battle were four thousand, five hundred prisoners, among whom were Major-General Ed Johnson and Brigadier-Generals H. R. Jackson, T. B. Smith and E. W. Rucker; all of the wounded left upon the field, fifty-four pieces of artillery, together with thousands of small arms and accoutrements and twenty-five battle-flags. The loss in killed and wounded on each side was light when the numbers engaged are taken into consideration. General Thomas reported a loss in killed, wounded and missing of three thousand and sixty-one. The loss in Wilson's cavalry was three hundred and twenty-nine.

It is said that Hood issued an order on the morning of the 16th for his army to retreat, but he could not withdraw under fire, so that afternoon his routed and disorganized army was seen flying southward from the battlefield. Let us now turn to the pursuit. After the defeat of Chalmers on the night of the 16th, Wilson deemed it unwise to continue the pursuit, as the night was very dark and the men and horses completely exhausted from the hard day's work. The cavalry bivouacked for the night as follows: Hatch, Croxton and Knipe on the Granny White turnpike, and Johnson on the Hillsboro turnpike.

Early the next morning the pursuit was continued by the cavalry, followed by the infantry. At Brentwood, Croxton's brigade was ordered to take the Wilson turnpike, Johnson's division the Hillsboro turnpike, while Hatch and Knipe moved their divisions along the Franklin turnpike. Just a short distance beyond Brentwood, Knipe began skirmishing with Hood's rear guard, which was kept up until Hollow Tree Gap was reached. Here the rear guard of the routed army made a stand and offered battle. The position was handsomely carried by Knipe's division, supported by Hatch. The enemy was routed and fell back rapidly toward Frank-

lin. In this spirited engagement the enemy lost by capture four hundred and thirteen officers and enlisted men and two flags.

Croxtton's brigade skirmished with the rear guard the most of the way to Franklin. Hood made a show of resistance at Franklin, but his flanks being turned he fell back toward Columbia. Croxtton and Hatch moved to the left of Franklin, swimming Harpeth River at McGavock's Ford, and encamped for the night near Douglass Church, on the Lewisburg turnpike. In making this move the enemy was encountered only in small force, but we succeeded in capturing about one hundred and thirty prisoners. Johnson crossed below and Knipe in front of Franklin. Hood, finding his flanks turned, abandoned the place, which contained all of his wounded and a large quantity of rations.

The little town of Franklin presented a sight that to be seen would never be forgotten. All public buildings, churches, school-houses, stores and even shops and private dwellings had been converted into hospitals, into which the wounded had been crowded after the desperate battle of November 30. A good many of our own wounded were among the sufferers in the crowded hospitals and no doubt many of the wounded of both armies died for want of proper attention.

Wilson continued the pursuit south from Franklin with great energy, moving on all the roads, and continued to harass the flanks and rear of Hood's army. Johnson, who was moving on the Carter's Creek turnpike, turned Hood's right flank and dashed on in the direction of Spring Hill to strike the retreating army at that point. Croxtton was moving on the Lewisburg turnpike, driving the enemy rapidly along that thoroughfare, while Hatch and Knipe pushed him along the Columbia turnpike. The flanking columns were ordered to push forward and if possible to pass around the flanks of Hood's rear guard, while the center column kept pressing the rear.

A short distance south of Franklin, General Lee, who at

that time was in command of Hood's rear guard, decided to make a stand in order that his exhausted troops might enjoy a night's rest. But Hatch and Knipe attacked Hood's rear with great energy, driving it back in confusion, capturing three guns. In this running fight General Lee was wounded, and under cover of darkness fled in disorder to Spring Hill.

General Lee, in his official report of the Hood campaign, makes the following mention of the pursuit: "Early on the morning of the 17th our cavalry was driven in, in confusion, by the enemy, who at once commenced a most vigorous pursuit, his cavalry charging at every opportunity and in the most daring manner. It was apparent that they were determined to make the retreat a rout if possible. * * * I was compelled to withdraw rapidly toward Franklin, as the enemy was throwing a force in my rear from both the right and left of the pike, on roads coming into the pike near Franklin and five miles in my rear."

Early on the morning of the 18th the pursuit was continued, although we were out of rations, with Croxton and Johnson on the flanks endeavoring to strike the enemy at or near Spring Hill, with Hatch and Knipe in the center. On reaching Spring Hill we found the enemy had left early in the morning for Columbia. This day's march was made through mud and slush and a cold, drizzling rain. This was a quiet day, and late in the afternoon the command was halted some four miles south of Spring Hill, where it bivouacked for the night.

Before leaving camp on the morning of the 19th, rations were issued to the troops, after which the whole column resumed the pursuit through a storm of rain and snow. Hood fell back during the night and by morning was on the south side of Rutherford's Creek. After crossing the stream he destroyed the railroad bridge, and on reaching Rutherford's Creek we found his rear guard strongly posted behind works on the south bank, completely covering the crossings.

On approaching Rutherford's Creek we found this bold and rapid stream very much swollen by the heavy rains of the past twenty-four hours. This rise made it impossible for the cavalry to cross, and as we were without a pontoon bridge, a short halt was made. The deep, swift current of Rutherford's Creek formed almost as good a rear guard as Hood's discouraged troops. The rains had ruined the roads; in fact, it was almost impossible for the troops to move except along the turnpikes, the dirt roads being nothing more than quagmires. During the day several attempts were made to cross the stream, but all of them failed.

Wood's Fourth Corps reached us on the afternoon of the 19th. This was a very dreary and disagreeable day, as a cold and drizzling rain continued to fall during the day. Late in the afternoon Hatch made a floating bridge from material obtained from the partially destroyed railroad bridge, and taking his men over dismounted, succeeded in driving back the enemy from the south bank. During the night the pontoons arrived and on the morning of the 21st were thrown across Rutherford's Creek at or near where the Columbia turnpike crosses. Wilson's cavalry pushed on toward Columbia, but was able to capture but few prisoners, as Hood had taken advantage of the swollen stream to slip out of the way of his pursuers. At Rutherford's Creek the divisions of Johnson and Knipe were turned back and sent to Nashville for the purpose of being remounted.

On reaching Columbia the advance of Wilson's cavalry had a light skirmish at the crossing with the rear of Hood's army. There was considerable cannonading during the day by both armies, but toward night the firing ceased and all became quiet. Duck River was very much swollen by the recent rains. For the next two days the cavalry remained in camp, awaiting the arrival of the pontoons. The weather, which had been exceedingly gloomy and wet for the past few days, now changed to bitter cold, greatly retarding the work of laying the bridge in front of Columbia. The sudden freeze caused the river to fall rapidly, necessitating frequent alterations and changes of the bridge.

Hood from the very start managed to keep his wagons well toward his front, thereby saving them from capture. At this place Hood ran some of his guns into Duck River to prevent capture. Some time a month before, Hood's army was headed north and full of hope, expecting to brush away the little army that confronted them, capture Nashville and march on to Louisville. But after the reception given his army at Franklin and Nashville, he changed his mind, about-faced and, like the soldier who went to Lee for a furlough, continued the march. As the story may not be familiar to the reader, I will relate it. One day a soldier went to General R. E. Lee for a furlough. The general said to him, "Take the position of a soldier," which he promptly did. Lee then gave the command, "About-face, forward march!" And as the soldier was not halted he continued the march to his home.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE PURSUIT CONTINUED—ENGAGEMENT AT LYNNVILLE—CHRISTMAS EVE—PURSUIT ENDS—ORDERED TO WATERLOO—WINTER QUARTERS—THE MOVE INTO MISSISSIPPI—RETURN TO THE OLD CAMP.

Hood made some show of resistance at Columbia and hoped to maintain a defensive line on the south side of Duck River, but the deplorable condition of his army did not warrant him in making the attempt, so he abandoned that idea and moved south. The weather was cold, and Hood's troops, who were thinly clad and poorly fed, suffered terribly as they toiled painfully on over the frozen ground with swollen and bruised feet and empty haversacks. In order to end this barefooted march in mid-winter, hundreds threw away their guns and surrendered, thinking this would be the quickest way to end their sufferings.

But under all these great trials and misfortunes, Hood displayed great pluck, and now realized that the only way to avoid capture before reaching the Tennessee River was by placing a heavy force in the rear of his retreating army. He placed Walthall, of Stewart's corps, one of his youngest and bravest division commanders, in charge of eight brigades of infantry, whose effective strength was nineteen hundred men. This force was further strengthened by the divisions of Buford, Jackson and Chalmers, of Forrest's command, numbering not far from six thousand men, the whole under that intrepid leader, General N. B. Forrest. With this large and well-selected body of men Hood expected Forrest to cover the retreat of his army and save it from rout and destruction if possible.

On the 22nd, Wood's Fourth Corps crossed over, fol-

lowed on the morning of the 23rd by Wilson's cavalry. The two days' delay of Thomas's army at Columbia waiting for the pontoons to reach the front was wisely improved upon by Hood, who kept his army moving south, so that when the rear guard was pressed it would have a clear road and could fall back rapidly. With the exception of his rear guard, his army was badly demoralized, half of whom were unarmed and barefooted.

On the morning of the 24th, Wilson's cavalry continued the pursuit toward Pulaski, with Wood's Fourth Corps following. Croxton's brigade was in the advance, and after moving a short distance began skirmishing with the rear guard of Hood's army. The enemy fell back as we advanced and when Croxton's brigade had reached Lynnville, a point about half way between Columbia and Pulaski, Croxton found the enemy in line and ready for a fight.

Croxton formed his brigade in line and at once moved forward and boldly attacked Chalmers' division. After some pretty sharp fighting Chalmers was routed and driven in disorder from the field. The pursuit was continued to Buford Station, near Richland Creek. Here Forrest made a desperate effort to hold Wilson's troops in check in order that Hood's weary soldiers might get a little rest. His position was well chosen, and with the aid of six pieces of artillery and all of his cavalry, he was able to offer considerable resistance. Forrest placed his artillery on the turnpike and opened fire on our advancing troops.

The Union guns were sent to the front and responded with great vigor, dealing out shot and shell in great profusion. After a severe artillery duel, Wilson sent the divisions of Hatch and Harrison to the support of Croxton, who was hotly engaged. The whole of Wilson's cavalry moved forward, striking Forrest in front and flank. The rout was complete and the enemy fled in confusion across Richland Creek.

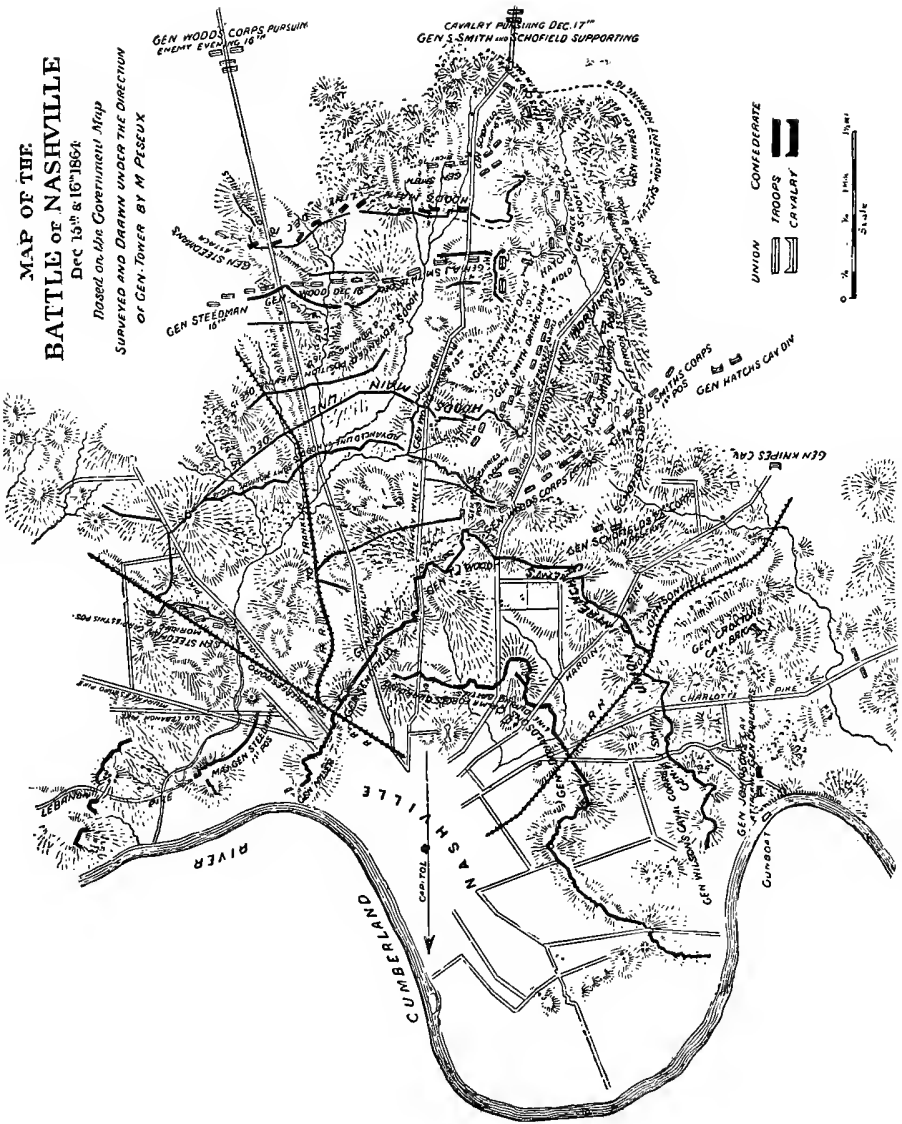
This engagement for a while was quite severe. One flag and several prisoners fell into our hands and General

**MAP OF THE
BATTLE OF NASHVILLE**
Dec 15th & 16th 1864

Based on the Government Map
SURVEYED AND DRAWN UNDER THE DIRECTION
OF GEN. TOWER BY M. PESCEUX

GEN WOODS CORPS PURSUING
ENEMY EVENING 16th

CAVALRY PURSUING DEC. 17th
GEN S. SMITH and SCHOFIELD SUPPORTING



UNION
CONFEDERATE
TROOPS
CAVALRY

0 1/2 1 Miles
0 100 200 Feet
Scale

Buford, one of Forrest's division commanders, was wounded. The army bivouacked on the field for the night. The casualties in the First Tennessee were as follows:

Killed—Company C, James L. Smith; Company H, Sergeant James P. Churchman.

Wounded—Company A, James H. Smith; Company C, Sergeant James E. Skeen, severely wounded in right arm; Company L, William T. Hall.

In this engagement Corporal Harrison Collins, Company A, captured General Chalmers' headquarters flag. The brave corporal saw the flag, dashed into the enemy's ranks, and in a personal encounter killed the color-bearer and secured the flag. After the engagement Corporal Collins, by order of Colonel Dyer, took the captured flag to General Croxton's headquarters, where he was highly complimented by his general for conspicuous bravery. He was ordered to Washington, where he was awarded a medal of honor for heroic conduct on the field. The writer was in Washington a few years ago and made an effort to find this trophy, but by an act of Congress all captured flags are stored away and no one is permitted to see them. The following complimentary notice was made at the time by our brigade commander:

HEADQUARTERS FIRST BRIGADE, FIRST CAVALRY DIVISION,
Near Richland Creek, December 25, 1864.

LIEUT. COL. A. J. ALEXANDER,
Chief of Staff, Cavalry Corps:

COLONEL: I have the honor to forward herewith a rebel battle-flag captured from Chalmers' division yesterday evening. The capture was made by Corporal Harrison Collins, Company A, First Tennessee Cavalry. The corporal saw the rebel standard-bearer, under the direction of a rebel major, trying to rally his men. He determined to have the flag, led a charge, killed the major, routed his men, and secured the flag.

I am, Colonel, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

JOHN T. CROXTON,
Brigadier-General Commanding.

During the night the enemy retreated to Pulaski. Gen-

eral Forrest makes the following mention of this engagement in his official report of the Hood campaign: "On the morning of the 24th I ordered the infantry back toward Pulaski on the main pike and my cavalry on the right and left flanks. After advancing about three miles the enemy was met, where a severe engagement occurred and the enemy was held in check for two hours. I retreated two miles, where I took position at Richland Creek. Brigadier-General Armstrong was thrown forward in front and General Ross on the right flank. Chalmers and Buford formed a junction, and were ordered on the left flank. Brigadier-General Armstrong was ordered to the support of six pieces of my artillery, which were placed in position immediately on the main pike and on a line with Buford's and Chalmers' divisions and Ross' brigade of Jackson's division. After severe artillery firing on both sides, two pieces of the enemy's artillery were dismounted. The enemy then flanked to the right and left and crossed Richland Creek on my right, with the view of gaining my rear. I immediately ordered Armstrong and Ross, of Jackson's division, to cross the bridge on the main pike and move around and engage the enemy, who were crossing the creek. Both Buford and Chalmers were heavily pressed on the left, and after an engagement of two hours I ordered them to fall back across Richland Creek. * * * Brigadier-General Buford was wounded in this engagement, and I ordered Brigadier-General Chalmers to assume command of Brigadier-General Buford's division, together with his own." We had no artillery dismounted, as reported by Forrest.

This was our third Christmas eve spent around the lonely camp-fire, and which was made memorable by the day's struggle and the loss of dear comrades. The First Tennessee had marched thousands of miles during the year, and as we gathered around the camp-fire and talked over the year's work and the great loss of life during that time, many eyes were moistened and tears could be seen trickling down the bronzed faces of these hardy veterans. It seemed

that there was no rest for the First Tennessee, but we all knew that from the "rapid strides" made during the past year the end was near at hand; besides, we had almost destroyed the largest army in the southwest. About one month before, we were falling back toward Nashville before the same army we were pursuing. Hood's veterans, which one month before were marching north with a quick step, with "high hopes, good rations and big pay," were now fleeing south in great confusion, with ranks badly shattered and broken.

On Christmas morning Wilson continued the pursuit toward Pulaski, pressing the enemy's rear guard with unusual vigor and audacity, the line of retreat still showing signs of haste and confusion. Trains, wagons and ammunition were destroyed to prevent capture. Forrest was driven rapidly through Pulaski, closely followed by Harrison's and Hammond's brigades. The enemy were pursued so rapidly that the bridge over Richland Creek, a short distance south of Pulaski, was saved. This was a most fortunate thing, as it enabled Wilson to continue the pursuit without delay. Forrest was not permitted to rest, but was pushed south faster than he really wanted to go.

In Forrest's hasty evacuation of Pulaski he was compelled to destroy a locomotive and several cars loaded with arms and ammunition. He threw four cannon into Richland Creek. Wilson pursued on, finding on the way abandoned artillery, ammunition and baggage-wagons, guns and equipments. Seven miles south of Pulaski, Forrest was compelled to make a stand in order that Hood's wagon train might be saved as Wilson had driven his rear guard close upon it. Forrest took up a position on Anthony's Hill, which he fortified and awaited the approach of Wilson's cavalry. This position was admirably selected, being hidden from view by heavy timber. The road at this point ran through a deep ravine and along the sides and at the head Forrest and Walthall threw up works.

About 2 p. m. the brigades of Harrison and Hammond,

who were in the advance, began skirmishing. Harrison dismounted his brigade and forming it in line of battle moved forward at once to the attack. The enemy opened with artillery, but Hammond's men moved on toward the works. And here, for the first time since the battle of Nashville, Walthall's infantry sprang over the works and drove back Harrison's men and captured one gun of Smith's Battery I, Fourth United States Artillery. Wilson immediately ordered up Croxton's brigade and Hatch's division to the support of Harrison and Hammond. Croxton, Hatch and Hammond moved on the flanks, while Harrison renewed the struggle in front. This move caused Forrest to abandon his position in haste, leaving about fifty prisoners in our hands. Late in the afternoon Forrest withdrew from his position and fell back to Sugar Creek, and during the night built a temporary line of works.

Early on the morning of the 26th, the pursuit was continued, with Hammond's brigade in the advance. The line of retreat still indicated haste, as the road was lined with abandoned wagons, muskets, equipments and stragglers who had fallen out, some from exhaustion, others for the purpose of being captured. To Hood's poor, hungry, half-clad and down-hearted soldiers the picture must have been a sad one, and the future dark, as they toiled on with bowed heads and decimated ranks. Wilson still pressed the enemy with increased determination and untiring energy, but the resistance during the morning was light. As Hammond approached Sugar Creek he encountered the advance of Ross' brigade, and after a sharp skirmish drove it back upon the main force.

Hammond pursued the retreating enemy to his works, where he was attacked by infantry and cavalry and driven back some distance. Hammond rallied his brigade and drove the enemy back to his works, holding the position until the arrival of the remainder of Wilson's troops. In the afternoon the enemy's position was shelled vigorously, after which they fell back to Shoal Creek. Here Walthall formed his

infantry in line to guard the crossing while Forrest's cavalry moved on to the Tennessee River. In the engagement at Sugar Creek the Second and Fourth Tennessee Cavalry, of Hammond's brigade, sustained their already brilliant reputation.

Here the pursuit practically ended. Hood, with the advance of his army, reached Bainbridge on the 25th, and on the 26th laid his pontoon and began crossing his army. On the 28th, Walthall's infantry, which had covered Hood's retreat so well, crossed to the south side and the pontoon was taken up. Hood moved the remnant of his army to Tupelo, Mississippi, by slow and easy march, and on the 23rd of January, 1865, at his own request, was relieved of his command. A small force of cavalry under Colonel Palmer crossed Tennessee River and overtook and destroyed Hood's pontoon train, consisting of two hundred wagons and seventy-eight pontoon-boats. Thus ended one of the most successful campaigns of the war.

Let us now turn and briefly read the account of this well-known retreat from the able pen of Major D. W. Sanders, assistant adjutant-general, French's division, Stewart's corps: "General Hood, in a campaign of thirty-eight days on the north side of the Tennessee River, fought the battles of Franklin and Nashville and wrecked his army. No damage of any consequence had been inflicted upon the enemy. Thomas, at Nashville, confronted him with a powerful and well-appointed army, fully equipped in all the arms of the service, and when he moved on him overwhelmed and routed him. At Columbia, it appeared as though Thomas would crush and capture the army. The pursuit of his mounted force under the command of General Wilson was fierce and relentless. The march of the rear guard from Columbia to Bainbridge, with the incessant assaults made upon it, is the most famous in the late war. The courage of this small body of troops was admirable; the hardships endured by them were terrible; and their endurance a lasting tribute to the devotion of the volunteer soldier. Their

brigade commanders were men of high and marked character, who had distinguished themselves on many fields in great battles. The escape of Hood's army was committed to their valor, and on them rested the hope of the army to reach the Tennessee River and to cross it in safety."

On the 30th, General Thomas announced to his army the completion of the campaign and gave orders for the disposition of his troops. A portion of Wilson's cavalry was sent to Huntsville, Alabama, and one division to Eastport, Mississippi. Croxton's brigade was ordered to Waterloo, Alabama.

This was the last time the old "Volunteer State" was invaded by the enemy. In Hood's army were thousands of Tennesseans, a great many of whom never left the State on the retreat. In no battle of the war were there so many Tennessee troops engaged on the Union side as at Nashville. The following organizations were present and took part in that memorable struggle: First, Second, Third, Fourth, Sixth, Tenth and Twelfth Cavalry; Third, Fifth, Sixth and Eighth Infantry; Batteries C and D, First Tennessee Light Artillery.

In this short campaign of only thirty-eight days, Hood lost by capture thirteen thousand, one hundred and eighty-nine men, besides hundreds who slipped away and never reported for duty again, and two thousand by desertion. He lost seventy-two pieces of artillery, besides large quantities of small arms, wagons and accoutrements and seventy stands of colors. If to the desertions and prisoners we add his loss in battle it is safe to say that not much more than one-half of his army recrossed the Tennessee River.

General Thomas lost during the campaign, in all forms of casualties, less than seven thousand men, and as the most of the wounds inflicted upon his troops were light, they soon returned to duty. General Wilson reported his loss during the campaign from all causes to be nine hundred and two. Wilson's loss is included in General Thomas's report.

Hood's army was completely wrecked and demoralized

and no damage of any consequence had been inflicted upon the Union army. Thomas's army had been hastily gathered together from different points to meet Hood's invasion, but demonstrated the fact that the unyielding patriotism of the Western men, under such a leader as Thomas, could not be doubted, and probably no army was ever more skilfully handled. Thomas had manifested his military ability early in 1861-2, and for the first time during the war was so large a Confederate army destroyed on the field of battle and on its retreat. The battles of Franklin and Nashville rank with those of Shiloh, Stone River and Chickamauga, and one remarkable feature is the small loss in killed, wounded and captured on the Union side. There seems to be but one way to account for it, and that is the skilful manner in which Thomas handled his troops.

The following dispatches will show the estimation in which General Thomas and his brave soldiers were held by the ruler of a great nation :

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE CUMBERLAND,
Near Nashville, Tenn., December 16, 1864.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 167.

The Major-General commanding, with pride and pleasure, publishes the following dispatches to the army, and adds thereto his own thanks to the troops for the unsurpassed gallantry and good conduct displayed by them in the battles of yesterday and to-day. A few more examples of devotion and courage like these, and the rebel army of the West, which you have been fighting for three years, will be no more, and you may reasonably expect an early and honorable peace :

WASHINGTON, D. C., December 15, 1864—11:30 A. M.

MAJOR-GENERAL THOMAS :

Please accept for yourself, officers and men the Nation's thanks for your good work of yesterday. You made a magnificent beginning. A grand consummation is within your easy reach ; do not let it slip.

A. LINCOLN.

WASHINGTON, D. C., December 15, 1864—Midnight.

MAJOR-GENERAL THOMAS :

I rejoice in tendering to you and the gallant officers and soldiers of your command the thanks of the Department for the brilliant achievements of this day, and hope that it is the harbinger of a

decisive victory, and will crown you and your army with honor and do much toward closing the war. We shall give you an hundred guns in the morning.

EDWIN M. STANTON, *Secretary of War.*

WASHINGTON, D. C., December 15, 1864.—11:45 P. M.

MAJOR-GENERAL THOMAS:

Your dispatch of this evening just received. I congratulate you and the army under your command for to-day's operations, and feel a conviction that to-morrow will add more fruits to your victory.

U. S. GRANT,

Lieutenant-General.

WAR DEPARTMENT, ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE,
Washington, March 11, 1865.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 33.

The following resolution is published for the information of all concerned:

PUBLIC RESOLUTION—NO. 24.

Joint Resolution of Thanks to Major-General George H. Thomas and the army under his command.

BE IT RESOLVED by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the thanks of Congress are due, and are hereby tendered, to Major-General George H. Thomas and the officers and soldiers under his command, for their skill and dauntless courage by which the rebel army under General Hood was signally defeated and driven from the State of Tennessee.

Approved March 3, 1865.

By order of Secretary of War.

E. D. TOWNSEND,

Assistant Adjutant-General.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE CUMBERLAND,
Pulaski, Tenn., December 29, 1864.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 169.

SOLDIERS: The Major-General commanding announces to you that the rear guard of the flying and dispirited enemy was driven across the Tennessee River on the night of the 27th instant. The impassable state of the roads and consequent impossibility to supply the army compels a closing of the campaign for the present. Although short, it has been brilliant in its achievements and unsurpassed in its results by any other of this war, and is one of which all who participated therein may be justly proud. That veteran rebel

army which, though driven from position to position, opposed a stubborn resistance to much superior numbers during the whole of the Atlanta campaign, taking advantage of the absence of the largest portion of the army which had been opposed to it in Georgia, invaded Tennessee, buoyant with hope, expecting Nashville, Murfreesboro, and the whole of Tennessee and Kentucky to fall into its power an easy prey, and scarcely fixing a limit to its conquests, after having received the most terrible check at Franklin on the 30th of November that any army has received during this war, and later met with signal repulse from the brave garrison of Murfreesboro in its attempt to capture that place, was finally attacked at Nashville, and although your forces were inferior to it in numbers, it was hurled back from the coveted prize upon which it had only been permitted to look from a distance, and finally sent flying, dismayed and disordered, whence it came, impelled by the instinct of self-preservation, and thinking only how it could relieve itself for short intervals from your persistent and harassing pursuit, by burning the bridges over the swollen streams as it passed them, until finally it had placed the broad waters of the Tennessee River between you and its shattered, diminished and discomfited columns, leaving its artillery and battle-flags in your victorious hands, lasting trophies of your noble daring and lasting mementoes of the enemy's disgrace and defeat.

You have diminished the forces of the rebel army, since it crossed the Tennessee River to invade the State, at the least estimate, 15,000 men, among whom were killed, wounded or captured eighteen general officers. Your captures from the enemy, as far as reported, amount to sixty-eight pieces of artillery, 10,000 prisoners, as many stands of small arms, several thousand of which have been gathered in and the remainder strew the route of the enemy's retreat, and between thirty and forty flags, besides compelling him to destroy much ammunition and abandon many wagons, and unless he is mad, he must forever relinquish all hope of bringing Tennessee again within the lines of the accursed rebellion. A short time will now be given you to prepare to continue the work so nobly begun.

By command of Major-General THOMAS.

WM. D. WHIPPLE,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

BLUE WATER, December 30, 1864.

SPECIAL FIELD ORDERS NO. 16.

It gives the brevet major-general great pleasure to transmit the following complimentary notice of the operations of the cavalry corps, and to assure the officers and soldiers of his command that he fully endorses the declaration of Major-General Thomas:

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE CUMBERLAND,
Pulaski, Tenn., December 29, 1864.

MAJOR-GENERAL J. H. WILSON, *Commanding Cavalry Corps,*
Military Division of the Mississippi:

GENERAL: The major-general commanding tenders his thanks to yourself, officers and men for the vigor, skill, bravery and endurance displayed by your corps in this long and toilsome pursuit of the retreating rebel army.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

WM. D. WHIPPLE,

Brigadier-General and Chief of Staff.

By order of Brevet Major-General WILSON:

E. B. BEAUMONT,

Major and Assistant Adjutant-General.

General Wilson's cavalry captured during the campaign eighty-six officers and three thousand, one hundred and forty-nine enlisted men, twelve flags, seventeen pieces of artillery and eleven caissons, two thousand, three hundred and eighty-six small arms, three locomotives, one hundred and eighty-four wagons, eight ambulances, one hundred and twenty-five pontoon wagons and seventy-eight boats, and one thousand, three hundred and forty-eight mules and horses.

When the pursuit ended, General Thomas gave orders for his army to build winter quarters. This was something new to the First Tennessee, and the boys went about the work with a will and soon had their "log cabins" ready for the plasterers. This was the only time during our service that such an opportunity had been given us to build comfortable quarters. We were beginning to congratulate ourselves on the solid comfort that we expected to get out of our cabins and the great improvement over the "dog-tent" when orders came to move. General Grant issued an order for the renewal of the campaign against the enemy.

After a rest of two weeks the First Tennessee left its splendid quarters at Waterloo and plunged into the swamps of Mississippi with the remainder of the brigade. Croxton crossed the Tennessee River without opposition and moved

through Eastport, then, turning southwest, marched his brigade to Iuka, on the Memphis & Charleston Railroad. From this place Croxton marched his command on through Burnsville to Corinth, skirmishing lightly on the way and picking up a few prisoners.

Iuka and Corinth had both been made historic by the desperate fighting between the forces of Grant, Van Dorn and Price in September and October, 1862. There was ample evidence that contending armies had struggled in and around these old Mississippi towns. The engagement at Corinth was exceedingly fierce and bloody. It was in this fierce and sanguinary struggle that the gallant and intrepid soldier, General A. P. Hackleman, was killed and General R. J. Oglesby severely wounded on the Union side, while the brave General Rogers, leading his Texas brigade, fell in front of Battery Robinette. At Iuka, General Little was killed and General Whitfield wounded on the enemy's side.

From Corinth Croxton moved east to Farmington and after a short rest marched back to Iuka. This part of Mississippi is exceedingly low and flat and during dry weather is very nice, but when thoroughly wet by protracted rains might very properly be denominated a swamp. But the soil is as easily affected by the drought as by rains. Corinth is built upon low land and is situated at the junction of the Memphis & Charleston and the Mobile & Ohio Railroads.

After resting for one day at Iuka, Croxton moved his brigade back through Eastport to the old camp-ground at Waterloo, Alabama, where it remained for a month.

“We’re tenting to-night on the old camp-ground,
Give us a song to cheer
Our weary hearts—a song of home
And friends we love so dear!
Many are the hearts that are weary to-night,
Wishing for the war to cease;
Many are the hearts looking for the right,
To see the dawn of peace.
Tenting to-night, tenting to-night,
Tenting on the old camp-ground.”

This movement of Croxton's brigade into Mississippi was for the purpose of watching the movements of Hood and finding out the route his retreating army had taken. From this place numerous scouts were made in all directions. The last man wounded in the First Tennessee was James H. Blakely, private Company A, who was shot by "bushwhackers" on one of these scouts, February, 1865.

The last of January the Second and Third Brigades of McCook's division arrived at our camp at Waterloo. These brigades, by order of General Wilson, left Nashville on the 11th day of December, 1864, for the purpose of checking General Lyon, who was reported to be moving on the Louisville & Nashville Railroad. After doing considerable damage, he was driven out of Kentucky with a loss of three-fourths of his command. By order of General Wilson, the Third Brigade, commanded by General Watkins, was broken up, the Sixth Kentucky Cavalry being assigned to Croxton's brigade and the Fourth and Seventh Kentucky to La Grange's brigade.

CHAPTER XIX.

RELIEVED AT THE FRONT—ORDERED TO NASHVILLE—THE SURRENDER OF LEE—GREAT REJOICING IN CAMP—THE WAR ENDED—PREPARING FOR MUSTER-OUT.

While at this camp the First Tennessee was relieved of duty at the front and ordered to Nashville to be mustered out. Here ended the military service of this gallant body of men, whose dead lie scattered over seven different States, in which they rendered distinguished service. The First Tennessee during its three years' service marched over fourteen thousand miles, which, together with its large death-roll and its "staying qualities" in battle, made it a noted regiment in the Army of the Cumberland, where it performed the greater part of its service. The battles, marches, picket and camp duty, the shouts of victory on fields of carnage, were about to end; we were soon to part from, and "bid adieu" to our comrades of the old First Brigade, composed of the Second Michigan, Eighth Iowa, Fourth Kentucky, who had stood shoulder to shoulder on a score of battlefields where shot and shell and the "ever zipping minie" had decimated their ranks.

As a regiment it had never disgraced the flags it bore or the cause it loved and had battled for during three terrible years of carnage and bloodshed. We make a modest claim, and that, too, without being called egotistical, that we did our whole duty, and as members of a fighting regiment helped to sustain the already brilliant reputation of the old "Volunteer State." The splendid record made by Tennessee's noble and patriotic sons in the early wars was hardly equalled in any age. We find these hardy pioneer riflemen fighting in the ranks of Sevier and Shelby at King's Mountain, under

Jackson and Coffee at the battle of the Horseshoe, and at New Orleans, where Sir Edward Pakenham was slain and his splendid and well-equipped army routed and driven from the field by the unerring aim of the Tennessee riflemen.

Later on, we find the sons of the old "Volunteer State" springing to arms in numbers much greater than her quota and following the old flag across the burning sands of Mexico to lead the assaulting columns at Monterey and Cerro Gordo. In the late war we find these same loyal sons of East Tennessee marching forth to battle under the old flag, and by their valor have added lustre to the escutcheon of the "Volunteer State."

Before leaving Waterloo the officers and enlisted men of the regiment presented General John T. Croxton, their brigade commander, with a handsome sword, properly engraved, as a slight token of the confidence and estimation they placed upon him as their commander, whether it was upon the field of battle, on the march or in camp. Lieutenant-Colonel Dyer marched the regiment to General Croxton's headquarters and formed it in line in front of his tent. The General, mistrusting that something "unusual" was up, came forward and greeted us, after which the boys gave him three rousing cheers. Rev. John P. Holtsinger, chaplain of the First Tennessee, then stepped forward and on behalf of the officers and men of the regiment presented the sword to the General. His address was as follows:

GENERAL: I have been selected and solicited by the officers and men of my regiment to perform the very honorable and agreeable duty of presenting to you this sword, which I hope you will receive as evidence of the favorable opinion which your meritorious military conduct has induced us to form of you since it has been our good fortune to be placed under your command. I have been appointed and urged to the performance of this duty from no other consideration than that I am an old man.

When first you received us into your brigade and assumed command of us, our forms and features were strange to each other, bearing no marks of familiarity except the uniforms of the great Union army. Allow me to assure you that your fame as a warrior had reached us long before we met and stood shoulder to shoulder

in opposition to the enemies of our government. We had heard of your valuable service and meritorious management on various battlefields, where the earth was made crimson with the blood of the slain; and we were not only satisfied, but we were proud and felt honored to have you for our brigade commander, either in camp or on the field of conflict.

Since we formed a part of your command, our lot has been almost constantly cast in the immediate front of a powerful foe, and I only represent and reiterate the honest expression of my regiment when I declare that you have at all times, even on occasions the most critical, given ample satisfaction both to officers and men. Our protracted association and military relationships have been of that friendly character which imparts success and honor to comrades contending for the same and great glorious cause. It is with feelings of profound regret that we part from friends and army associates with whom we have mutually struggled on many battlefields for liberty—the richest boon on earth.

We finally leave this sword with you, which, judging from the past, we have every reason to believe you will wield in a way that will do honor to yourself and the good and great government for which you are gallantly contending.

To this General Croxton replied as follows:

SOLDIERS AND FRIENDS OF FREEDOM: I accept and receive this sword as a token of the satisfaction which I have been able to impart to the magnanimous soldiers whom it has given me pleasure, as well as reputation, to command. The scenes and sufferings, privations and perils, through which you passed in the early days of the rebellion are known to me, and my sympathies have long since been enlisted in your favor, while I have truly sorrowed on account of your condition and the condition of your friends at home. The oppression of the Union people of East Tennessee has been to me a source of sorrow. I am better prepared to understand your sufferings because in Kentucky, the place of my residence, the Union party encountered oppression and abuse in common with their Union friends in East Tennessee. It was neither inclination nor ambition for military renown that induced me to enter the service, but principle, which should at all times control ambition and inclination, led me into the path of the warrior when the great struggle was brought about by rebels for the overthrow of our government.

The regiment with which I first served, and which I had the honor to command, was the first to pitch tents and establish a Federal camp south of the Ohio River. Kentucky, like Tennessee, in the beginning of the war, was overrun and abused by rebels; and

Kentuckians were compelled, at an early day of the war, to choose their principles and act accordingly. It is with deep regret that I witness your withdrawal and departure from my command. Understanding as I do the honorable and upright course which you have taken since the beginning of the rebellion, I cannot hesitate to express my conviction that you will continue to oppose the enemies of union and freedom until law and order are restored throughout our broad land. I am gratified to believe that you will not divest yourselves of the Federal uniform and the weapons of war until secession is not known in our land except in history.

Soldiers, you will long be remembered and respected by me for your unhesitating obedience and uncomplaining endurance, both in camp and on the field of action. Long may you live to enjoy the liberty for which you have nobly fought and realize the fruits of the perilous labors which you have performed.

On the 10th day of February, 1865, the First Tennessee embarked on government transports at Eastport, Mississippi, for Nashville. The most of the men took hurricane and boiler-deck passage on the transports. Company C—the writer's company—with others, was on the *Westmoreland*, a large side-wheel steamer. As the transports swung off and began moving down the beautiful Tennessee cheer after cheer went up in answer to those given by the boys of the old brigade.

On our way to Nashville we met a great many heavily loaded transports, accompanied by gunboats, on their way to Eastport with supplies for the army, which was then being concentrated at that point. These transports and the dark-looking gunboats were puffing and plowing up the water, while great clouds of black smoke rose from their huge stacks.

We passed on this trip Shiloh, or Pittsburg Landing, Forts Henry and Donelson, all of which have already passed into history, but were pleasant and interesting sights to us. In passing these historic places no sound of the hostile cannon or the shouts of the charging troops could be heard. After a short run we entered Tennessee and soon reached Shiloh. Here, on that bright Sabbath morning of April 6, 1862, General Grant was aroused from his sleep by the boom

of cannon. Along the banks of the Tennessee the Union army under Grant and the Confederates under A. S. Johnson met in deadly conflict. In the first day's battle Johnson was slain and Grant's army driven back to the banks of the river, where during the night the gunboats *Tyler* and *Lexington* dropped 24-pound shells into the enemy's line. On the morning of the 7th, Beauregard, who succeeded Johnson, was routed and driven from the field toward Corinth.

After passing Shiloh the Tennessee River turns almost due north and at Fort Henry leaves Tennessee and enters the State of Kentucky. On the 5th day of February, 1862, this fort was captured by Commodore Foote, who commanded the small fleet of gunboats of Grant's army. The fort was commanded by General Tilgham, and after one hour's bombardment he was forced to surrender.

We reached the mouth of the Tennessee river at Paducah without accident, and after a short stay the transports carrying the regiment turned up the Ohio River. At Smithland the boats entered the Cumberland River and steamed away up the placid stream, while the black smoke floated lazily from the tops of the stacks. Just before reaching Fort Donelson we left Kentucky and again entered Tennessee. The mouths of the Tennessee and Cumberland Rivers are only twelve miles apart, and where they enter Tennessee at Fort Henry are only about eight miles apart. It is rather singular that two rivers so large should run such a long distance almost parallel and so close together.

On rounding a bend in Cumberland River below Fort Donelson we caught sight of the "old flag" and the fort. This was the place where Grant won his first important victory in the west, compelling Buckner to surrender on the 16th day of February, 1862.

The weather was good for that season of the year, and the scenery along the route was truly grand. In fact, it was beyond the power of pen to describe or painter to portray. At the mouth of Harpeth River the transports encountered

the famous Harpeth Shoals. The Cumberland River is very shallow at this point and during extreme drouths it puzzles the most skillful pilot to take his vessel safely across the shoals.

After several days were spent in this manner of traveling, the First Tennessee reached the capital of its own State without accident and went into camp at Edgefield, on the Gallatin turnpike. This was the fourth time the regiment had marched through the streets of Nashville. Two months before, the thunder of artillery and the rattle of musketry was heard in Nashville—now, all was quiet and the only real signs of war were the guards moving about in the discharge of duty and the various regiments passing through on their way home to be mustered out. The officers were kept busy closing up their accounts, making up muster-out rolls and getting ready for the final discharge.

We were given a great deal of liberty while in Nashville; in fact, the "freedom of the city" was given us. The guard at the bridge would not look near so long at our passes or ask so many "foolish" questions as on former occasions. There was some little delay in the muster-out of the regiment, but in a few days that duty was performed by Captain P. W. Neil, Eighteenth United States Infantry.

The regiment was still in Nashville when Lee surrendered. The 9th of April was a proud and memorable day. The news of the surrender of Lee's army was flashed over the wires and a salute of two hundred guns was ordered to be fired by E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War, at all posts, headquarters of the army, arsenals and at West Point. Everything in Nashville was in an uproar, and the soldiers were wild with excitement. Bands were playing, soldiers cheering and artillery booming. It was a regular Fourth of July celebration on a high order. Men who were never known to smile now laughed; those who were always quiet in camp were heard to shout, and those who were never known to take a drink of commissary whiskey actually got drunk, and in the language of our own Davy Crockett said, "Let's take another drink."

The guns on Capitol Hill and in the forts at Nashville belched forth this glorious news, and we all felt that the war was almost at an end and soon peace would once more return and witness a united country again. The greater part of the men composing the regiment enlisted in March and April, 1862, and on the muster-out of those who enlisted first, the remainder were reorganized and remained on duty in Nashville until mustered out June 14, 1865. The reader will bear in mind that there was great irregularity in the enlistment of the Tennessee soldiers, owing to the fact that it was impossible for them to escape from rebel territory only as opportunity and favorable circumstances presented themselves; therefore the expiration of their enlistment varied and differed accordingly.

This reorganization afforded an opportunity for several worthy promotions. Major R. Thornburgh, of the First Battalion, being the senior officer left, was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel; Captain E. J. Colville, Company L, was promoted to Major; David Shaw, sergeant Company G, was promoted to First Lieutenant in the same company; Newton T. Beal, private of Company E, was promoted to Second Lieutenant in Company G. Several worthy promotions were made among the non-commissioned officers and privates, but the writer has been unable to obtain a list and make honorable mention of the same.

The First Tennessee performed the greater part of its service in the Army of the Cumberland, and although this army was greatly scattered when the great struggle ended, yet its heroic achievements still live and its dead are honored by a loving people. The Army of the Cumberland was unsurpassed for bravery, and the gallant record made by it was one that was not excelled during the Civil War. It furnished a little more than half the troops for the Atlanta campaign. It was well represented in Sherman's grand march to the sea, and fought alone the battles of Mill Springs, Perryville, Stone River and Chickamauga.

It gave aid to the Army of the Tennessee at Fort Don-

elson and Pittsburg Landing, or Shiloh. We find it again dividing the glory of Franklin with the Army of the Ohio and at Nashville with the Armies of the Ohio and the Tennessee. It also helped win Missionary Ridge and Lookout Mountain. In Wilson's great "rush" through Mississippi, Alabama and Georgia, we find representatives of the Army of the Cumberland. Upon its banners were inscribed the names of scores of historic fields.

The only field this army ever gave to the enemy in its unity was bloody Chickamauga, and then the enemy was so severely punished that the pursuit was weak and made without energy. Notwithstanding the great loss of life in the Army of the Cumberland its ranks were kept filled, and at the close of the great struggle it is safe to say that it numbered at least one hundred and sixty-five thousand men, who were now to return home and resume the pursuits of civil life.

The final report of the Adjutant-General's office from 1861 to 1866 shows a total loss in the Union army, from all causes, to be three hundred and thirteen thousand men. Tennessee lost in the same period and from all causes, six thousand, seven hundred and seventy-seven men. Of this number seven hundred and forty-four were killed or died of wounds. Five thousand, one hundred and ninety-two died of disease. In this list the twelve hundred and eighty-two that died in prison are included. Three hundred and seven were drowned. From other causes, such as murdered, killed after capture, suicide, etc., four hundred and ninety. The Second Tennessee Infantry lost more men in prison than any regiment in the United States service. This gallant regiment was captured at Rogersville, Tennessee, November 6, 1863.

The total enrollment of the First Tennessee during its term of service, from the best and most reliable source, was fourteen hundred and ninety-three men. The regiment lost in killed and died of wounds and disease, three hundred and thirty-three men. Those that died in prison are included

in this list. Three men from Tennessee committed suicide during the war and one of this number was from the First Tennessee. The most frequent causes for discharge from the army were gunshot wounds, consumption, diarrhea and typhoid fever. The largest number of deaths from disease in the army occurred from chronic diarrhea and fever. The First Tennessee lost more men from fever than any other disease. During the war there were two hundred and ninety-eight battles fought in Tennessee,—Virginia alone exceeding the "Volunteer State."

The seven National Cemeteries located in Tennessee contain the remains of fifty-seven thousand and five of the Union dead who gave up their lives in order that this great and growing country might remain undivided. The largest cemetery in Tennessee is located at Nashville. The remainder are given in the order as to the number of interments in each: Memphis, Chattanooga, Stone River, Pittsburg Landing, Knoxville and Fort Donelson. Their graves are kept green at the expense of the government they helped to save, and their surviving comrades and friends on each 30th of May perform a loving and patriotic duty by recounting what they did in song and story and the placing of flags and flowers upon their graves. The dead of the First Tennessee lie buried in all of the cemeteries of their native State, with the exceptions of Pittsburg Landing and Fort Donelson.

The First Tennessee met the enemy at the following places: Cumberland Gap, June 18, 1862; Rigg's Cross Roads, Tenn., April 16, 1863; College Grove, Tenn., May 8, 1863; Rover, Tenn., June 23, 1863; Middletown, Tenn., June 24, 1863; Shelbyville, Tenn., June 27, 1863; Lafayette, Ga., Sept. 13, 1863; Chickamauga, Ga., Sept. 19 and 20, 1863; Sparta, Tenn., Nov. 30, 1863; Dandridge, Tenn., Dec. 24, 1863; Mossy Creek, Tenn., Dec. 29, 1863; Fairgarden, Tenn., Jan. 27, 1864; Varnell's Station, Ga., May 9, 1864; Resaca, Ga., May 14, 1864; Burnt Hickory, Ga., May 26, 1864; Brownlow's Hill, or Acworth, Ga., June 4, 1864;

Lost Mountain, Ga., June 16, 1864; Mason's Church, Ga., July 23, 1864; Lovejoy's Station, Ga., July 29, 1864; Newnan, Ga., July 31, 1864; Lavergne, Tenn., Sept. 1, 1864; Franklin, Tenn., Sept. 2, 1864; Campbellsville, Tenn., Sept. 5, 1864; Pulaski, Tenn., Sept. 27, 1864; Shoal Creek, Ala., Nov. 5, 1864; Hurt's Cross Roads, Tenn., Nov. 29, 1864; Franklin, Tenn., Nov. 30, 1864; Nashville, Tenn., Dec. 15 and 16, 1864; and Lynnville, Tenn., Dec. 24, 1864.

In addition to these engagements the regiment had scores of skirmishes, some of which were quite severe, and the writer is unable to recall a single instance in which the First Tennessee ever refused or failed to execute any order given to it, no matter how difficult and dangerous the execution appeared. Colonel Brownlow was never heard to say "go, boys," but always "come." Lieutenant-Colonel Dyer led the regiment with equal gallantry after Colonel Brownlow was wounded.

Thirty-five years have passed away since the great struggle ended and we find the highest offices within the gift of the American people have been filled by soldiers. In all the vocations of life they have "paddled their own canoes" admirably. Sober, enterprising, wide-awake, clear-headed, the soldiers of the Civil War have made an honorable record in peace as well as war, and to-day take high rank as good and useful citizens. The writer is more than gratified to be able to say that so far as his means of knowledge extend the surviving members of the First Tennessee are making just as good and useful citizens as they were soldiers. They are industrious and are fighting the battle of life as manfully as they fought the battles of their country.

Since the close of the war forts and rifle-pits have in many places disappeared and given place to beautiful homes and sweet-scented flowers. Yet in many places they still remain, and serve as reminders of the great struggle away back in the sixties. We no longer hear the roar of hostile guns from the ramparts or the shouts of the charging troops,

but instead the happy voices of playful children. Where the smoke of battle once hung low, shutting out from view the contending forces, we now see the smoke of the factory and furnace. Those who were once enemies and engaged in the deadly fray are now engaged in these peaceful and industrial pursuits, each striving to build up the waste places and to reunite this great and growing country of ours over which today one flag alone waves triumphantly.

CHAPTER XX.

CLOSING SCENES—UNDER THE TATTERED FLAG—MUSTERED OUT—FAREWELL GREETING—RECEPTION BY THE LOYAL PEOPLE.

The First Tennessee was now about to leave the service, and the writer makes the modest claim that it made an honorable and creditable record, one that their country and children may well be proud of. The list of engagements and its death-roll tell part of the story, and during its service won the name of "The Fighting First," and although not one of Fox's three hundred fighting regiments, yet it was a brave and gallant body of men, and wherever it was engaged its losses bore evidence of its valor. It carried the Stars and Stripes and marched under its waving folds when screaming shot and hissing shell were sweeping them away. The period when the regiment was organized was one when disaster seemed at hand and the fate of the nation hung trembling in the balance. The inducements for enlisting were the very poorest. No magnificent bounties or "big pay" were offered, or mild service to lure them into the ranks. All that was left "in that dark and trying hour" to give the volunteer impulse was: "Your country needs you; go!" Never was there such a patriotic uprising of the loyal people all over the land.

The men composing the First Tennessee have already transmitted to posterity on the pages of history the evidence of its valor on the field of battle. Hundreds of its members will never again respond to any earthly roll-call or spring to arms at the nation's call. Their work is done, and their voices are silent. Captains Lane, Bowman and Cannon; Lieutenants Whitehead, Stapleton, Cox, Roberts and Hull;



REGIMENTAL FLAG AS IT APPEARS TO-DAY

the long list of sergeants, corporals and privates, sleep the unending sleep of death. Their forms have decomposed into dust, the origin and the end of man. They died in the mountains of Kentucky and Tennessee, by the banks of the Cumberland, Tennessee and Chattahoochee Rivers, on the battlefield, in the hospital and in prison. No monuments mark their resting-places, but a deathless fame immortalizes their deeds.

What a strange and happy change was now going on—the war over and the soldiers being mustered out! About a million of Union soldiers threw off their blue uniforms, laid down the weapons of war, and putting on citizens clothing took up the arms of peace, soon to be lost sight of in a busy world. Never had the world witnessed such a change. In 1861-2 the great Union army, which had sprung into existence from the loyal and patriotic people of the United States, were now as suddenly transformed back to the peaceful pursuits of civil life.

The writer has endeavored in this brief work to give the reader a correct account of the gallant record made by the First Tennessee from 1862 to 1865. It has been a labor of love as well as a pleasant duty to record the many heroic deeds performed by the regiment. The First Tennessee had brave, competent and faithful officers, while in the ranks the men who carried the carbines and wielded the saber were also brave and patriotic and discharged their duty faithfully.

The regiment was composed of good material—mostly farmers—and was organized and led by volunteer officers. The moral character was good and no regiment in the service was more religiously inclined. This was doubtless due in a great measure to its worthy chaplain, who was a most excellent Christian gentleman. He preached to the men every Sunday, when it was possible to do so, and his meetings were always largely attended and of the most devout character. It had as few camp fights as any regiment in the service.

There were several officers and enlisted men of the

First Tennessee commissioned in other regiments, while others were detailed to fill various positions of trust and responsibility, and the writer is unable to recall a single instance where anyone betrayed the confidence or degraded the office he was called upon to fill.

In the preparation of this work the writer has at times almost given up the enterprise for want of proper information and facts. Those who are familiar with the early organization of the Tennessee regiments will remember that they were made up in the State of Kentucky, and the irregular way in which the men composing these regiments made their escape in order to enlist will realize at once the great difficulty in collecting facts for such a work. The State was also a battleground most of the time. But after a year of hard and patient labor this brief history has been prepared, in which the many thrilling and heroic deeds are recorded, and the writer feels warranted in saying that a grateful people fully appreciate your untiring sacrifice and devotion to the "old flag" and that your blood was not spilled in vain.

The recruits remained in the service until the 14th of June, when they were mustered out. Major Russell Thornburgh, being the senior officer left, commanded the recruits until they were discharged. The men were paid, the final discharge given, and after marching to their quarters we exchanged farewell greetings with those of our comrades who were to remain in the service for a short time. It was a sad parting, one that all will remember. Many letters were sent home by the boys who remained behind.

The regiment as a unit assembled for the last time under the folds of its old flag, and as the grim warriors gazed at its tattered folds under which they had marched and fought for three long years, many tears could be seen trickling down the bronzed faces of the men. Our thoughts went out in loving memory for those of our comrades who had fallen in battle, died in the hospital or in prison—the last the saddest of all.

It is true our efforts to help crush the rebellion were

successful, but the highways along which we marched and fought have also been made moist and crimson by the blood of our own dead. It is true the rebellion could have been put down without the aid of the First Tennessee, yet the small streams help to make up the ocean.

On the 11th day of April the Knox County boys and a large number of the men from the upper East Tennessee counties left camp and marched to the depot and embarked on the cars for home, leaving behind a record that has already passed into history. At Cleveland, Tennessee, we heard of the assassination of President Lincoln at Washington. On reaching our respective homes we were warmly and cordially received by the loyal people, who greeted us with open arms. Grim war nor cruel treatment had dampened their love for the Union or sympathy for the boys in blue.

All over East Tennessee the returning soldiers were greeted with outstretched arms, and banquets were given in their honor. What a relief from an almost unbroken strain, after three years of faithful service at the front! We said goodbye, drill and dress-parade; goodbye, saber, gun and tent; adieu, faithful horse and much-beloved canteen; farewell, old hard-tack and army bean:

An affectionate adieu
To each of you.

Each returning soldier recalled the fact that others had gone out with him, but would never return. They also recalled the days of battle and of death in hospital and in prison. But with these sad memories came peace—no more battles, no more prisons, no more hospitals. The boys were welcomed home, and the people were ready and willing to help the boys begin life again, and nothing was too good for a returning soldier.

The recruits remained on duty in Nashville until the 14th of June, 1865, when they were all mustered out and returned home.

Now, comrades of the First Tennessee, I have attempted to follow your movements for three years and to correctly record your deeds and the part you took in the great struggle, but will let you judge of their correctness. I have followed as best I could your movements in the States of Virginia, Kentucky, Ohio, Tennessee, Alabama, Georgia and Mississippi, the States in which you performed distinguished service. And now, having followed all of your movements from enlistment to muster-out at Nashville, the capital of your own State, and being unable to follow you any further or to accompany each one of you home, I will leave you and bid each one a long and affectionate farewell.

Comrades, it has been one of the most pleasant duties of my life to write a history of your service. But remember, comrades, this has been no small undertaking, and if any errors have been made they are of the head and not the heart.

Since the close of the war the surviving members of the regiment have organized an association known as "The First Tennessee Cavalry Association," which meets annually. These annual gatherings are well attended and are seasons of great enjoyment. Through the kindness of Mrs. W. G. Brownlow, the mother of our colonel, the old flag under which the regiment marched and fought was presented by her to the association and is an interesting memento at our meetings.

The whitening hair, the failing vision and the halting step all prefigure the inevitable hour when all must pass over and join the silent majority beyond.

ROSTER AND RECORD

...OF THE...

First Tennessee Cavalry.

Organized at Camp Garber, Ky., March and April, 1862. Mustered out at Nashville, Tenn., April and June, 1865. The roster contains the name, military record and postoffice address of all the men whose names were borne upon the rolls of the regiment during its service, and is as complete and accurate as can be made from the facts and dates at hand.

1862—1865.

FIELD AND STAFF.

COLONELS.

ROBERT JOHNSON. Enrolled Feb. 28, 1862. Resigned on account of ill health May 31, 1863, at Triune, Tenn. After resigning he went to Nashville, where for a short time he assisted his father, who was then Governor of Tennessee. He was a kind officer and good to his men. Died at Greeneville, Tenn., April 22, 1869.

BREVET BRIGADIER-GENERAL, JAMES P. BROWNLOW. Enrolled April 1, 1862. Elected Captain of Company C at its organization. Elected Lieutenant-Colonel Aug. 1, 1862. Promoted to Colonel on the resignation of Colonel Johnson. Captured at Fairgarden, Tenn., Jan. 27, 1864; made his escape soon after and rejoined the regiment. Led the First Brigade from the disastrous field near Newnan, Ga., July

30, 1864, after the separation of General Croxton from his command. Severely wounded at Franklin, Tenn., Sept 2, 1864. Was appointed Brigadier-General by brevet by President Lincoln March 13, 1865. This promotion was for gallantry and meritorious service during the war. Was present and mustered out with the regiment, his time having expired. Appointed Captain in the Eighth United States Cavalry, July, 1866. Resigned in March, 1868. Died at Knoxville, Tenn., April 27, 1878.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL.

C. M. DYER. Enrolled July 12, 1862. Elected Lieutenant Company H, July 12, 1862. Promoted to Major, Aug. 4, 1863; Lieutenant-Colonel, Sept. 19, 1864. Commanded the regiment after Colonel Brownlow was wounded at Franklin, until it returned to Nashville to be mustered out. He was killed by a colored soldier in Knoxville, Tenn., Feb. 13, 1866. Colonel Dyer was attending a sale of government property and on entering the building was shot dead by the soldier who was on guard. His only excuse for the dastardly act was that a white officer resembling Colonel Dyer, he claimed, had offended him. The culprit was captured by Colonel Dyer's friends shortly afterward and hung.

MAJORS.

JAMES O. BERRY. Enrolled April 15, 1862. Appointed Adjutant of the regiment April, 1862. Promoted to Major May 15, 1862. Resigned Jan. 6, 1863. Address, Denton, Texas.

M. T. BURKHEART. Enrolled April 1, 1862. Elected First Lieutenant Company C at its organization. Promoted to Captain August, 1, 1862; to Major, Nov. 1, 1862. Resigned Aug. 4, 1863. Died April 11, 1902.

W. R. TRACY. Enrolled Oct. 12, 1862. Elected Major Nov., 1862. Resigned June 22, 1863.

ABRAHAM HAMMOND. Enrolled Aug. 6, 1862. Elected Captain Company I at its organization. Promoted to Major

May 21, 1863. Resigned June 22, 1863. Address, Indianola, Neb.

RUSSELL THORNBURGH. Enrolled Aug., 1862. Elected Lieutenant Company K. Promoted to Major Aug. 5, 1863. Wounded in right arm at Dandridge, Tenn., Dec. 24, 1863. Was the ranking officer left on the muster-out of the regiment, and commanded the recruits until the final muster-out in June, 1865. Died in 1899.

H. C. FLAGG. Enrolled April 1, 1862. Elected Captain Company E at its organization. Promoted to Major Aug. 6, 1863. Address, Whitesburg, Tenn.

BURTON SMITH. Enrolled Aug. 1, 1862. Elected Captain Company K at its organization. Promoted to Major Sept. 22, 1864. Died at Red Clay, Ga., June 29, 1888. Widow's address, Sherman Heights, Tenn.

SURGEONS AND ASSISTANT SURGEONS.

P. W. LOGAN. Appointed Surgeon by Colonel Johnson April, 1862. Resigned Dec. 29, 1862. Address, Milledgeville, Ky.

FIRST ASSISTANT A. J. TAYLOR. Enrolled 1862. Resigned, date unknown. Died in 1902.

SECOND ASSISTANT JNO. T. JONES. Enrolled Nov. 1, 1862. Appointed First Assistant Surgeon on resignation of Taylor; Surgeon, on resignation of Dr. Logan. Died at Nashville, Tenn., 1885.

SECOND ASSISTANT JAS. H. JONES. Enrolled Nov 1, 1862. Appointed Second Assistant Surgeon on resignation of John S. Jones. Resigned June 22, 1863. Address, New Albany, Ind.

W. F. GREEN. Enrolled Aug. 15, 1863. Elected Surgeon in Sept., 1863. Business address, No. 3 Noel Block, Nashville, Tenn.

FIRST ASSISTANT JOHN L. REED. Enrolled March 30, 1863. Appointed First Assistant Surgeon in 1863. Died at Content, Texas, date unknown.

SECOND ASSISTANT W. T. RANKIN. Enrolled Nov. 1, 1862. Appointed Second Assistant Surgeon Nov., 1863. Resigned on account of ill health Feb. 18, 1865. Died at his home in Jefferson County, Tenn., date unknown.

CHAPLAIN.

JOHN P. HOLTSINGER. Enrolled Aug., 1862. Elected by the officers of the regiment and mustered as Chaplain, with rank of Captain. He was the first Chaplain of the regiment and held that position until final muster-out. He was a Cumberland Presbyterian minister, and was from Greeneville, Tenn. Was a brave man and a true Christian of the highest order—the idol of his men. Died at his home near Greeneville, Tenn., Oct. 26, 1875. The survivors of the regiment have erected a beautiful monument to his memory.

ADJUTANTS.

JAMES O. BERRY. Enrolled April 15, 1862. See Field and Staff.

JOHN HALL. Enrolled April, 1862. Appointed Adjutant May, 1862. Resigned on account of ill health, date unknown. Afterwards joined the navy and was lost at sea; no record of date or place.

JAMES BUNCH. Enrolled 1862. Appointed Adjutant. Resigned a short time after his appointment; no record of date.

CHAS. H. BENTLEY. Enrolled Nov. 1, 1862. Appointed Adjutant Nov. 4, 1862. Resigned July 18, 1863. Died since close of war; date unknown.

JOHN M. HARRIS. Enlisted Nov. 1, 1862, as private in Company C. Appointed Adjutant on the resignation of Chas. H. Bentley. Was final adjutant of the regiment. Was severely wounded at Rigg's Cross Roads, Tenn., April 16, 1863. In this engagement he received three wounds. The one in the right lung was considered mortal, but with careful nursing and a strong constitution he recovered. Address, Fountain City, Tenn.

QUARTERMASTERS.

ROBERT HOWELL. Enrolled April 1, 1862. Appointed Quartermaster by Colonel Johnson at Flat Lick, Ky., in April, 1862. Accidentally killed at Portland, O., by being thrown from a buggy as the regiment was on its way to Camp Dennison to be mounted; date unknown.

JOHN H. JAMES. Enlisted Nov. 6, 1862, as private in Company F. Promoted to First Lieutenant and regimental Quartermaster, Nov. 7, 1862. Discharged July 25, 1864, to accept promotion in the Quartermaster's Department at Nashville, Tenn.

E. D. FILLMORE. Enrolled July 26, 1864. Appointed Quartermaster to fill the vacancy caused by the discharge of Lieutenant James. Address, Au Sable Forks, N. Y.

COMMISSARY.

I. B. SELF. Enlisted July 14, 1862, as private in Company I. Promoted to Lieutenant and Commissary of Subsistence Jan. 6, 1863. Severely wounded at Franklin, Tenn., Sept. 2, 1864. Address, Bakersfield, Cal.

SERGEANT-MAJORS.

M. C. WILLIAMS. Appointed Sergeant-Major in 1862. Promoted to Second Lieutenant Company G in Nov., 1864. See roster of Company G.

FRANK HYBARGER. Enlisted Aug. 1, 1862, as private in Company I. Appointed Sergeant-Major to fill place made vacant by the promotion of M. C. Williams. Died at his home in 1897.

QUARTERMASTER-SERGEANTS.

DANIEL S. FOX. Enlisted March 1, 1862, as private in Company F. Appointed Quartermaster-Sergeant March, 1863. Promoted to Second Lieutenant Company B, 1863; to First Lieutenant Nov. 1, 1864. See roster Company B.

GEO. ARMITAGE. Enlisted Dec. 8, 1862, as private in Company I. Appointed Quartermaster-Sergeant to fill place

made vacant by the promotion of D. S. Fox. Address, Albany, Tenn.

HOSPITAL STEWARDS.

OLIVER O'NEAL. Enlisted April 15, 1862, as private in Company D. Appointed Hospital Steward Nov. 1, 1862. Address, Bybee, Tenn.

S. H. HENDRIX. Enlisted Nov. 1, 1862, as private in Company L. Appointed Hospital Steward Aug. 4, 1863. Captured on the McCook raid, July 31, 1864. Confined in nearly all of the Southern prisons; exchanged the following spring. Address, Watauga, Tenn.

ASSISTANT COMMISSARY SERGEANT.

W. F. SELF. Enlisted Dec. 1, 1862, as private in Company I. Appointed Assistant Commissary Sergeant; no record of date. Address, Greeneville, Tenn.

CHIEF BUGLER.

JULIAS E. THOMAS. Enlisted March 1, 1862, as private in Company F. Appointed Chief Bugler Nov. 1, 1862. Address, Stratford, Conn.

SADDLE SERGEANTS.

W. P. LIFORD. Enlisted July 29, 1862, as private in Company G. Appointed Saddle Sergeant in 1863. Address, Stinesville, Ind.

ASSISTANT JNO. S. STEVENS. Address, Cleopatra, Ky.

WAGONMASTER.

W. J. BISE. Enlisted April 1, 1862, as private in Company C. Appointed Wagonmaster Nov. 1, 1862. Died at Strawberry Plains, Tenn., Oct. 7, 1886.

POSTMASTER.

D. A. BROOKS. Enlisted April 1, 1863, as private in Company C. Appointed regimental Postmaster in 1863. Address, Smithwood, Tenn.

ROSTER AND RECORD OF COMPANY A.

NAME AND RANK.	ENLISTMENT.	ADDRESS.	REMARKS.
CAPTAINS.			
Chas. L. Barton.....	Sept. 25, 1861	Mitchell, Ind.	Resigned Dec. 10, 1862.
Chas. H. Hunter.....	Nov. 1, 1862	Dead; date and place unknown.
John H. Trent.....	March 6, 1862	Morristown, Tenn.	Resigned Sept. 26, 1863.
Moses Wiley.....	April 1, 1863	Soldiers' Home, Los Angeles, Cal.	Captured on McCook raid below Atlanta, Aug. 5, 1864.
FIRST LIEUTENANTS.			
John J. Wolf.....	March 9, 1862	Rogersville, Tenn.	Resigned Jan. 6, 1863. Killed in Kentucky by the enemy, date and place unknown.
David Brooks.....	March 9, 1862	Resigned Aug. 15, 1863, on account of wounds and disability.
W. F. Fowler.....	Aug. 1, 1862	Greeneville, Tenn.	
SECOND LIEUTENANT.			
Joseph Brooks.....	Dec. 5, 1862	Datura, Tenn.	
QUARTERMASTER SERGT.			
Reuben Gibson.....	March 17, 1862	Salecreek, Tenn.	
SERGEANTS.			
Z. J. Trent.....	March 6, 1862	
John F. Smith.....	June 19, 1862	Upper Clinch, Tenn.	
Calvin Williams.....	April 4, 1862	Sneedville, Tenn.	
Burton M. Goins.....	May 9, 1862	Blackwater, Va.	
CORPORALS.			
E. S. Ferguson.....	March 1, 1861	Alanthus, Tenn.	
William Owens.....	April 5, 1862	Alanthus, Tenn.	
Simeon Collins.....	March 9, 1862	Sneedville, Tenn.	
Harrison Collins.....	March 9, 1862	Sneedville, Tenn.	
PRIVATE.			
L. K. Collins.....	March 9, 1862	Sneedville, Tenn.	Captured a rebel flag at Lynnville, Tenn., for which Congress presented him a medal.
Josiah Nichols.....	March 20, 1862	
Anderson, Jesse.....			

ROSTER AND RECORD OF COMPANY A—CONTINUED.

NAME AND RANK.	ENLISTMENT.	ADDRESS.	REMARKS.
Arnold, Arthur	Sept. 1, 1862	Yellow Springs, Tenn.	
Berry, David D.	March 9, 1862	Sneedville, Tenn.	
Bean, John	June 19, 1862	Wounded near Little Tenn. River, Feb., 1864
Bellamy, H. P.	March 26, 1862	
Bellamy, W. W.	March 26, 1862	
Bellamy, Reuben	March 26, 1862	
Biggs, Wilson	June 19, 1862	Died at Nashville, Tenn., July 9, 1863.
Blakely, W. A.	March 20, 1862	Sneedville, Tenn.	Wounded at Waterloo, Ala., Feb., 1865.
Blakely, Jas. H.	March 20, 1862	Sneedville, Tenn.	
Brown, John	Died at Cumberland Ford, Ky., May 20, 1862.
Bruner, S. H.	March 20, 1862	Died at Triume, Tenn., April 6, 1863.
Bussick, Calvin	
Butcher, Elvin	March 26, 1862	
Campbell, Isaac	Sept. 1, 1862	Discharged, account of disability, Jan. 28, 1863.
Campbell, James	April 4, 1862	Bales, Va.	
Chittum, W. N.	April 15, 1862	Tazewell, Tenn.	
Collins, Calloway	July 10, 1862	Sneedville, Tenn.	Wounded at Franklin, Tenn., Nov. 30, 1864.
Collins, Joseph	July 10, 1862	Sneedville, Tenn.	Died at Nashville, Tenn., March 1, 1863
Collins, Brawner	Died at Triume, Tenn., March 4, 1863.
Collins, Silas	
Collins, Bailey	July 10, 1862	Datura, Tenn.	Died at Nashville, Tenn., June 28, 1863.
Collins, Solomon	
Dezearn, Hezekiah	March 26, 1862	Jearoldstown, Tenn.	Wounded at Franklin, Tenn., Nov. 30, 1864.
Dooley, Charles	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Aug. 10, 1863.
Dooley, W. F.	Died in prison, Andersonville, Ga., Apr. 8, '64.
Dudley, Samuel	Went home on furlough, Sept. 16, 1862; never reported to company again.
Fields, R. G.	April 15, 1862	
Fields, Ino. C.	April 15, 1862	

Fields, Aaron	April 15, 1862	Died in hospital, Knoxville, Tenn., Feb. 20, 1864, of wounds received at Dandridge, Tenn., Dec. 24, 1863.
Frost, Jas. M.	March 9, 1863	Fairfield, Tenn.	Captured March 4, 1864, while at home on furlough.
Goodman, Madison	March 9, 1862	Sneedville, Tenn.	Killed at Nashville, Tenn., Dec. 12, 1864. Manner of death unknown.
Goodman, Anderson	March 9, 1862	Wounded in Roane Co., Tenn., Jan., 1865.
Goins, William	March 9, 1862	Sneedville, Tenn.
Goins, Claiborne	March 9, 1862	Sneedville, Tenn.
Hensley, Isham	March 19, 1862	Cranesnest, Va.
Hensley, M.	March 19, 1862	Fallbranch, Tenn.
Hensley, M. W.	March 19, 1862	Cranesnest, Va.
Hensley, John W.	Sept. 1, 1862	Pilgrim, Va.
Hill, Alexander	March 4, 1862	Wounded at Campbellsville, Tenn., Sept. 5, '64.
James Harris
Johnson, A. W.	Cleveland, Tenn.
Jones, James Sr.	July 1, 1862	Cuhage, Ky.
Jones, James Jr.	Killed by bushwhackers in Hawkins Co., Tenn., date unknown.
Long, L. C. H.	March 9, 1862	Wounded and captured near Rodgersville, Ala., Oct. 27, 1864.
Martin, James	Died Nov. 5, 1864, of wounds received in action at Franklin, Tenn., Sept. 2, 1864.
Maxey, John	Died at Cumberland Gap, July 4, 1862.
Maxey, Jube	July 4, 1862
Minton, David	March 20, 1862
Muncery, Jas. M.	March 20, 1862
Muncery, Peter	April 15, 1862
Munday, J. J.	April 15, 1862
McGhee, Jno. W.	July 1, 1862
Owens, James	April 5, 1862	Alanthus, Tenn.	Discharged, account of disability, Jan. 28, 1863.
Owens, Jeremiah	April 5, 1862	Alanthus, Tenn.	Transferred to Company B.
Owens, Jno. W.	April 1, 1862	Alanthus, Tenn.

ROSTER AND RECORD OF COMPANY A—CONTINUED.

NAME AND RANK.	ENLISTMENT.	ADDRESS.	REMARKS.
Payne, E. W.	March 9, 1862	Captured on McCook raid in rear of Atlanta.
Payne, Colby	March 9, 1862	
Pearson, Jno. A.	March 26, 1862	
Pratt, William	March 9, 1862	
Pulliam, M. M.	March 7, 1862	Sneedville, Tenn.	Died at Louisville, Ky., Dec. 15, 1863.
Rednours, G. W.	Died at Murfreesboro, Tenn., June 23, 1863.
Rice, William	April 15, 1862	Auburn, Tenn.	
Roberson, J. E.	
Roberts, T. M.	Sept. 1, 1862	Died at Camp Dennison, O., Dec. 4, 1862.
Robinson, S. E.	April 15, 1862	Discharged, account of disability, Jan. 28, 1863.
Robinson, W. L.	April 15, 1862	Wounded at Sparta, Tenn., Nov. 30, 1863.
Robinson, Nathaniel	April 15, 1862	Wounded at Blue Water, Ala., Nov., 1864.
Shifflet, Jno. A.	April 19, 1862	Died at Louisville, Ky., Jan. 12, 1863.
Simpson, William	Nov. 15, 1862	Mulberry Gap, Tenn. ...	Wounded at Mossy Creek, Tenn., Dec. 29, '63.
Smith, James	June 19, 1862	Mulberry Gap, Tenn. ...	Discharged, account of disability, Feb. 5, 1863.
Smith, J. H.	June 19, 1862	Mulberry Gap, Tenn. ...	Wounded in left shoulder at Lynnville, Tenn., Dec. 24, 1864.
Smith, Stephen	June 19, 1862	Wounded at Mason's Church, Ga., July 23, '64.
Snider, Robert	April 12, 1862	Lee Valley, Tenn.	Discharged, account of disability, Jan. 14, 1863.
Templeton, W. M.	March 26, 1862	Died at Knoxville, Tenn., April 1, 1864.
Trent, Henry	Nast, Tenn.	
Trent, Joel	Eidson, Tenn.	
Trent, F. M.	
Tyfle, John	
Ward, William	Sept. 1, 1862	Bull's Gap, Tenn.	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Aug. 17, 1863.
Ward, R. K.	Nov. 15, 1862	No record of his capture. Died in Andersonville prison June 28, 1864.
Ward, Richard	Sept. 1, 1862	Strahl, Tenn.	Captured on McCook raid, near Newnan, Ga., July 30, 1864.
			Died Dec. 16, 1864.

Ward, Thomas	Sept. 1, 1862	New Canton, Tenn.	Died at Triune, Tenn., April 15, 1863.
Williams, Philip	April 4, 1862	
Williams, Calloway	April 4, 1862	Yellow Springs, Tenn....	

ROSTER AND RECORD OF COMPANY B.

CAPTAINS.			
Richard M. Baldwin	April 1, 1862	Resigned Nov., 1862, to accept promotion in another Tenn. reg't. Died since close of war.
A. B. Barner	Oct. 20, 1861	Resigned, account of ill health, Oct. 26, 1863. Died at Nashville, Tenn., date unknown.
Gideon Wolf	April 9, 1862	Wallowa, Oregon	
FIRST LIEUTENANTS.			
George Odom	April 10, 1862	Lee Valley, Tenn.	Resigned Nov. 5, 1863.
Daniel S. Fox	March 1, 1862	Corryton, Tenn.	Wounded in right arm at Lavergne, Tenn., Sept. 1, 1864.
SECOND LIEUTENANT.			
Joseph Brooks 1862	Sneedville, Tenn.	
FIRST SERGEANT.			
Manson Wolf	March 8, 1862	Lebanon, Texas	
QUARTERMASTER SERGT.			
James Thurmire	March 8, 1862	Treadway, Tenn.	
SERGEANTS.			
W. A. Mathis	April 10, 1862	Sneedville, Tenn.	Captured on McCook raid, date unknown.
John Henry	April 9, 1862	Thornhill, Tenn.	
John C. Mathis	April 10, 1862	Sneedville, Tenn.	
John Hopkins	April 9, 1862	
Robert A. Trent	March 11, 1862	Clinch, Tenn.	Killed at Lavergne, Tenn., Sept. 1, 1864. Was color-bearer of his company and was killed with the guidon in his hand.
Emanuel Wolf	March 8, 1862	Captured at Shoal Creek, Ala., Nov. 5, 1864. Was returning from prison on the <i>Sultana</i> when it blew up. Captured near Knoxville, Tenn., Jan., 1864; never heard from.

ROSTER AND RECORD OF COMPANY B—CONTINUED.

NAME AND RANK.	ENLISTMENT.	ADDRESS.	REMARKS.
CORPORALS.			
James M. Sutton.....	Sept. 1, 1862		Severely hurt by horse falling on him at Lavergne, Tenn., Sept. 1, 1864.
Robert Marsh	Sept. 1, 1862		Killed at Lavergne, Tenn., Sept. 1, 1864. Transferred to V. R. C.
Alex Stubblefield	July 4, 1862	Sneedville, Tenn.	
Thomas L. Seal	March 11, 1862		
Peter Allen	March 8, 1862		
Ambrose Hopkins	April 10, 1862		
James Henry	April 9, 1862	Thornhill, Tenn.	
J. M. P. Lawson.....	March 11, 1862		Committed suicide at Graysville, Ga., June 19, 1864.
TEAMSTERS.			
Eli Montgomery	March 11, 1862		Captured near Crab Orchard, Ky., Sept., 1862. Dead; date unknown.
W. H. Winegar	Sept. 1, 1862	Milo, Mo.	
PRIVATEs.			
Antrickon, John	April 9, 1862	Bray, Tenn.	
Antrickon, F. M.	April 9, 1862		
Bates, Samuel	Sept. 1, 1862		Died at Nashville, Tenn., Nov. 13, 1863.
Bare, Geo. W.	April 9, 1862	Mooresburg, Tenn.	Discharged at Camp Lew Wallace, O., date unknown.
Bell, W. S.	April 10, 1862		Died at Nashville, Tenn., March 29, 1864.
Booth, Jno. H.	April 9, 1862		Died at Nashville, Tenn., Dec. 4, 1863.
Black, Daniel	April 9, 1862		
Bray, Thomas	March 1, 1862	Thorngrove, Tenn.	
Bray, J. S.	March 15, 1862	Sneedville, Tenn.	Appointed Second Lieut., but never mustered. Died at Camp Dennison, O., May 4, 1863.
Clarkson, William	March 15, 1862		Died at Louisville, Ky., Feb. 2, 1864.
Clarkson, Henry	July 11, 1862		Died Dec. 26, 1899.
Clarkson, Fernando	July 4, 1862		Died at Nashville, Tenn., March 22, 1863.
Clarkson, John	March 15, 1862		Transferred to V. R. C.
Comer, G. W.	June 27, 1862	Saltville, Va.	

Cook, Thomas	July 4, 1862	Killed at Lavergne, Tenn., Sept. 1, 1864.
Dotson, E. H.	April 9, 1862	
Dooley, James	April 10, 1862	Killed at College Grove, Tenn., June 8, 1863
Fugate, J. H.	March 11, 1862	Clinch, Tenn.	
Fugate, John	March 11, 1862	Died at Cumberland Gap, Tenn., Aug. 7, 1862.
Gil, Joseph	March 11, 1862	Missing in action at Lavergne, Tenn., Sept. 1, 1864.
Gibbs, Claiborne	June 27, 1862	
Gipson, C. G.	March 8, 1862	Missing in action at Lost Mountain, Ga., June 16, '64; died in Andersonville, July 24, '64
Gipson, Jas. A.	April 11, 1862	Killed at Louisville, Ky., Jan. 8, 1863, circumstances unknown.
Green, Jackson	March 11, 1862	Luther, Tenn.	
Green, Richard	April 10, 1862	Luther, Tenn.	
Green, Joseph	July 1, 1862	Sneedville, Tenn.	
Hammons, A. P.	March 12, 1862	Died at Murfreesboro, Tenn., July 4, 1863.
Hatfield, James	April 10, 1862	
Heart, Ervin	March 11, 1862	Died at Louisville, Ky., Jan. 16, 1864.
Hicks, John	April 10, 1862	Transferred to Company G.
Jackson, William	April 10, 1862	Ballpoint, Tenn.	
Jackson, Benjamin	April 9, 1862	Ballpoint, Tenn.	
Jackson Henry	April 9, 1862	Ballpoint, Tenn.	
Jackson, John	April 9, 1862	Ballpoint, Tenn.	
Jarvis, J. M.	
Kyle, Thomas	
Lawson, David	April 10, 1862	Died at Barboursville, Ky., April 12, 1862.
Lee, John	Sept. 1, 1862	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Oct. 26, 1863.
Long, John	Portland Mills, Ind.	
McGhee, J. W.	
McCamey, Samuel	McDonald, Tenn.	Died at Louisville, Ky., Jan. 12, 1864
Maise, William	
Mannon, Patton	April 9, 1862	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Dec. 17, 1863.
Manis, Howard	June 20, 1862	Sneedville, Tenn.	

ROSTER AND RECORD OF COMPANY B—CONTINUED.

NAME AND RANK.	ENLISTMENT.	ADDRESS.	REMARKS.
Marsh, Charles	Sept. 1, 1862	New Canton, Tenn.	
Mason, David	April 9, 1862	Brownsville, Ky.	
Males, Josiah	April 9, 1862	Meadowfield, Tenn.	
Mayer, Rolley	April 9, 1862	Sneedville, Tenn.	Wounded at Lavergne, Tenn., Sept. 1, 1864.
Mayes, Thomas	April 9, 1862	Meadowfield, Tenn.	Died since close of war.
Montgomery, Sid. M.	April 10, 1862		
Montgomery, Alex.	April 10, 1862		
Riley, John	March 11, 1862		
Russell, Jas. A.	April 9, 1862	Rutledge, Tenn.	
Seal, C. M.	March 11, 1862	Sneedville, Tenn.	Transferred to V. R. C.
Seal, Noel	March 11, 1862	Clinch, Tenn.	Died at Cumberland Gap, July 28, 1862.
Seal, John C.	March 11, 1862		
Stevenson, Samuel 1862	Opossum, Tenn.	
Stubblefield, John	April 10, 1862		Died at Louisville, Ky., Jan. 16, 1864.
Trent, Jas. G.	March 11, 1862	Datura, Tenn.	Wounded at Lavergne, Tenn., Sept. 1, 1864.
Trent, John S.	March 11, 1862	Clinch, Tenn.	
Trent, W. B.	March 11, 1862	Clinch, Tenn.	
Trent, W. R.	April 15, 1862	Clinch, Tenn.	
Trent, James H. 1862		Died at Flat Lick, Ky., April 20, 1862.
Vansel, S. 1862		Died in Andersonville prison; no record of his death.
Vick, T. J.	April 9, 1862	Quarter, Tenn.	
Vick, N. B.	April 9, 1862	Quarter, Tenn.	
Wolf, L. E.	April 9, 1862		Died at Knoxville, Tenn., Feb. 23, 1864.
Wolf, Calvin	April 9, 1862	Meadowfield, Tenn.	Captured on McCook raid in rear of Atlanta, July 31, 1864.
Weir, Isaac 186-		Died in Andersonville prison, July 14, 1864.

ROSTER AND RECORD OF COMPANY C.

NAME AND RANK.	ENLISTMENT.	ADDRESS.	REMARKS.
CAPTAINS.			
James P. Brownlow.....	April 1, 1862	See Field and Staff.
M. T. Burkheart.....	April 1, 1862	See Field and Staff.
E. J. Cannon.....	April 1, 1862	Killed at Mossy Creek, Tenn., Dec. 29, 1863.
J. K. Lones.....	April 1, 1862	Bearden, Tenn.	
FIRST LIEUTENANT.			
John Roberts.....	April 1, 1862	Killed at Lovejoy's Station, Ga., July 29, 1864.
SECOND LIEUTENANT.			
Jas. H. Smith.....	April 1, 1862	Smithwood, Tenn.	
FIRST SERGEANT.			
M. L. Peters.....	April 1, 1862	Died since muster-out, date unknown.
QUARTERMASTER SERGT.			
Jas. E. Skeen.....	April 1, 1862	Wounded in right arm at Lynnville, Tenn., Dec. 24, 1864. He was the oldest man in the company. Died April 19, 1900.
COMMISSARY SERGT.			
Joseph E. Dyer.....	April 1, 1862	Died Sept. 27, 1886.
SERGEANTS.			
Jas. B. Clapp.....	April 1, 1862	Bushong, Kan.	Wounded near Franklin, Tenn., Dec. 19, 1864.
John P. Adair.....	April 1, 1862	Lay, Tenn.	Business address, 965 Broadway.
William R. Carter.....	April 1, 1862	Knoxville, Tenn.	Wounded in left arm at Rigg's Cross Roads, Tenn., April 16, 1863. Discharged by reason of wounds. Died since the war.
O. N. Miller.....	April 1, 1862	Was Chief Bugler for a short time. Promoted to Captain of Company H.
Private			
Paul Sturm.....	April 1, 1862	Wounded at Campbellsville, Tenn., Sept. 5, '64; died in hospital at Nashville, Sept. 30, '64.
J. L. Geasland.....	April 1, 1862	Transferred by promotion to 2nd Lt., Co. G., 2nd. Tenn. Cav.
A. A. Snodderly.....	April 1, 1862	Maynardville, Tenn.	

ROSTER AND RECORD OF COMPANY C—CONTINUED.

NAME AND RANK.	ENLISTMENT.	ADDRESS.	REMARKS.
William Witt	April 1, 1862	Died at Triune, Tenn., April 24, 1863.
J. H. Davis	April 1, 1862	Died at Triune, Tenn., May 10, 1863.
CORPORALS.			
James M. Chanaberry	April 1, 1862	Killed at Franklin, Tenn., Feb. 1, 1863.
John A. Grubb	April 1, 1862	Columbia, Tenn.	
H. C. Parham	April 1, 1862	Knoxville, Tenn.	
A. C. Miller	April 1, 1862	
N. A. York	Nov. 1, 1862	Died March 17, 1880.
C. H. Skeen	April 1, 1862	Kansas, Tenn.	Died since close of war.
Chesley Skeen	April 1, 1862	Witts Foundry, Tenn. ..	
P. J. Carmichael	April 1, 1862	Piedmont, Tenn.	
John A. Potter	April 1, 1862	Wounded, McNutt's Bridge, Tenn., Jan. 27, '64; captured, Newnan, Ga., July 31, '64; died, Weatherford, Tex., June 21, 1885.
SADDLER.			
Smith Major	March 12, 1862	Died since close of war.
FARRIER.			
Lewis Miller	Nov. 1, 1862	Powell Station, Tenn. ..	
PRIVATE.			
Adair, Robert	April 1, 1862	Corryton, Tenn.	Struck with spent ball on retreat from Cumberland Gap, in 1862. Received three wounds (one very severe) at Rigg's Cross Roads, Tenn., April 16, 1863. Severely wounded again at Shoal Creek, Ala., Nov. 5, 1864.
Baysinger, James	April 1, 1862	Elected corporal of his company, but at his own request was reduced to ranks. Mortally wounded at McNutt's Bridge, Tenn., Jan. 27, 1864. Died in hospital at Knoxville, Tenn., Feb. 16, 1864.

Bell, James	April 1, 1862	Captured on retreat from Cumberland Gap, Sept. 20, 1862; never heard of again.
Bell, Jefferson 1862	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Feb. 6, 1863.
Beal, Geo. W.	April 1, 1862	Trentville, Tenn.	
Bise, W. J.	April 1, 1862	See Non-Commissioned Staff.
Blain, Alexander	April 1, 1862	Killed at Poplar Grove, Tenn., May 8, 1863.
Bradley, John	Jan. 25, 1863	Indianapolis, Ind.	Transferred to V. R. C., Sept., 1863.
Brooks, D. A.	April 1, 1863	Talhoft, Tenn.	See Non-Commissioned Staff.
Butler, C. M.	April 1, 1862	Leas Springs, Tenn.	
Campbell, William	Dec. 20, 1863	Mattoon, Ill.	
Cannon, W. A. 1862	Wounded in left leg at Chickamauga, Ga., Sept. 19, 1863, and again near Lavergne, Tenn., Aug. 31, 1864; seriously hurt in a charge at Brentwood, Tenn., Dec. 17, 1864.
Cannon, T. W. M. 1862	Sunnyside, Mo.	
Cardwell, C. A.	Jan. 1, 1863	Gatlinburg, Tenn.	
Carmichael, W. W.	April 1, 1862	Piedmont, Tenn.	Wounded in left leg on McCook raid.
Carson, R. E.	April 1, 1862	Mount Horeb, Tenn.	
Carter, G. M.	April 1, 1862	Died April 16, 1886.
Carmichael, Thos.	April .., 1862	Died at Concord, Tenn., Feb. 26, 1863.
Carmichael, John	April .., 1862	Died at Concord, Tenn., Feb. 5, 1863.
Carnes, Samuel	April 1, 1862	Captured at Burnt Hickory, Ga., May 20, 1864. Lost on <i>Sultana</i> , April 27, 1865, while returning from prison.
Chambless, Jas. R.	April 1, 1862	Wounded near Triune, Tenn., May 25, and again at Campbellsville, Tenn., Sept. 5, 1864. Died since close of war.
Cox, Jas. D.	April 1, 1862	Valleyhome, Tenn.	Died at Mansfield Gap, Tenn., Dec. 16, 1890.
Cox, John W.	April 1, 1862	Tipton, Ind.	
Davault, William	April 1, 1862	
Dodd, William	Sept. 1, 1862	
Dunnigan, David	Nov. 1, 1862	Transferred to Company L.
Elkins, James	Nov. 1, 1862	Died Oct., 1894.
			Died July, 1895.

ROSTER AND RECORD OF COMPANY C—CONTINUED.

NAME AND RANK.	ENLISTMENT.	ADDRESS.	REMARKS.
Elkins, Spencer	Nov. 1, 1862	Powell Station, Tenn.	
Farrow, Thos. G.	April 1, 1862	Killed at Mossy Creek, Tenn., Dec. 29, 1863.
Farris, E. J.	Sept. 1, 1862	Transferred to Company L.
Foust, William	April 1, 1862	Died since close of war.
Franklin, James
Gallion, J. W.	Nov. 1, 1862
Gault, John	Powell Station, Tenn.
Harris, John M.	Nov. 1, 1862
Harris, W. S.	Nov. 1, 1862	Knoxville, Tenn.	See Field and Staff.
Haun, James	Sept. 1, 1862
Heddon, John	Nov. 1, 1862	Died at Nashville, Tenn., March 4, 1863.
Henderson, John	April 1, 1862	Powell Station, Tenn.	Discharged, account of disability, Oct. 30, 1863.
Henry, J. H.	Jan. 1, 1863	Valleyhome, Tenn.
Hixon, Robert	April 1, 1862	Wounded and captured at College Grove, Tenn., May 8, 1863. Died since the war.
Hickey, B. F.	Valleyhome, Tenn.
Hodge, E. S.	April 1, 1862
Hooker, William	Nov. 1, 1862	Died at Cumberland Gap, July 18, 1862.
Ingram, John	April 1, 1862	McMillan, Tenn.	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Sept. 16, 1863.
James, H. H.	Sept. 1, 1862
James, W. K.	Sept. 1, 1862	Transferred to Company L.
Jett, Jas. W.	March 12, 1862	Transferred to Company L.
Johnson, Eli H.	Nov. 1, 1862	Marlow, Tenn.	Died since close of war.
Jones, Joseph	Feb. 1, 1863	Maryville, Tenn.
Kirk, E. L.	March 12, 1862	Knoxville, Tenn.	Wounded at Panther Springs, Tenn., Dec., '63.
Kirk, Jas. R.	March 12, 1862	Discharged, account of disability, March 15, 1863. Died, 1901.
Kirk, A. M.	March 12, 1862	Died at Triune, Tenn., May 9, 1863.
Lones, J. J.	Nov. 1, 1862	Died at Triune, Tenn., May 22, 1863.

Larimore, J. C.	Jan. 1, 1863	Transferred to Company L.
McCarty, W. S. 1862	Joppa, Tenn.	
McClanahan, P. M.	April 1, 1862	Died at Nashville, Tenn., March 24, 1863.
McDonald, W. L. 1862	Luttrell, Tenn.	
Merritt, John	April 1, 1862	Raccoon Valley, Tenn.	
Miller, John W.	April 1, 1864	Churchgrove, Tenn.	
Miller, C. F.	Jan. 1, 1864	
Mincey, John W.	April 1, 1862	Elm Park, Okla.	Died at Nashville, Tenn., May 29, 1863.
Mitchell, Edward	April 1, 1862	
Mitchell, Henry 1862	Newhope, Mo.	
Mitchell, S. R.	Nov. 1, 1862	Melvorn, Kan.	
Monday, F. W.	April 1, 1862	Middle River, Ia.	
Neal, Jesse	April 1, 1862	Cottongin, Texas	Wounded at Mossy Creek, Tenn., Dec. 29, 1863.
Newman, H. O. 1862	
Newman, Jas. L. 1862	
Peay, Zachariah 1862	
Roberts, Franklin	April 1, 1862	Corryton, Tenn.	Wounded near Lavergne, Tenn., Aug. 31, 1864.
Roberts, R. L.	April 1, 1862	Discharged, account of disability, April 1, 1864.
Riggs, E. C.	Jan. 1, 1863	
Ritchie, Henry	Jan. 1, 1863	Whitepine, Tenn.	
Robinson, Jno. S.	Sept. 1, 1862	Transferred to Company L.
Ryan, J. A.	Nov. 1, 1862	Jerico, Mo.	
Skeen, Martin 1862	Died at Nashville, Tenn., March 28, 1863.
Skeen, Lafayette	April 1, 1862	Rockwood, Tenn.	
Skeen, Crockett	April 1, 1862	New Flat Creek, Tenn.	
Skeen, Moses	Jan. 1, 1863	Discharged on account of disability.
Sherrord, Geo. W.	April 1, 1862	
Sheppard, John 1862	Died since close of war.
Smith, Jas. L. 1862	Died at Triune, Tenn., April 27, 1863.
Smith, Elithu 1862	Killed at Lynnville, Tenn., Dec. 24, 1864.
Spoon, J. E.	Jan. 1, 1863	Morristown, Tenn.	
Sterling, J. K.	April 1, 1862	Otes, Tenn.	
Story, Berryman 1862	

ROSTER AND RECORD OF COMPANY C—CONTINUED.

NAME AND RANK.	ENLISTMENT.	ADDRESS.	REMARKS.
Swain, Ashley 1862	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Feb. 24, 1863.
Tharp, Jerry	April 1, 1862	Died at Gallipolis, O., Nov. 1, 1862.
Tharp, John	April 1, 1862	Leesville, Ind.	
Thornhill, Joseph	Jan. 25, 1863	Anthony, Kan.	
Thornhill, Thomas	Jan. 25, 1863	Dandridge, Tenn.	
Trout, G. W.	April 1, 1862	Mascot, Tenn.	Wounded in left leg at Mossy Creek, Tenn., Dec. 29, 1863.
Vandegriff, James	April 1, 1862	Bayless, Tenn.	
Walker, Calvin	April 1, 1862	Died on bank of Elk River, Tenn., July 3, 1863.
Walker, John	April 1, 1862	Died at Knoxville, Tenn., Feb. 12, 1864.
Walker, John H.	May 1, 1863	Lamonte, Mo.	
Walker, A. L.	Jan. 1, 1863	
West, James	April 1, 1862	Vimita, Ind. Ter.	Died since close of war.
White, G. S.	April 1, 1862	Discharged by order of Gen. Thomas to accept a cadetship at West Point, but rejected on account of defective eyesight.
Whitehead, G. J.	Nov. 1, 1862	Seaton, Tenn.	
Wilds, T. F.	April 1, 1862	
Witt, L. H.	Jan. 1, 1863	Galescreek, Ore.	
Wolfenbarger, W. T.	April 1, 1862	Died at Cumberland Gap, July 1, 1862.
Wyrick, William 1862	Died at Nashville, Tenn., April 24, 1863.

ROSTER AND RECORD OF COMPANY D.

CAPTAINS.	ENLISTMENT.	REMARKS.
A. J. Lane	April 1, 1862	Killed near Cumberland Gap, July 1, 1863.
W. R. Willoughby	Nov. 1, 1861	Died since close of war.
FIRST LIEUTENANTS.		
Geo. W. Cox	Nov. 1, 1861	Killed at Mossy Creek, Tenn., Dec. 29, 1863.

A. J. Gahagan.....	Jan. 20, 1862	Chattanooga, Tenn.	
SECOND LIEUTENANT. E. J. Tweed.....	Nov. 17, 1862	Houston, Mo.	
FIRST SERGEANTS. W. M. Davis.....	Nov. 15, 1861	Died at Annapolis, Md., Feb. 8, 1863.
Jno. A. Harbour.....	March 15, 1862	St. Louis Crossing, Ind.	
COMMISSARY SERGT. W. D. Sinard.....	April 15, 1862	Whitepine, Tenn.	
QUARTERMASTER SERGT. John A. Meyers.....	Aug. 12, 1862	
SERGEANTS. Jas. E. Lee.....	April 15, 1862	Jefferson City, Tenn.	
Patrick Doud	Nov. 15, 1861	Killed Jan. 14, 1863; no record of place.
Geo. W. Witt.....	April 15, 1862	Killed at Lavergne, Tenn., Sept. 1, 1864.
C. C. Evans.....	April 15, 1862	Belleplaine, Kan.	
J. M. Horner.....	April 15, 1862	Midway, Tenn.	
Alfred Nichols	April 15, 1862	Bullsgap, Tenn.	
CORPORALS. Robert B. Cook.....	April 15, 1862	Killed at Franklin, Tenn., Sept. 2, 1864.
Frederick Fangle	April 15, 1862	Three Springs, Tenn.	
G. M. Trobaugh	April 15, 1862	Morristown, Tenn.	
Jas. R. Henderson.....	April 15, 1862	St. Clair, Tenn.	
W. W. Wells.....	Nov. 1, 1861	Killed at Mossy Creek, Tenn., Dec. 29, 1863.
J. C. Hale.....	July 1, 1862	Virgil City, Mo.	
J. R. Haun.....	Aug. 12, 1862	Midway, Tenn.	
Geo. Beckner	April 15, 1862	Captured at Lost Mountain, Ga., June 16, 1864
J. M. Cortney.....	April 15, 1862	Discharged, account of disability, Apr. 23, 1863.
TEAMSTER. Andrew Hill	April 15, 1862	Chestnut Bloom, Tenn. ..	
FARRIERS. Henry Wampler	Nov. 8, 1861	Killed at Mossy Creek, Tenn., Dec. 29, 1863.
John Bull	April 15, 1862	
Elijah Willoughby	April 15, 1862	

ROSTER AND RECORD OF COMPANY D—CONTINUED.

NAME AND RANK.	ENLISTMENT.	ADDRESS.	REMARKS.
SADDLER.			
PRIVATES.			
I. T. Solomon.....	April 15, 1862	Bullsgap, Tenn.	
Arnold, S. H.	March 6, 1862	Blairsgap, Tenn.	Died July 1, 1864.
Bales, William	March 19, 1862	
Bales, Daniel	April 15, 1862	Springvale, Tenn.	
Berry, Gale	April 15, 1862	Whitehorn, Tenn.	
Berry, Geo.	April 15, 1862	Died at Baltimore, Md., Dec. 23, 1862.
Berry, C. 1862	Otes, Tenn.	
Branson, J. H. 1862	Big Barren, Tenn.	
Brewer, W. L.	April 15, 1862	Jasper, Tenn.	Died at Triune, Tenn., May 26, 1863.
Brown, W. F.	Aug. 12, 1862	Discharged for disability Feb. 17, 1863.
Brown, S. F.	April 15, 1862	Topeka, Kan.	Captured at Newnan, Ga., McCook raid, July 31, 1864. Died at Mossy Creek, Tenn., date unknown.
Brown, D. C. C.	May 1, 1862	Died at Camp Dennison, O., Dec. 14, 1862.
Brown, D. C.	April 15, 1862	Captured at Lost Mountain, Ga., June 16, 1864.
Brown, Jack	April 15, 1862	
Brooks, Hiram	April 15, 1862	
Bunch, J. M.	April 15, 1862	Russellville, Tenn.	
Bunch, William	Nov. 1, 1862	
Burchwell, J. M. 1862	Russellville, Tenn.	
Burge, John	April 15, 1862	
Campbell, Joe	April 15, 1862	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Feb. 28, 1864.
Carter, A. W.	Aug. 12, 1862	Died Jan. 6, 1898.
Chandler, J. W.	Thula, Tenn.	
Coffee, Calvin	April 15, 1862	Killed accidentally near Sparta, Tenn., Dec. 2, 1863.
Cox, Lewis	March 19, 1862	Marvin, Tenn.	

Cox, Horton	Aug. 12, 1862	Marvin, Tenn.	Died April 11, 1890.
Dawson, Drury 1862	Pate's Hill, Tenn.	Captured; date and place unknown.
Dawson, Alfred 1862	Whitehorn, Tenn.	Captured in East Tennessee, April 15, 1864.
Davins, Hugh L.	April 15, 1862	Whitesburg, Tenn.	Captured at Newnan, Ga., July 31, 1864.
Day, John	April 15, 1862	Died at Cumberland Ford, Ky., May 7, 1862.
Day, Thomas	April 15, 1862	Romeo, Tenn.	
Dean, Hiram 1862	Romeo, Tenn.	
Dyer, W. S.	May 11, 1862	Romeo, Tenn.	
Davins, Hugh	April 1, 1862	Russellville, Tenn.	
Earls, John	Nov. 8, 1862	Pilotknob, Tenn.	
Everhart, Daniel 1862	Blackwater, Va.	
English, Navis 1862	Mosheim, Tenn.	
Everhart, James 1862	Riverdale, Tenn.	
Franklin, J. H.	April 12, 1862	Chestnutbloom, Tenn.	
Fry, Jas. S.	April 12, 1862	Chestnutbloom, Tenn.	
Givins, William	April 12, 1862	Russellville, Tenn.	
Gooden, E. S.	July 22, 1862	Chestnutbloom, Tenn.	
Griffin, Michael 1862	New Almelo, Kan.	
Hale, Henry	July 1, 1862	Russellville, Tenn.	
Hale, P. H. C.	Aug. 17, 1862	Midway, Tenn.	
Hale, Napoleon	Aug. 17, 1862	St. Clair, Tenn.	
Hale, Jesse	July 1, 1862	Hanover, Kan.	
Hale, A. E.	Aug. 17, 1862	Chestnutbloom, Tenn.	
Harbour, D.	March 15, 1862	Cleveland, Tenn.	
Haun, A. C.	Nov. 1, 1862		
Haun, A. N.	Nov. 1, 1862		
Hays, A. J. 1862		
Hays, David 1862		
Henderson, J. R. 1862		
Hendrix, Eli	Nov. 1, 1862		
Hensley, Amos	Nov. 1, 1862		
Hill, Andrew 1862		
Holder, William	Nov. 8, 1862		
			Discharged for disability Oct. 3, 1864
			Died March 27, 1891.
			Discharged for disability Feb. 16, 1864.
			Died at Nashville, Tenn., Feb. 21, 1863.
			Died at Nashville, Tenn., Aug. 28, 1863.
			Transferred to Company M.

ROSTER AND RECORD OF COMPANY D—CONTINUED.

NAME AND RANK.	ENLISTMENT.	ADDRESS.	REMARKS.
Hughes, Archibald 1862	Jearoldstown, Tenn.	
Kirkpatrick, J. M.	April 15, 1862	Whitesburg, Tenn.	
Lady, Henderson	Nov. 8, 1862	Died at Greeneville, Tenn., March 26, 1901.
Lady, John	Nov. 8, 1862	Mohawk, Tenn.	
Lady, Samuel	Aug. 12, 1862	Mosheim, Tenn.	
Lowrey, Pickney	Oct. 14, 1864	
Legg, J. W. 1862	Wounded at Franklin, Tenn., Nov. 30, 1864. Died since close of war.
Maloney, James	Aug. 12, 1862	Greeneville, Tenn.	
Manis, D. R.	Aug. 12, 1862	
Marshall, Wade 1863	Russellville, Tenn.	
Maze, W. H.	Dec. 10, 1862	Morristown, Tenn.	
Marshall, B. F. 1863	
Moster, D. R. 1862	Jadwin, Mo.	
Morelock, J. B.	Aug. 12, 1862	
O'Neal, Oliver	Republic, Mo.	
Pickering, W. R.	
Read, T. G. G.	April 15, 1862	Philomath, Ore.	
Read, Frank	April 15, 1862	Three Springs, Tenn.	
Rednours, Lazarus	Nov. 8, 1862	Steeleville, Ill.	
Rednours, John	April 15, 1862	Albany, Tenn.	
Rednours, James 1862	
Riddle, William	Nov. 8, 1862	
Robertson, William	April 15, 1862	
Robertson, O. D.	April 15, 1862	Scarboro, Tenn.	
Rose, Marion	July 12, 1862	
Rose, Lewis	July 12, 1864	
Rose, John	April 15, 1864	Clinton, Tenn.	
			Died at his home in East Tenn., May 5, 1864. Severely wounded at Rigg's Cross Roads, Tenn., April 16, 1863. Killed at Dandridge, Tenn., Dec 24, 1863.

Rush, William	April 15, 1862	Whitehorn, Tenn.	Captured at Lost Mountain, Ga., June 16, 1864
Sweeny, Isaac	Aug. 12, 1862	Trigonia, Tenn.	
Shannon, A. J.	Aug. 12, 1862		
Shelton, Noah	Nov. 8, 1862		Died at Flat Lick, Ky., May 18, 1862.
Shelton, John	Nov. 8, 1862		Transferred to Company M.
Short, Samuel	April 15, 1862	Whitehorn, Tenn.	Captured at Lost Mountain, Ga., June 16, 1864.
Solomon, Tinsley 1862		
Stanesberry, J. W. 1862	Thula, Tenn.	Died at Savannah, Ga.; no record of date.
Staples, J. Y. 1862		
Talley, John	April 15, 1862		
Thompson, James	Aug. 12, 1862	Baileyton, Tenn.	
Turner, William	Aug. 12, 1862	Mohawk, Tenn.	
Tweed, Neely 1862		
Wallace, Riley	July 8, 1862	Bullsgap, Tenn.	Died at Flat Lick, Ky., April 21, 1862.
Wallace, John	July 8, 1862		Discharged for disability July 1, 1863.
Williams, T. L. 1862	Belleplaine, Kan.	
Williams, Marion	June 22, 1862	Cumberland Gap, Tenn.	
Williams, W. G.	June 22, 1862		Died at Nashville, Tenn., 1863.
Witt, R. M. 1862	Russellville, Tenn.	
Wright, James	April 15, 1862	Lyles, Tenn.	
Wright, William	April 15, 1862		Transferred to V. R. C.

ROSTER AND RECORD OF COMPANY E.

CAPTAINS.			
H. G. Flagg	April 1, 1862		Sec Field and Staff.
Chas. H. Burdick		Captured at Lost Mountain, Ga., June 16, 1864.
			Escaped twice from prison, but was re-captured each time. Died since close of war; date unknown.
FIRST LIEUTENANT.			Died since close of war.
William Thurman	April 1, 1862		
SECOND LIEUTENANT.			
W. M. Henry	March 2, 1862	Halespring, Tenn.	

ROSTER AND RECORD OF COMPANY E—CONTINUED.

NAME AND RANK.	ENLISTMENT.	ADDRESS.	REMARKS.
FIRST SERGEANT.			
James A. Sanders.....	March 7, 1862		
QUARTERMASTER SERGT.			
B. Linkous	April 1, 1862		
SERGEANTS.			
John Arnold	March 7, 1862	Alumwell, Tenn.	Died at Nashville, Tenn., May, 1865.
Adam Wallace	March 7, 1862	Severely wounded in left shoulder at Harpeth
Joseph J. Beal.....	Dec. 1, 1862	Rogersville, Tenn.	River, Tenn., March 8, 1863.
Geo. Edens	March 17, 1862	Upperclinch, Tenn.	
Pat Bray	April 1, 1862	Lee Valley, Tenn.	Captured near Atlanta, Ga., July 18, 1864.
W. P. Ripley.....	March 17, 1862	Burem, Tenn.	Discharged on account of deafness, May 18, '63.
Joseph A. Beal.....	Dec. 1, 1862	Mortally wounded at Franklin, Tenn., Nov. 30,
			1864; died of wounds a short time after;
			date unknown.
			Died at Yellow Creek, Ky., Aug. 31, 1862.
N. F. Dooley.....	March 17, 1862	
H. K. Peters.....	April 1, 1862	Irvine, Ky.	
John Davis	April 1, 1862	
G. R. Bigley.....	April 1, 1862	Upperclinch, Tenn.	
J. S. Henderson.....	April 1, 1862	
A. J. Thomas.....	April 1, 1862	Alumwell, Tenn.	
F. M. Carr.....	Dec. 1, 1862	
John D. Thacker.....	April 1, 1862	Killed near Sparta, Tenn., Nov. 30, 1863.
John Reynolds	March 17, 1862	Died at Triune, Tenn., April 1, 1863.
Moses Bailey	March 17, 1862	
W. D. A. Schrade.....	April 15, 1862	
	Dec. 1, 1862	Fairgarden, Tenn.	Captured at Burnt Hickory, Ga., May 26, 1864.

FARRIERS.				
Alfred Rouse	March 17, 1862			
T. J. Carey	March 1, 1862			
TEAMSTER.				
Peter Cattern	April 1, 1862	Exeter, Mo.		
PRIVATEES.				
Arrington, Leroy	March 17, 1862	Upperclinch, Tenn.		
Arrington, R. A.	March 17, 1862			Died at Triune, Tenn., May 27, 1863.
Arrington, L. J.	March 17, 1862			Died at Yellow Creek, Ky., Aug. 30, 1862.
Anderson, Pleasant	Dec. 1, 1862			Killed at Dendridge, Tenn., Dec. 24, 1864
Bacon, James	Dec. 1, 1862			Died at Woodbine, Ky., June 22, 1862.
Baldwin, W. C.	April 1, 1862			
Barnard, T. M. 1, 1863			
Beal, N. T.	Dec. 1, 1862			See Roster of Company G.
Berry, C. S.	April 1, 1862	St. Clair, Tenn.		Transferred by promotion to Capt. Co. G., 2nd Tenn. Cav., Oct. 1, 1862.
Biggs, Zachariah	April 1, 1862			
Biggs, Henry	April 1, 1862			Died at Camp Lew Wallace, O., Dec. 13, 1862.
Bolin, James	April 1, 1862			Died at Louisville, Ky., July 28, 1863.
Brenton, J. R.	Dec. 1, 1862			
Brooks, Wilson	April 1, 1862			Died at Moss House, Ky., June 14, 1862.
Brooks, William	April 1, 1862			
Brooks, H. F.	April 1, 1862			
Campbell, Solomon	April 1, 1862			
Caraway, Samuel	Dec. 1, 1862			Died at Murfreesboro, Tenn., Oct. 26, 1863.
Catron, Geo.	April 1, 1862			
Chester, Thomas	June 1, 1862	War Gap, Tenn.		
Clerges, William	April 1, 1862			
Cooper, Joseph	April 15, 1862	Lockwood, Mo.		
Culverson, Caswell	Dec. 7, 1862	Caneybranch, Tenn.		
DeBoard, Reuben	Dec. 1, 1862			Killed at Rover, Tenn., June 23, 1863.
DeBoard, Isaac	April 1, 1862	Clarksville, O.		Wounded at Rover, Tenn., June 23, 1863.
DeBoard, Cyrus	March 11, 1862			Discharged for disability, April 20, 1863.

ROSTER AND RECORD OF COMPANY E—CONTINUED.

NAME AND RANK.	ENLISTMENT.	ADDRESS.	REMARKS.
Dempsey, W. J.	March 17, 1862	Exeter, Mo.	
Denard, T. M. 1, 1862	Whitesburg, Tenn.	
Edens, Andrew	March 17, 1862	Upperclinch, Tenn.	Wounded at Fairgarden, Tenn., Jan. 27, 1864.
Edens, Enoch	March 17, 1862	
Edens, George	March 17, 1862	Upperclinch, Tenn.	
Edens, Daniel	March 17, 1862	
England, Hiram	April 1, 1862	
England, James	April 1, 1862	
England, Ira	April 1, 1862	
Fields, Sharick	April 1, 1862	Upperclinch, Tenn.	
Fields, Richard	April 1, 1862	Upperclinch, Tenn.	
Fisher, William	April 1, 1862	Upperclinch, Tenn.	
Fisher, W. H.	April 1, 1862	
Finchman, William	Dec. 1, 1862	
Flenor, John	April 1, 1862	Kyle's Ford, Tenn.	Severely wounded at Franklin, Tenn., Sept. 2, 1864.
Fletcher, William	April 1, 1862	
Franklin, J. M.	Dec. 1, 1862	Oak Grove, Tenn.	
French, Bryan	Dec. 1, 1862	Milligan, Tenn.	
Gilbert, A. M.	April 1, 1862	Knoxville, Tenn.	
Glasgow, Gordon	March 17, 1862	
Goins, Zachariah	Dec. 1, 1862	Kyle's Ford, Tenn.	
Gross, William	April 1, 1862	
Harless, James	March 17, 1862	
Hawkins, Mack 1, 1862	Three Springs, Tenn.	
Heard, James	March 17, 1862	Kyle's Ford, Tenn.	
Heard, Jacob	March 17, 1862	Kyle's Ford, Tenn.	
Howe, J. M.	April 1, 1862	
Howard, W. J.	April 1, 1862	Died at Camp Dennison, O., March 10, 1863.

Johnson, George	March 17, 1862	
Johnson, David	March 17, 1862	
Jones, W. C.	Dec. 1, 1862	
Kersey, Elijah	March 17, 1862	Captured near Atlanta, Ga., July 18, 1864.
Kersey, Robert	March 17, 1862	Died at Cumberland Gap, Aug. 16, 1862.
Kersey, Thomas	March 17, 1862	Discharged for disability, March 18, 1864.
Lewis, E. P.	
McNeally, L. T.	April 1, 1862	Elk Head, Oregon
Mannis, Edmond	April 1, 1862	Died at Louisville, Ky., March 1, 1863.
Mannis, Austin	April 1, 1862	Meadowfield, Tenn.
Mannis, H. J.	April 1, 1862	Lee Valley, Tenn.
Mannis, William	Dec. 1, 1862	Lee Valley, Tenn.
Moore, B. F.	April 1, 1862
Newman, W. H.	April 1, 1862	Mohawk, Tenn.
Newman, J. M.	Dec. 1, 1862
Ottinger, J. A.	Dec. 1, 1862	Caneybranch, Tenn.
Owens, G. W.	April 1, 1862	Rogersville, Tenn.
Palmer, J. M.	April 1, 1862	Smithwood, Tenn.
Rainwater, G. A.	Dec. 12, 1862
Reynolds, Henry	March 17, 1862	Fairview, Va.
Rouse, James	March 17, 1862	Pomeroyton, Ky.
Rouse, Isaac	March 17, 1862
Sailor, Henry	April 1, 1862
Scarlett, John	Dec. 18, 1862	Mount's X Roads, Tenn.
Shanks, J. F.	April 1, 1862	Dixon, Mo.
Silvius, Moses	April 15, 1862	Whittle Springs, Tenn.
Smidney, E.
Solomon, Moses	Dec. 1, 1862	Died in Andersonville prison, Aug. 30, 1864.
Sizemore, Claiborne	Dec. 1, 1862	Died at Triune, Tenn., May 8, 1863.
Smelser, N. F.	Dec. 1, 1862	Severely wounded at Lavergne, Tenn., Sept. 1, 1864.
Smith, Thomas	May 1, 1863
Stapleton, Isaac	Dec. 1, 1862	Brighthope, Tenn.

ROSTER AND RECORD OF COMPANY E—CONTINUED.

NAME AND RANK.	ENLISTMENT.	ADDRESS.	REMARKS.
Tackett, W. A.	Dec. 1, 1862		
Thurman, Benjamin ..	March 17, 1862	Yellow Store, Tenn.	Discharged on account of loss of left eye.
Thurman, Jno. G.	March 17, 1862	Yellow Store, Tenn.	
Underwood, Alexander .	March 17, 1862		
Vaughn, Robert A.	April 1, 1862		Killed at Mossy Creek, Tenn., Dec. 29, 1863.
Watts, John	April 1, 1862	Russellville, Tenn.	
Watts, Pleasant	April 1, 1862		
Watts, Thomas	April 1, 1862		
Wallace, Joseph	March 17, 1862		
Wells, John	April 1, 1862	Exeter, Mo.	
White, B.	April 1, 1862	Mishawaka, Ind	Died at Stevenson, Ala., Aug. 26, 1863.
Williams, William	March 23, 1862		
Williford, W. R. T.	Dec. 1, 1862	Mount Horeb, Tenn.	
Winchester, J. D.	Dec. 1, 1862		Died in Andersonville prison, April 21, 1864

ROSTER AND RECORD OF COMPANY F.

NAME AND RANK.	ENLISTMENT.	ADDRESS.	REMARKS.
CAPTAINS.			
Thos. J. Capps	March 1, 1862	San Diego, Cal.	Resigned Dec. 29, 1862; re-entered the service as Lieut.-Col. 8th Tenn. Cav.
A. E. Blount	Dec. 18, 1862	Lasruces, New Mexico.	Resigned on account of ill health, Aug. 4, 1863.
Robert A. Wooten	Dec. 18, 1862		Died since close of war, date unknown.
FIRST LIEUTENANTS.			
A. J. Winters	March 1, 1862	Cedarville, O.	Transferred to V. R. C.
John A. Gray	March, 1862		See Roster Company H.
John H. James	Nov. 6, 1862		See Field and Staff.
Jonathan Haworth	Nov. 1, 1862	New Market, Tenn.	
SECOND LIEUTENANT.			
Geo. W. Mitchell	March 1, 1862	Marshall, Mo.	

FIRST SERGEANT.				
James Higgs	March 1, 1862	Rutledge, Tenn.	Wounded at Mossy Creek, Tenn., Dec. 29, 1863.	
SERGEANTS.				
O. D. Steel	March 1, 1862	Killed near Sparta, Tenn., Nov. 30, 1863.	
W. J. Randolph	March 1, 1862	Cleveland, Tenn.	Severely wounded at College Grove, Tenn., May 8, 1863.	
Geo. W. Cook	March 1, 1862	Joy, Ill.	Died in 1897.	
Richard Haworth	March 1, 1862		
E. S. Randolph	Sept. 1, 1862	Cleveland, Tenn.		
Noah N. West	March 1, 1862	Tampico, Tenn.		
P. W. Lowe	March 1, 1862	Cleveland, Tenn.		
CORPORALS.				
Geo. A. Shirely	March 1, 1862	Lulaville, Tenn.	Wounded at Campbellsville, Tenn., Sept. 5, '64	
Geo. W. Black	March 1, 1862		
Jas. W. Long	March 1, 1862		
John Calfee	March 1, 1862		
A. S. Roach	March 1, 1862	Mill Spring, Tenn.		
R. C. Samsel	Sept. 1, 1862	Tate Spring, Tenn.		
E. H. McKeethan	March 1, 1862	Sunbright, Tenn.		
BUGLERS.				
J. E. Thomas	March 1, 1862	See Non-Commissioned Staff.	
John B. Lay	March 1, 1862	Laurel, Ark	Appointed Company Bugler Nov. 1, 1862.	
SADDLER.				
Mable Oullifer	March 1, 1862		
FARRIER.				
M. W. Brogden	March 1, 1862	Thorngrove, Tenn.		
TEAMSTERS.				
N. B. Tucker	March 1, 1862		
William Flora	Feb. 13, 1863	Newhope, Tenn.		
PRIVATEES.				
Acuff, Daniel 1862	Died at Cumberland Gap, Oct. 20, 1862.	
Airheart, J. S.	Sept. 1, 1862		
Bacon, W. H. H.	March 20, 1862	See Roster Company I.	

ROSTER AND RECORD OF COMPANY F—CONTINUED.

NAME AND RANK.	ENLISTMENT.	ADDRESS.	REMARKS.
Ballinger, F. P.	Sept. I, 1862	New Market, Tenn.	
Ballinger, Henry	Sept. I, 1862	New Market, Tenn.	
Ballinger, William	March I, 1862	New Market, Tenn.	Transferred to Co. H, Feb. 28, 1862.
Barns, William	March I, 1862	
Bates, P. P.	Nov. I, 1862	Indian Ridge, Tenn.	
Bell, W. F.	Nov. I, 1862	Cleveland, Tenn.	Transferred to Co. H, Feb. 28, 1862.
Bird, John	Nov. I, 1862	Offutt, Tenn.	Died at Cleveland, Tenn., May 8, 1864
Black, W. H.	Jan. I, 1862	
Bradley, Isaac M.	March I, 1862	
Brown, T. W.	Sept. I, 1862	
Brogden, T. D.	Nov. I, 1862	Severely wounded at Muddy Creek, Tenn., in right shoulder and left thigh, Jan. 22, 1864. Died in 1898.
Brogden, H. M.	Nov. I, 1862	Alpha, Tenn.	
Burns, William	Sept. I, 1862	
Capps, James	Nov. I, 1862	
Caldwell, B.	Nov. I, 1862	Died at Triune, Tenn., April 15, 1863.
Caldwell, James	Nov. I, 1862	Died at Triune, Tenn., May 15, 1863.
Caldwell, William	Nov. I, 1862	Died at Triune, Tenn., June 23, 1863.
Caldwell, Thos.	Nov. I, 1862	Discharged for disability Sept. 28, 1863.
Cameron, William B.	March I, 1862	Manley, Tenn.	
Campbell, W. B.	Doyle, Tenn.	
Cardwell, H. H.	Jan. I, 1863	
Cardwell, William	Died at Triune, Tenn., June 23, 1863.
Carson, W. S.	
Carson, Geo. H.	Sept. I, 1862	
Cartright, I. F.	Sept. I, 1862	Cleveland, Tenn.	
Carwright, I. F.	June 30, 1862	
Caewood, Thos.	Sept. I, 1862	
Clingham, J. K. P.	Sept. I, 1862	Transferred to Co. L, Dec. 20, 1862.

Copeland, Calvin	March 30, 1862	Transferred to Co. L, Dec. 20, 1862.
Colier, Jacob	Sept. 1, 1862	Transferred to Co. L, Dec. 20, 1862.
Cockrum, John	Nov. 1, 1862	Transferred to Co. H, Feb. 28, 1863.
Couch, William	Nov. 1, 1862	Died Oct. 7, 1900.
Coil, Bradley	Died at Barboursville, Ky., April 20, 1862.
Culliver, Benjamin	May 12, 1863	Died in 1901.
Culliver, Moab	May 12, 1863	Doyle, Tenn.	
Daniel, W. T.	May 1, 1862	Turley's Mill, Tenn.	
Dickson, W. W.	March 1, 1862	
Duff, W. H. H.	Jan. 1, 1863	Rutledge, Tenn.	
Dukes, Isaac	Feb. 13, 1863	Y. Z., Tenn.	
Elliott, Geo.	March 1, 1862	Transferred to Co. H, Feb. 28, 1863.
Epperson, J. N.	Sept. 1, 1862	Felker, Tenn.	
Epperson, Joseph	Sept. 1, 1862	Felker, Tenn.	
Epperson, B. C.	Sept. 1, 1862	Conasauga, Tenn.	
Ezell, Geo.	Sept. 1, 1862	Transferred to Co. L, Dec. 20, 1862.
Fisher, H. C.	March 30, 1862	Transferred to Co. L, Dec. 20, 1862.
Fox, D. S.	March 1, 1862	See Non-Commissioned Staff.
Fox, A. M.	March 1, 1862	Transferred to Co. L, Dec. 20, 1862.
Fox, J. F.	March 1, 1862	Transferred to Co. L, Dec. 20, 1862.
Foor, Oliver	March 1, 1862	Transferred to Co. H, Feb. 28, 1863.
Garrett, John	March 1, 1862	
Gibbins, J. A.	Jan. 1, 1863	Tampico, Tenn.	Transferred to Co. H, Feb. 28, 1863.
Greer, N. N.	Feb. 13, 1863	Upperclinch, Tenn.	
Greer, C. L.	Feb. 13, 1863	
Grigsby, A. L.	Nov. 1, 1862	
Grigsby, J. C.	Nov. 1, 1862	Turley's Mill, Tenn.	
Harbin, Jacob	Nov. 1, 1862	Chattanooga, Tenn.	Transferred to Co. L, Dec. 20, 1862.
Hambright, J. R.	Sept. 1, 1862	Bluespring Sta., Tenn.	Transferred to Co. L, Dec. 20, 1862.
Hambright, B. F.	Sept. 1, 1862	Transferred to Co. L, Dec. 20, 1862.
Hays, Geo. H.	Sept. 1, 1862	Naillon, Tenn.	
Harrell, J. H.	Feb. 13, 1862	Hartford, Ky.	Injured in a charge at Chapel Hill, Tenn., March, 1863.
Harrell, John C.	Jan. 1, 1862	

ROSTER AND RECORD OF COMPANY F—CONTINUED.

NAME AND RANK.	ENLISTMENT.	ADDRESS.	REMARKS.
Henry, Jacob	Nov. 1, 1862	Wartburg, Tenn.	Wounded at Campbellsville, Tenn., Sept. 5, '64.
Henry, Peter	Nov. 1, 1862	Spring City, Tenn.	
Hicks, A. J.	Nov. 1, 1862	Cleveland, Tenn.	
Hicks, N. B.	Sept. 1, 1862		
Hopkins, A. J.	Jan. 1, 1862		
Howard, D. M.	March 1, 1862		
Humbard, S. H.	Nov. 1, 1862	Cleveland, Tenn.	Wounded at Dandridge, Tenn., Dec. 24, 1863.
Irwin, A. B.	Sept. 1, 1862		Transferred to Co. L, Dec. 20, 1862.
Johnson, Geo. S.	March 1, 1862		Transferred to Co. H, Feb. 28, 1863.
Jones, W. P.	March 13, 1863		
Jones, Adams	Feb. 1, 1862		Transferred to Co. H, Feb. 28, 1863.
Kelly, Augustus	March 1, 1862		Transferred to Co. H, Feb. 28, 1863.
Kirk, W. R.	March 1, 1862		Transferred by promotion to 4th Tenn. Vols.
King, J. T.	Aug. 12, 1862		
King, Martin	March 1, 1862	Hollow Springs, Tenn.	
Kite, A. J.	March 1, 1862		
Larison, R. H.	Sept. 1, 1862		Transferred to Co. L, Dec. 20, 1862.
Long, Jno. S.	June 1, 1862	Riverton, Ala.	
Lynn, Micaja	Jan. 1, 1863	Turley's Mill, Tenn.	
Lyles, T. S. H.	March 1, 1862		
McDaniel, W. H.	May 12, 1863		Discharged for disability, Dec. 18, 1862.
McDaniel, Mathias	May 12, 1863	Tampico, Tenn.	
McDonald, John	Sept. 1, 1862		Transferred to Co. L, March 30, 1865.
McGrew, W. S.	Sept. 1, 1862	Joshua, Tenn.	Transferred to Co. L, Dec. 20, 1862.
McNecce, Daniel	April 1, 1862	Mayspring, Tenn.	
May, W. B.	Sept. 1, 1862		Transferred to Co. L, Dec. 20, 1862.
Merrill, James	March 1, 1862		
Miller, A. J.	March 1, 1862		Transferred to Co. H, Feb. 28, 1862.
Miller, Samuel	Nov. 1, 1862	Rankin's Depot, Tenn.	

Northern, F. M.	Sept.	I, 1862	New Market, Tenn.	
Northern, A. A.	Sept.	I, 1862	New Market, Tenn.	Died in Danville prison, Dec. 4, 1863; no record of his capture.
Parker, Frank				
Pearson, Huston	Jan.	I, 1862		Dead—no record of his death.
Phillips, J. M.				
Roach, J. N.	Nov.	I, 1862	Lockhart, Texas	
Roach, A. M.	Nov.	I, 1863	Springhouse, Tenn.	
Roach, S. P. M.	July	I, 1863	Bush, Ky.	
Richmond, W. C.	March	I, 1862		Died at Nashville, Tenn., Sept. 1, 1864.
Robinson, Cornelius	March	I, 1862		Discharged for disability, Sept. 8, 1863.
Rose, Lewis			Clinton, Tenn.	
Samples, William	Nov.	I, 1862		
Sandidge, Harvey	Sept.	I, 1862		Transferred to Co. L, Dec. 20, 1862.
Shannon, Jas. M.	Sept.	I, 1862		Transferred to Co. L, Dec. 20, 1862.
Shaver, M. M.	March	I, 1862	Kismet, Tenn.	
Shaver, John H.	Jan.	I, 1863		Killed at Campbellsville, Tenn., Sept. 5, 1864.
Sherrell, N. A.	Sept.	I, 1862	Redclay, Ga.	Died at Louisville, Ky., Jan. 8, 1865.
Simpson, Jno. T.	Feb.	I, 1863		
Spencer, Daniel	March	I, 1862	Indian Ridge, Tenn.	
Spencer, John C.	March	I, 1862	Tampico, Tenn.	Wounded at Campbellsville, Tenn., Sept. 5, '64.
Spencer, Nathaniel	March	I, 1862	Tampico, Tenn.	Died Jan. 31, 1864.
Sullivan, W. P.	Feb.	I, 1863		Wounded at Mossy Creek, Tenn., Dec. 29, 1863.
Sweeney, John	Nov.	I, 1862	Ooltawah, Tenn.	Transferred to Co. L, Dec. 20, 1862.
Teague, Geo. R.	Sept.	I, 1862		
Tucker, A. T.	April	I, 1863	Ottway, Tenn.	
Tucker, N. B.	April	I, 1862	Earl, Tenn.	
Wattenbarger, Wilson	Nov.	I, 1862	Cleveland, Tenn.	
Wattenbarger, Wiley	Nov.	I, 1862	Cleveland, Tenn.	
Wattenbarger, E. B.	Nov.	I, 1862	Laurel Gap, Tenn.	
Weatherly, C. H.	Nov.	I, 1862		
West, C. M.	Nov.	I, 1862	Tampico, Tenn.	
Witt, Geo. L.	Nov.	I, 1862		Captured at Franklin, Tenn., Nov. 30, 1864.

ROSTER AND RECORD OF COMPANY F—CONTINUED.

NAME AND RANK.	ENLISTMENT.	ADDRESS.	REMARKS.
Winn, C. J.	Sept. 1, 1862	Transferred to Co. L, Dec. 20, 1862.
White, John T.	Sept. 1, 1862	
Woodsides, J. B. 1862	Died at Cumberland Gap, Aug. 13, 1862.

ROSTER AND RECORD OF COMPANY G.

NAME AND RANK.	ENLISTMENT.	ADDRESS.	REMARKS.
CAPTAINS.			
I. C. Leger	June 1862	Parker, Colo.	Wounded at College Grove, Tenn., May 8, 1863.
W. W. Mosier	July 1, 1862	Bet, Ky.	
FIRST LIEUTENANTS.			
H. K. Fields 1862	Huntington, W. Va.	Resigned in 1862.
Jas. H. Delph 1862	Thornfield, Mo.	Resigned in 1862.
W. N. Stapleton	July, 1863	Killed in Hawkins County, Tenn., Sept. 28, 1864. He was in East Tenn., recruiting for the regiment, at the time of his death.
David C. Shaw	Feb. 1, 1863	Austin Mills, Tenn.	Made First Lieut. on the muster-out of those who first enlisted.
SECOND LIEUTENANTS.			
M. C. Williams	April 15, 1862	Limestone Springs, Tenn.	Every member of the 1st Tenn. knew "Mack," as he was called. He was the only man in the regiment that could raise the drooping spirits of the sad and sorrowful.
N. T. Beal	Aug. 1, 1862	Made Second Lieut. on muster-out of those who first enlisted. Died at his home in Hawkins Co., Tenn., March 13, 1890.
FIRST SERGEANT.			
E. E. Coleman	July 1, 1862	Norman, Tenn.	
COMMISSARY SERGT.			
James Davis	July 1, 1862	Eidson, Tenn.	
Wesley Belden	July 1, 1862	
Frank Cunningham	July 1, 1862	Severely wounded at Mossy Creek, Tenn., Dec. 29, 1863.

SERGEANTS.				
B. F. Young	July	1, 1862		
Pleasant Coleman	Sept.	1, 1862		Seriously hurt by his horse falling on him at
Robert Marsh	Sept.	1, 1862		Lavergne, Tenn., Sept. 1, 1864.
James M. Setzer	Sept.	1, 1862		
Tennessee Cope	Sept.	1, 1862		Died at Nashville, Tenn., Feb. 1, 1863.
P. M. C. Rodgers	Sept.	1, 1862		Killed in Hawkins Co., Tenn., Aug. 2, 1864
CORPORALS.				
Alexander Stubblefield	July	4, 1862		
W. D. A. Shrader	July	8, 1862		
James Nevel	July	6, 1862		
Nathan Beeler	July	6, 1862		
Thos. J. Carey	July	1, 1862		
A. M. Gilbert	July	3, 1862		
Stephen Rhymmer	July	4, 1862		
Peter Goodman	July	1, 1862		
William Bunch	July	1, 1862		
Alfred Ottinger	July	3, 1862		
FARRIER.				
Bishop Nevel	July	1, 1862	Bales, Va.	
PRIVATEES.				
Aikens, Jonathan	July	1, 1862		
Antrican, John	July	1, 1862	Meadowfield, Tenn.	
Bacon, James	July	7, 1862	Whitepine, Tenn.	
Bean, Columbus	July	1, 1862		
Berry, W. J.	1, 1862		
Burchett, Jasper	July	6, 1862		
Burchett, George	Sept.	1, 1862		
Burch, James	July	1, 1862		
Clarkson, Fernando	July	4, 1862		
Coleman, P. N.	Oct.	1, 1862		
Cope, Calloway	July	1, 1862	Caldwell, Kan.	
			Lee Valley, Tenn.	
				Died at Camp Dennison, O., Dec. 1, 1862.
				Died at Nashville, Tenn., March 16, 1863.

ROSTER AND RECORD OF COMPANY G—CONTINUED.

NAME AND RANK.	ENLISTMENT.	ADDRESS.	REMARKS.
Cope, L. L.	July 1, 1862	Killed at Mossy Creek, Tenn., Dec. 29, 1863.
Cope, W. A.	July 1, 1862	Whitehorn, Tenn.	
Cope, W. G.	July 1, 1862	Died at Waterloo, Ala., Feb. 13, 1865.
Coke, William.	July 1, 1862	
Cunningham, W. H.	July 1, 1862	Cedarcreek, Tenn.	
Cunningham, C. J.	July 1, 1862	Cedarcreek, Tenn.	
Cuiverson, Caswell.	July 1, 1862	Canebranch, Tenn.	
DeBoard, John.	July 1, 1862	Died at Cumberland Gap, Sept. 15, 1862.
Edens, Isham.	July 1, 1862	Upperclinch, Tenn.	
Eller, Samuel.	Pulaski, Ia.	
Estepp, G. A.	July 1, 1862	Ewing, Va.	
Fields, Esquire.	July 1, 1862	Died at Nashville, Tenn., March 1, 1863.
Finchum, William.	July 10, 1862	
Flannigan, Felix.	July 1, 1862	Ruralhill, Tenn.	
French, Bryant.	July 10, 1862	
Franklin, J. M.	July 1, 1862	Mount's X Roads, Tenn.	
Friar, Geo. W.	July 1, 1862	
Gibbs, Claiborne.	June 27, 1862	Sneedville, Tenn.	
Green, Joseph.	July 1, 1862	
Gorrens, Zachariah.	July 1, 1862	Telford, Tenn.	
Haga, Silas.	Sept. 1, 1862	Died at New Albany, Ind., Feb. 15, 1864.
Haga, A. J.	Sept. 1, 1862	
Hatfield, C. W.	July 1, 1862	
Heck, L. E.	July 1, 1862	
Heck, D. P.	July 1, 1862	Moore's Prairie, Ill.	
Heck, N. R.	July 1, 1862	Treadway, Tenn.	
Helton, Orville.	July 1, 1862	Lee Valley, Tenn.	
Hicks, William.	July 1, 1862	Exeter, Mo.	
Isabel, William.	Aug. 1, 1862	

Johnson, A. D.	July	2, 1862	Scott, Mo.	Wounded at Nashville, Tenn., Dec. 15, 1864.
Jones, Thomas	Aug.	1, 1862		
Jones, James	July	1, 1862		
Jones, W. C.	July	2, 1862		
Lee, John	Sept.	1, 1862	Cedar Ford, Tenn.	
Lifford, Lazarus	July	1, 1862	Hollandsburg, Ind.	
Long, John	July	1, 1862	War Gap, Tenn.	Killed at Dandridge, Tenn., Dec. 24, 1863.
McMillan, Geo.	July	1, 1862		
Mallory, J. I.	July	1, 1862	Harrisburg, Mo.	
Mallory, John	July	1, 1862	Sneedville, Tenn.	
Manis, Howard	June	20, 1862	New Canton, Tenn.	
Marsh, Charles	Sept.	1, 1862		
Mayfield, Isham	July	1, 1862		
Murray, L. E.	July	1, 1862		
Neal, A. R.	1, 1862	Fairview, Va.	Died at Winchester, Tenn., Oct. 1, 1863.
Nichols, W. B.	1862	Witt's Foundry, Tenn. ...	
Overtod, Solomon	July	5, 1862		
Quillen, Lewis	July	1, 1862	Mulberry Gap, Tenn.	
Rainwater, G. A.	July	1, 1862		
Rines, Stephen	July	1, 1862	Camilla, Tenn.	
Rogers, Arthur	July	1, 1862	Bradleyville, Mo.	
Rowlett, L. R.	July	1, 1862		
Rowlett, W. T.	July	1, 1862	Walnuthill, Va.	
Smelser, N. F.	July	1, 1862		
Stapleton, Isaac	July	1, 1862		
Stevens, Samuel	July	3, 1862		
Tackett, W. A.	July	8, 1862		
Taylor, B.	July	1, 1862		
Taylor, W. B.	July	1, 1862		Missing in action at Hurt's Cross Roads, Tenn., Nov. 29, 1864.
Wallen, R. B.	July	1, 1862		Captured at Lost Mountain, Ga., June 16, 1864.
Whitehead, J. W.	July	1, 1862	Rogersville, Tenn.	
Williford, W. R. T.	July	1, 1862		Died Sept. 5, 1890.

ROSTER AND RECORD OF COMPANY H.

NAME AND RANK.	ENLISTMENT.	ADDRESS.	REMARKS.
CAPTAINS.			
John A. Gray.....	April 1, 1862	Resigned Nov. 1, 1862. Returned to his home in Grainger Co., Tenn., where he was killed by guerillas; date unknown.
W. D. McClellan.....	Nov. 1, 1862	Transferred by promotion to major in another Tenn. regiment; no record of the number.
Paul Sturm	April 1, 1862	Sharpsburg, Texas	Wounded at Dandridge, Tenn., Dec. 24, 1863.
FIRST LIEUTENANTS.			
C. M. Dyer	Sept. 1, 1862	See Field and Staff.
E. Simpson	April 1, 1862	Resigned, on account of ill health, in 1863.
Geo. W. Kinder.....	April 1, 1862	Jefferson City, Tenn.	
SECOND LIEUTENANT.			
E. A. Gray.....	July 15, 1862	Pactolus, Ark.	
FIRST SERGEANT.			
John Black	July 15, 1862	Naillon, Tenn.	
QUARTERMASTER SERGT.			
John F. Smith.....	July 19, 1862	Killed at Lynnville, Tenn., Dec. 24, 1864
SERGEANTS.			
James P. Churchman...	July 15, 1862	
Harrison Collins	July 10, 1862	Sneedville, Tenn.	
W. P. Widders	July 15, 1862	
James M. Carter.....	June 15, 1862	Ashgrove, Mo.	
James Bunch	June 15, 1862	Tampico, Tenn.	
CORPORALS.			
W. Y. Stockton	June 15, 1862	
W. A. Charles.....	June 15, 1862	Whitehorn, Tenn.	
Connoway Collins	July 10, 1862	Sneedville, Tenn.	
William Jones	July 10, 1862	Died at Triune, Tenn., April 15, 1863.
John Bean	June 19, 1862	

PRIVATES.				
Acuff, David	July	15,	1862	Sneedville, Tenn.
Anderson, Thos.	July	10,	1862	Fallbranch, Tenn.
Arnold, Arthur	Sept.	1,	1862
Beeler, Robert	July	15,	1862
Beeler, Nathan	July	15,	1862
Bird, John	Nov.	1,	1862	Buffalo, Mo.
Blazer, Jacob	July	15,	1862	Villaridge, Ill.
Blackburn, Isaac	July	15,	1862
Bowlin, J. P.	July	15,	1862
Bowlin, V. K.	July	15,	1862
Branson, Alfred	July	15,	1862	Ambro, Tenn.
Branson, William	July	15,	1862	Ambro, Tenn.
Branson, Newton	Nov.	1,	1862	Clear Spring, Tenn.
Chittum, W. H.	April	15,	1862
Churchman, W. A.	July	15,	1862	Tampico, Tenn.
Collins, Franklin	July	10,	1862	Sneedville, Tenn.
Collins, Bailey	July	10,	1862	Sneedville, Tenn.
Dalton, David	Nov.	1,	1862	Libertyhill, Tenn.
Dunsmore, John	July	1,	1862	Libertyhill, Tenn.
Fair, Timothy	1862	Emert's Cove, Tenn.
Fielding, Allen	May	1,	1862	Livia, Ky.
Fielding, James E.	May	1,	1862	New Albany, Ind.
Fielding, John W.	May	1,	1862	New Market, Tenn.
Fincher, John	May	1,	1862	Trotter's Store, Tenn.
Greger, Samuel	July	1,	1862
Harrell, J. C.	June	15,	1862
Hensley, John	July	11,	1862
Hopson, William	Sept.	11,	1862	Delrio, Tenn.
Huff, S. B.	1862	Camp Creek, Tenn.
Johnson, J. S.	1862	Elijoy, Tenn.
Jones, Allen	May	10,	1862

Died at Bardstown, Ky., Feb. 25, 1863.
 Died at Camp Dennison, O., Dec. 1, 1862.

Died Feb. 10, 1896.

Died at his home in Cocke Co., Tenn., June 30, 1864

ROSTER AND RECORD OF COMPANY H—CONTINUED.

NAME AND RANK.	ENLISTMENT.	ADDRESS.	REMARKS.
Jones, Samuel	July 15, 1862	Clear Springs, Tenn.	
Jones, James	July 15, 1862	Naillon, Tenn.	
Jones, Stephens	July 21, 1862	Sage, Texas	
Jones, Wiley	July 11, 1862	Naillon, Tenn.	
Jones, Cal	July 11, 1862	Trotter's Store, Tenn.	
Jones, William	July 11, 1862		Died at Triunc, Tenn., April 15, 1863.
Kelly, Augustus	May 9, 1862		Died at Nashville, Tenn., June 25, 1863.
Kelly, Geo. A.	Dec. 20, 1862	Washburn, Mo.	
Kidwell, E. W. 1862	Jefferson City, Tenn.	
Kirkpatrick, James	July 15, 1862		Killed at Rover, Tenn., June 23, 1863.
Lawson, David	April 10, 1862		
McGuire, C. M. 1862	Mingsville, Mo.	
Manley, A. L.	April 15, 1862	Manley, Tenn.	
Manley, David	April 15, 1862	Rutledge, Tenn.	
Mays, Jas. P.	April 15, 1862	Turley's Mill, Tenn.	
Miller, A. J. 1862	Turley's Mill, Tenn.	
Morrow, James	July 15, 1862	Delrio, Tenn.	
Morgan, W. R.	July 15, 1862		Died at Nashville, Tenn., March 15, 1863.
Moore, B. T. 1862		Died at Gallipolis, O., Oct. 21, 1862.
Myers, William 1862		
Noe, J. A. 1862	Tampico, Tenn.	
Noe, W. T.	Dec. 20, 1862	Tampico, Tenn.	
Ottinger, D. C.	Dec. 20, 1862	Caneybranch, Tenn.	
Ottinger, J. C.	Dec. 20, 1862	Caneybranch, Tenn.	
Phillips, Nathan 1862		
Ramsey, E. D. 1862		Died at Nashville, Tenn., Feb. 1, 1864.
Reemer, Andrew 1862	Caneybranch, Tenn.	Died at Bardstown, Ky., March 11, 1863.
Shelton, Mark	July 15, 1862	Church Grove, Tenn.	
Smith, J. Y.	July 15, 1862	Libertyhill, Tenn.	
Smith, J. T.	July 15, 1862	Knoxville, Tenn.	

Smith, Oliver	July 15, 1862	Died at Nashville, Tenn., March 20, 1863.
Smallman, Jno.	
Spyres, James	Sept. 1, 1862	Rutledge, Tenn.	Died at Nashville, Tenn., May 20, 1864.
Stuart, Alfred	July 5, 1862	Died in Andersonville prison, Aug. 23, 1864.
Sutton, David	Died at Knoxville, Tenn., Oct. 3, 1864.
Swofford, A. H.	
Tate, A. S.	Jan. 1, 1863	Washington, D. C.	
Tate, E. O.	Jan. 1, 1863	Morristown, Tenn.	
Tate, William	Jan. 1, 1863	Hyc0, Ark.	
Townsend, Thos.	Dec. 20, 1862	Died in 1897.
Trent, D. A.	May 9, 1862	Clinch, Tenn.	
Vance, Geo.	Died since close of war.
Vance, David	Dandridge, Tenn.	
Wallace, Jonathan	July 15, 1862	Moscow, Ia.	
West, C. M.]	July 15, 1862	Joppa, Tenn.	
Wells, Henry A.	July 15, 1862	Mill Springs, Tenn.	
Wolfmurger James	July 15, 1862	Died at Waterloo, Ala., Jan. 25, 1865.
Wolfmurger, John	Sept. 1, 1862	Cartersville, Ill.	
Wolf, Geo.	April 15, 1863	Aurora, Mo.	
West, Noah	April 1, 1862	Died since close of war.

ROSTER AND RECORD OF COMPANY I.

CAPTAINS.			
Abraham Hammond	March 13, 1862	See Field and Staff.
William A. Kidwell	Aug. 1, 1862	Resigned on account of ill health, Dec. 5, 1864. Died July, 1900.
FIRST LIEUTENANT.			
Jas. H. Elkins	June 28, 1862	Ersley, Ala.	Died at Memphis, Tenn., Feb. 5, 1865.
SECOND LIEUTENANTS.			
Thos. T. Hull	March 20, 1862	
Jacob M. Myers	Aug. 1, 1862	Greenville, Tenn.	
W. G. Drake	July 24, 1862	Bolivar, Mo.	

ROSTER AND RECORD OF COMPANY I—CONTINUED.

NAME AND RANK.	ENLISTMENT.	ADDRESS.	REMARKS.
FIRST SERGEANTS.			
David Odell	Aug. 1, 1862	Transferred by promotion to Capt. Co. B, 12th Tenn. Cav.
John A. Myers.....	Aug. 12, 1862	Greenville, Tenn.	
QUARTERMASTER SERGT.			
William Milligan	Aug. 1, 1862	Lorraine, Kan.	
COMMISSARY SERGT.			
W. A. Browning.....	July 12, 1862	Telford, Tenn.	
SERGEANTS.			
D. B. Harrison.....	Aug. 1, 1862	Horseshoek, Tenn.	
James Bible	Aug. 1, 1862	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Feb. 28, 1863.
A. B. Green	Sept. 21, 1862	Mattoon, Ill.	
R. A. Peters.....	Sept. 21, 1862	
Jeremiah Rodgers	Sept. 21, 1862	Mauks, Tenn.	Captured on McCook raid; date unknown.
Robert Myers	Aug. 1, 1862	Died at Nashville, Tenn., June 11, 1863.
A. I. Harrison.....	Aug. 1, 1862	Ottway, Tenn.	
CORPORALS.			
Samuel George	Aug. 1, 1862	Greenville, Tenn.	
James Freeman	Sept. 21, 1862	Pilothill, Tenn.	
Joel A. Simpson.....	Aug. 1, 1862	
M. F. Gaby.....	Nov. 1, 1862	Telford, Tenn.	Died at Portland, O., Nov. 11, 1862.
M. D. Taylor.....	Nov. 1, 1862	Greenville, Tenn.	
A. J. Drake.....	July 24, 1862	Captured at Jonesville, Va.
Geo. T. Harris.....	Aug. 1, 1862	Killed at Mossy Creek, Tenn., Dec. 29, 1863.
Jacob Smith	Sec Roster Co. M.
PRIVATES.			
Argenbright, William	Dec. 1, 1862	Rheatown, Tenn.	
Argenbright, James	Dec. 1, 1862	Washington Coll., Tenn.	
Armitage, John	Greenville, Tenn.	Wounded near Sparta, Tenn., Nov. 30, 1863.

Armitage, Geo.	Dec.	8, 1862	See Non-Commissioned Staff.
Bailey, W. R.	Nov.	15, 1862	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Feb. 14, 1863.
Bales, T. J.	1862	Wounded at Dandridge, Tenn., Dec. 24, 1863.
Bales, J. W.	1862	
Barnes, Joe	1862	
Bible, C. S.	Aug.	1, 1862	Captured; no record found.
Bible, A. J.	Aug.	1, 1862	
Beckner, Geo.	April	15, 1862	
Bolton, J. H.	Sept.	21, 1862	Killed at Laverne, Tenn., Sept. 1, 1864.
Bolton, Romanus	Sept.	21, 1862	Transferred by promotion to Capt. Co. B, 12th
Broyles, Samuel	1862	Tenn. Cav., and Major.
Bradshaw, J. A.	Dec.	26, 1862	
Brown, A. B.	Aug.	1, 1862	
Campbell, Jno.	Sept.	21, 1862	Died at Louisville Ky., Jan. 2, 1863.
Carter, George	Aug.	1, 1862	Transferred by promotion to First Lieut. Co.
Carter, R. B.	Aug.	1, 1862	A, 4th Tenn. Vols.
Casteel, J. A.	Aug.	1, 1862	Died at Gallatin, Tenn., March 15, 1863.
Cecil, Calvin	1862	Transferred by promotion to Capt. Co. G, 4th
Chocley, J. W.	March	14, 1862	Tenn. Inf.
Clevenger, William	Aug.	1, 1862	Died at Nashville, Tenn., date unknown.
Collett, Newton	1862	
Davis, A. J.	Aug.	1, 1862	Wounded; no record of date and place.
Dickson, William	Aug.	1, 1862	Captured; no record of place and date.
Earles, John	Nov.	8, 1862	Died since close of war.
Farnsworth, J. A.	Aug.	1, 1862	Died since close of war.
Foster, I. B.	Nov.	15, 1862	Transferred by promotion to First Lieut. Co.
Fowler, W. F.	Aug.	1, 1862	A. See Roster Co. A.
Fry, Robert	Aug.	1, 1862	
Fry, Jas.	Aug.	1, 1862	

ROSTER AND RECORD OF COMPANY I—CONTINUED.

NAME AND RANK.	ENLISTMENT.	ADDRESS.	REMARKS.
Franklin, J. H.	Aug. 12, 1862	Birdsbridge, Tenn.	Died in Andersonville prison, Sept. 16, 1864; no record of capture.
George, C. W.	Sept. 21, 1862	Captured July 31, 1864, McCook raid.
Gill, G. W.	1862	Died since close of war.
Charst, William	Aug. 1, 1862	Died at Triune, Tenn., in May, 1863.
Graham, Samuel	Aug. 1, 1862	Crossanchor, Tenn.	
Graham, James	Aug. 1, 1862	Greeneville, Tenn.	
Greenway, William	Sept. 1, 1862	
Green, Robert	
Hale, Henry	July 1, 1862	Warrensburg, Tenn.	
Hale, Napoleon	Aug. 17, 1862	
Haines, G. W.	Aug. 17, 1862	Columbus, Ky.	Wounded at Mossy Creek, Dec. 29, 1863; died soon after at Knoxville, Tenn.
Hansford, B. F.	Sept. 21, 1862	
Haga, A. J.	Sept. 1, 1862	
Haga, Geo. W.	Sept. 1, 1862	Albany, Tenn.	
Hartman, James	Aug. 1, 1862	Fillley, Neb.	
Hartman, M.	Aug. 1, 1862	Vance, Tenn.	
Horne, J. W.	March 17, 1862	Discharged for disability, Aug. 17, 1863.
Howell, David	Aug. 1, 1862	Died since close of war.
Howell, William	Aug. 1, 1862	
Holt, Augustus	Nolachucky, Tenn.	
Hybarger, Joseph	Aug. 1, 1862	Died since close of war.
Hybarger, J. H.	Aug. 1, 1862	Greeneville, Tenn.	
Hughes, Davis	April 15, 1862	Captured; no record of date and place.
Johnson, William	Aug. 1, 1862	Died June 2, 1863.
Johnson, L. F.	Sept. 21, 1862	Greeneville, Tenn.	
Johnson, W. H.	Sept. 21, 1862	Greeneville, Tenn.	
Johnson, V. S.	Aug. 1, 1862	Greeneville, Tenn.	
Johnson, G. F.	Aug. 1, 1862	Wounded at Dandridge, Tenn., Dec. 24, 1863.

Kee, Hugh	Aug.	1, 1862	Greeneville, Tenn.	Wounded and captured at Campbellsville, Tenn., Sept. 5, 1864.
Kelley, A. J.	Aug.	1, 1862	410 High St. Chattanooga, Tenn.	
King, Newton	Aug.	1, 1862	Albany, Tenn.	Died at Triune, Tenn., May 20, 1863.
King, Marion	Aug.	1, 1862	Washington, D. C.	Transferred by promotion to 5th Tenn. Cav.
Kirk, S. G.	July	12, 1862	Windsor, Ill.	Transferred by promotion to 4th Tenn. Vols.
Kirk, John L.	July	12, 1862	Cloverhill, Tenn.	
Kirk, G. W.	Aug.	1, 1862	Washington Coll., Tenn.	
Lawson, Valentine	Sept.	21, 1862	Whig, Tenn.	Discharged for disability, March 12, 1863.
Luttrell, Geo.	Sept.	21, 1862	Canebranch, Tenn.	Transferred by promotion to 12th Tenn. Cav.
Lovett, J. D.	May,	1862		
Lurch, J. D.	Nov.	15, 1862		
Lurch, Charles	Nov.	15, 1862		
Lyles, M. D.	April,	1862		
McCracken, Robert W.	Aug.	1, 1862	Jonesboro, Tenn.	
McCracken, J. M.	Sept.	21, 1862	Limestone, Tenn.	
McCale, John	Sept.	21, 1862		
McCurry, J. F. A.	Nov.	1, 1862	Virginia City, Nevada.	Died at Triune, Tenn., May 20, 1863.
McCurry, James	Nov.	1, 1862	Brownsboro, Tenn.	Killed near Triune, Tenn., Feb. 8, 1863.
McCurry, Martin	Nov.	1, 1862		
Masoner, J. N.	Sept.	1, 1862	Springdale, Ark.	Died at Gallipolis, O., date unknown.
Masoner, J. W.	Aug.	1, 1862		Captured; date and place unknown.
Martin, Jas. D.	Aug.	12, 1862	Slide, Tenn.	Wounded at Nashville, Tenn., Dec. 15, 1864.
Manes, William	Aug.	1, 1862	Lorraine, Kan.	Died at Murfreesboro, Tenn., March 1, 1864.
Miller, Phillip	April	1, 1862	Telford, Tenn.	
Milligan, Wiley	April	1, 1862	Greeneville, Tenn.	
Morgan, S. P.	Aug.	1, 1862	Maryville, Tenn.	
Morgan, W. D.	Aug.	1, 1862	Myers, Tenn.	
Morrison, I. M.	Aug.	1, 1862	Myers, Tenn.	
Morrison, David	Aug.	1, 1862		
Myers, M. C.	Aug.	1, 1862		
Myers, W. H.	Aug.	1, 1862		
Mysinger, James	Aug.	1, 1862		Killed at Rugg's Cross Roads, Tenn., April 16, 1863.

ROSTER AND RECORD OF COMPANY I—CONTINUED.

NAME AND RANK.	ENLISTMENT.	ADDRESS.	REMARKS.
Mysinger, J. K.	Aug. 1, 1862	Myers, Tenn.	
Odell, Samuel	Sept. 21, 1862	Greeneville, Tenn.	
Pates, John	Sept. 21, 1862		Killed in East Tenn.; no record of date. Transferred to Co. M.
Payne, E. B.	Aug. 2, 1862		
Pickering, C. R.	Aug. 1, 1862	Republic, Mo.	
Rector, J. H.	Aug. 1, 1862	Lovelace, Tenn.	
Rector, Jacob	Aug. 1, 1862	Timberridge, Tenn.	
Rogan, David	Sept. 2, 1862	Santa Ana, Texas	
Rodgers, John 1862	Nolachucky, Tenn.	
Robertson, J. A.	Aug. 1, 1862	Gastonia, N. C.	
Ruston, J. R.	Aug. 1, 1862	Bullsgap, Tenn.	
Self, I. B.	July 14, 1862		
Self, W. F.	Dec. 1, 1862		See Field and Staff.
Shelton, N. K.	March 15, 1862		See Non-Commissioned Staff.
Shelton, G. W.	March 15, 1862		Discharged for disability, March 15, 1863.
Shanks, C. S.	Sept. 21, 1862	Afton, Tenn.	Died March 10, 1865.
Shanks, Joseph	Aug. 1, 1862		Died at Nashville, Tenn., May 15, 1863.
Shanks, E. S.	Aug. 1, 1862		Died at Nashville, Tenn., May 23, 1863.
Smith, Elbert	Sept. 21, 1862		Wounded at Lavergne, Tenn., Sept. 1, 1864 Died since close of war.
Stanton, Robert	Sept. 21, 1862	Nolachucky, Tenn.	
Stanton, G. S.	Sept. 21, 1862	Nolachucky, Tenn.	
Stepp, William	Sept. 21, 1862	Conkling, Tenn.	
Stines, David	Nov. 1, 1862		
Taylor, M. D. 1862	Tusculum, Tenn.	
Timmons, Robert	Aug. 1, 1862		
Thompson, James	Aug. 12, 1862	Ottway, Tenn.	
Thompson, S. H.	July 12, 1862		
Thomas, F. G.	Nov. 15, 1862		Killed at Greeneville, Tenn., Jan. 10, 1864.

Tullock, S. R.	1862	Greeneville, Tenn.	
Turner, C. M.	Sept. 21, 1862	New Castle, Ind.	Captured on McCook raid, July 31, 1864.
Waring, J. H.	Sept. 21, 1862		Died at Triune, Tenn., May, 1863.
Williams, M. C.	April 15, 1862		See Field and Staff.
Williams, W. S.	Aug. 1, 1862		Died at Nashville, Tenn., Feb. 23, 1863.
Williams, Marion	June 22, 1862		
Willis, W. F.	Aug. 1, 1862		Captured; date and place unknown.
White, Jno. R.	Nov. 15, 1862		

ROSTER AND RECORD OF COMPANY K.

CAPTAINS.			
Burton Smith	Aug. 1, 1862		See Field and Staff.
Nelson Bowman	Aug. 1, 1862		Died at Bull's Gap, Tenn., Oct. 22, 1864.
A. M. Smith	1862		Captured on McCook raid in Georgia, Aug. 1, 1864. Died since close of war.
FIRST LIEUTENANTS.			
A. L. Whitehead	July 12, 1862		Died at Gallipolis, O., Nov. 21, 1862.
Russell Thornburgh	July 12, 1862		See Field and Staff.
SECOND LIEUTENANTS.			
E. H. Rhea	July 12, 1862		Died since close of war; date unknown.
Lewis Cooper	Dec. 22, 1862		Died June 9, 1889.
FIRST SERGEANT.			
Garrett Jones	July 12, 1862	Romeo, Tenn.	Captured at Fayetteville, Tenn., Aug, 1863.
QUARTERMASTER SERGT.			
Alfred F. Rhea	July 12, 1862		Wounded at Mossy Creek, Tenn., Dec. 29, '63.
COMMISSARY SERGT.			
E. S. Fox	July 12, 1862	Lovelace, Tenn.	Died at New Albany, Ind., Dec. 22, '64.
SERGEANTS.			
L. M. McLain	July 12, 1862	Vanhill, Tenn.	
Daniel Everhart	July 12, 1862	Romeo, Tenn.	
I. M. Swancy	July 12, 1862	Henshaw, Tenn.	
S. E. McLain	July 12, 1862		
C. M. Bates	July 12, 1862		Died at Nashville, Tenn., Feb. 21, 1863.

ROSTER AND RECORD OF COMPANY K—CONTINUED.

NAME AND RANK.	ENLISTMENT.	ADDRESS.	REMARKS.
S. G. W. Garnett.....	July 12, 1862		
W. A. Headrick.....	Nov. 15, 1862	Greeneville, Tenn.	Severely wounded near Sparta, Tenn., Nov. 30, 1863.
H. N. Williams.....	Nov. 15, 1862		
T. D. Williams.....	Nov. 15, 1862		
D. B. Philipps.....	July 12, 1862		Killed near Sparta, Tenn., Nov. 30, 1863. Died since close of war.
J. P. Perrygoy.....	July 12, 1862		
CORPORALS.			
Jacob Smith.....	July 12, 1862	Ottway, Tenn.	Wounded near Sparta, Tenn., Nov. 30, 1863.
Jas. A. Middleton.....	July 12, 1862	Lovelace, Tenn.	
Jas. K. Bowman.....	July 12, 1862		
Abraham Hunt.....	Aug. 16, 1862		Died at Howard, Tenn., March 15, 1864.
Jesse J. Ball.....	July 12, 1862		Died at Triune, Tenn., May 29, 1863.
Joseph E. Philipps.....	July 12, 1862		Died at Nashville, Tenn., Feb. 21, 1863.
J. C. Hale.....	July 1, 1862		
J. R. Haim.....	Aug. 12, 1862		
S. C. Shanks.....	Sept. 20, 1862	Home, Tenn.	
A. J. Bruner.....	July 12, 1862	Morristown, Tenn.	
A. J. Loyd.....	July 12, 1862		
T. N. West.....	Nov. 15, 1862	Lancaster, Mo.	
James Smith.....	Nov. 15, 1862	Romeo, Tenn.	
TEAMSTER.			
William Harrison.....	July 12, 1862		
FARRIER.			
James Smith.....	July 12, 1862	Ottway, Tenn.	
BUGLER.			
James Ray.....	July 12, 1862	Cedar Creek, Tenn.	Wounded at Lovejoy's Station, Ga., July 29, 1864.
PRIVATE.			
Bales, Henderson.....	July 12, 1862	Home, Tenn.	Wounded in right leg at Mossy Creek, Tenn., Dec. 29, 1863.

Bales, Jacob	July 12, 1862	Died at Murfreesboro, Tenn., Nov. 10, 1863.
Bales, William	July 12, 1862	Died; date unknown.
Bailey, James	July 12, 1862	Killed at Franklin, Tenn., Nov. 30, 1864.
Baxter, John T.	July 12, 1862	Mortally wounded at Dandridge, Tenn., Dec. 24, 1863. Died soon after; no record of date and place.
Bennett, Allen	Nov. 15, 1862	
Bradley, Jno. K.	July 12, 1862	Died at Stevenson, Ala., Oct. 28, 1863.
Bowman, David	Aug. 16, 1862	
Brotherton, Jas. M.	July 12, 1862	Laurel Gap, Tenn.
Conley, W. A.	July 12, 1862	Milburnton, Tenn.
Cooper, Wiley	Aug. 16, 1862	Died at Dalton, Ga., March 27, 1864.
Cox, Horton	Aug. 12, 1862	
Cox, Carter	Aug. 12, 1862	Romeo, Tenn.
Coggins, Joshua	Aug. 16, 1862	
Dunn, John	July 12, 1862	Died in Salisbury prison, Feb. 8, 1865.
Dodd, J. F.	July 12, 1862	Died at Louisville, Ky., Feb. 4, 1864.
Dodd, Joseph	July 12, 1862	
Doughty, Nathan	Nov. 15, 1862	Died at Nashville, Tenn., July 29, 1863.
Duncan, J. H.	July 12, 1862	
Dunn, S. M.	July 12, 1862	Captured at Newnan, Ga., McCook raid, July 30, 1864.
Dunn, John	July 12, 1862	
Dunn, Phillip	July 12, 1862	Upchurch, Tenn.
Dyer, Richard	July 12, 1862	
English, T. M.	Nov. 15, 1862	
English, Allen	July 12, 1862	Died at Nashville, Tenn., June 3, 1863.
English, Thomas	July 12, 1862	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Dec. 28, 1863.
Everhart, James	Nov. 15, 1862	
Eply, William	July 12, 1862	
Frazier, Alexander	July 12, 1862	
Frazier, Addison	July 12, 1862	Lovelace, Tenn.
Frazier, M.	July 12, 1862	Lovelace, Tenn.

ROSTER AND RECORD OF COMPANY K—CONTINUED.

NAME AND RANK.	ENLISTMENT.	ADDRESS.	REMARKS.
Frazier, Albert	July 12, 1862	Died at Louisville, Ky., Sept. 9, 1863.
Fox, Geo. W.	July 12, 1862	
Gaunt, Eli A.	July 12, 1862	
Gooden, E. S.	July 12, 1862	
Hashbarger, Z. S.	July 22, 1862	Newmansville, Tenn.	
Hughes, A. F.	July 22, 1862	Jearoldstown, Tenn.	
Jackson, Alex	July 22, 1862	Campcreek, Tenn.	Died at Jeffersonville, Ind., Dec. 13, 1864.
Johnson, Jno. S.	Nov. 15, 1862	
Jones, Jno. C.	July 12, 1862	
Key, Harrison	Nov. 15, 1862	Upchurch, Tenn.	Killed at Campbellsville, Tenn., Sept. 5, 1864.
Knight, Granville	July 12, 1862	
Loyd, A. J.	July 13, 1862	
McCamis, W. A.	Nov. 15, 1862	Died at Louisville, Ky., Jan. 29, 1863.
McCamis, E. D.	July 12, 1862	
McCurley, M. D.	July 12, 1862	Anderson, Ind.	
McCurley, John	July 12, 1862	Vanhill, Tenn.	Wounded in left leg near Sparta, Tenn., Nov. 30, 1863.
McLain, S. D.	July 12, 1862	Greeneville, Tenn.	Died at Nashville, Tenn., May 31, 1863.
Malone, T. B.	July 12, 1862	
Martin, David	July 12, 1862	
Matson, T. B.	July 12, 1862	
Moore, Yancy	Nov. 15, 1862	Eastville, Va.	
Moore, D. D.	Nov. 15, 1862	Eastville, Va.	
Morrison, Jno. W.	Nov. 15, 1862	
Parker, Jacob	Nov. 1, 1862	
Pickering, Levi	Nov. 15, 1862	Transferred by promotion to First Lieut. Co. E, 4th Tenn. Vols., April 9, 1863.
Reed, Robert	Lovelace, Tenn.	
Reed, James	Lovelace, Tenn.	

Khea, Jas. M.	Nov. 1, 1862	Locust Spring, Tenn.	
Rhea, L. S.	July 12, 1862		
Rineheart, Jno.	Nov. 15, 1862		
Robertson, D. S.	July 12, 1862		Died at Camp Dennison, O., Dec. 9, 1862.
Shanks, Robert	Sept. 20, 1862	Afton, Tenn.	
Shannon, Geo. W.	July 12, 1862		
Smith, E. S.	Sept. 20, 1862		Wounded at Lavergne, Tenn., Sept. 1, 1864.
Smith, Cornelius	Nov. 1, 1862	Lone Mountain, Tenn.	Wounded at Muscle Shoals, Ala., Nov. 1, 1864.
Smith, Gregory	July 12, 1862		
Smith, Peter	July 12, 1862	Romeo, Tenn.	
Smith, Alexander	July 12, 1862	Romeo, Tenn.	
Smith, Fethias	July 12, 1862	Romeo, Tenn.	
Smith, Geo. W.	Nov. 15, 1862		Died Sept. 22, 1864, of wounds; no record of date and place.
Smith Samuel	July 12, 1862	Romeo, Tenn.	
Stanley, D. L.	July 12, 1862		Mortally wounded near Sparta, Tenn., Nov. 30, 1863. Died a few days afterwards.
Stanley, W. H.	Nov. 1, 1862		
Starnes, J. W.	July 12, 1862		Died at Knoxville, Tenn., Jan. 20, 1864.
Suttles, J. P.	July 12, 1862	Brazil, Tenn.	
Swaney, Hiram	July 12, 1862		Died at Gallipolis, O., Nov. 1, 1862.
Waller, Martin	Nov. 1, 1862		
Weems, W. A.	July 12, 1862	Ottway, Tenn.	
West, Jas. A.	Nov. 1, 1862		Died at Cleveland, Tenn., April 3, 1864.
West, John	Nov. 1, 1862		
White, James	Nov. 1, 1862	Watson, Mo.	
White, James	July 12, 1862		
White, Archibald	Nov. 1, 1862	Lew's Spring, Tenn.	
Williamson, Joseph		Sutton, Tenn.	

ROSTER AND RECORD OF COMPANY L.

NAME AND RANK.	ENLISTMENT.	ADDRESS.	REMARKS.
CAPTAIN.			
James E. Colville.....	Nov. 1, 1862	Yuba City, Cal.	
FIRST LIEUTENANT.			
J. N. B. Lusk.....	Nov. 1, 1862	Marble Switch, Tenn. ...	
SECOND LIEUTENANTS.			
Moses Wiley	
Jas. K. Cliff.....	Nov. 1, 1862	Promoted to Capt. Co. A, Oct., 1863. Died since close of war; date unknown.
FIRST SERGEANT.			
E. J. Farris.....	Nov. 11, 1862	Billings, Mo.	
SERGEANTS.			
Ino. C. Feathers	Nov. 1, 1862	
Adam Cooper	Dec. 22, 1862	Jonesboro, Tenn.	Wounded at Dandridge, Tenn., Dec. 24, 1863.
Isaac F. Cartwright.....	Nov. 1, 1862	Cleveland, Tenn.	Wounded at Franklin, Tenn, Nov. 30, 1864.
W. H. H. Bacon.....	March 20, 1862	Killed accidentally since close of war, at Knoxville, Tenn.; date unknown.
T. W. Brown..... 1862	Morristown, Tenn.	
CORPORALS.			
Jonathan Taylor	Nov. 1, 1862	
W. A. Burchfield.....	Sept. 1, 1862	Scandia, Kan.	
W. H. Jones.....	Sept. 1, 1862	Morristown, Tenn.	
Jas. Armstrong	Nov. 27, 1862	
S. D. McLain.....	March 17, 1862	Newhope, Tenn.	
Jas. W. Bayless.....	April 1, 1863	Talbot, Tenn.	
Jas. E. Keyker.....	April 1, 1863	
FARRIER.			
W. B. Kirkpatrick.....	Nov. 1, 1862	Athens, Tenn.	
PRIVATE.			
Armstrong, David	Aug. 9, 1862	

Bacon, Jacob	March 1, 1862	Killed at Franklin, Tenn., Nov. 30, 1864.
Bacon, J. H.	April 1, 1862	Died June 5, 1863; place unknown.
Barnes, W. M.	April 1, 1862	
Barlow, E. P.	Feb. 12, 1863	
Black, W. H.	April 12, 1862	
Brown, A. J.	Dec. 18, 1862	
Brown, J. L.	Dec. 18, 1862	Died at Camp Dennison, O., Jan. 20, 1863.
Brown, W. H.	Dec. 18, 1862	Died at Trinne, Tenn., May 27, 1863.
Cawood, Thos.	
Cleveland, Eli	July 22, 1862	Cleveland, Tenn.	Wounded at Pulaski, Tenn., Sept. 27, 1864; discharged by reason of wound May 3, '65.
Clingham, J. K. P.	July 22, 1862	Died at Nashville, Tenn., June 5, 1863.
Collier, Jacob	Sept. 1, 1862	Died in Andersonville prison, Sept. 23, 1864; no record of his capture.
Collier, James	July 1, 1862	Died at Cleveland, Tenn., June 9, 1864.
Copeland, Calvin	March 30, 1862	
Cox, Wesley	Jan. 1, 1863	
Cox, Avery	March 1, 1863	
Dawson, David	Jan. 26, 1863	
Dawson, Abraham	Jan. 25, 1863	
Dawson, Alfred	Jan. 25, 1863	
Dean, Hiram	April 1, 1862	
Dodd, William	
Dunn, John	
Farris, E. J.	Nov. 11, 1862	
Feathers, W. A.	Nov. 1, 1862	
Feathers, John C.	Nov. 1, 1862	
Fisher, H. C.	March 30, 1862	Watauga, Tenn.	Wounded at Lavergne, Tenn., Sept. 1, 1864.
Fox, John F.	July 12, 1862	Ulysses, Kan.	Died at Louisville, Ky., Feb. 12, 1864.
Grant, Thos. P.	Jan. 1, 1863	New Market, Tenn.	
Grigsby, A. T.	April 15, 1863	
Hall, W. T.	Nov., 1862	
Hale, Alexander	April 16, 1863	Wounded at Lynnville, Tenn., Dec. 24, 1864.

ROSTER AND RECORD OF COMPANY L—CONTINUED.

NAME AND RANK.	ENLISTMENT.	ADDRESS.	REMARKS.
Hammons, Thos.	Nov. 25, 1862		
Hartman, Marshall	April 16, 1863		
Hendrix, S. H.	Nov. 1, 1862		See Non-Commissioned Staff.
Hicks, N. B.	April 16, 1863		
Houston, Mack	April 2, 1863		Dead; date unknown.
Hybarger, S. L.	March 17, 1863		
Irwin, A. C.	March 17, 1863		Died at Bardstown, Ky., Jan. 27, 1863.
James, W. K.	Nov. 1, 1862	Loudon, Tenn.	
James, H. H.	Nov. 1, 1862	Cleveland, Tenn.	
Jones, John	April 10, 1863	Morristown, Tenn.	
Jones, W. H.	Lytle, Ga.	
Kirkpatrick, W. J.	Nov. 1, 1862	Riceville, Tenn.	
Knight, Geo.	July 1, 1863	
Lea, J. G.	July 1, 1862	Mills, Ga.	
Legg, John W.	Dec. 5, 1862	Whitesburg, Tenn.	Died at Tullahoma, Tenn., July 13, 1863.
Lawson, Stephen	Oct. 14, 1862	
Larrison, R. H.	Sept. 1, 1862	Estelline, Texas	
Lilly, J. H.	April 20, 1864	
Lowrey, Pinkney	Oct. 14, 1863	
McClanahan, William ..	Dec. 20, 1863	
McDonald, John	March 20, 1863	
McGrew, W. T.	Sept. 1, 1862	Riceville, Tenn.	
McGrew, J. H.	Sept. 1, 1862	Long's Mill, Tenn.	
McGuire, Elijah	April 1, 1863	
Malone, John	Feb. 5, 1863	
Malone, J. M.	April 16, 1863	
Marshall, B. L.	Jan. 2, 1863	Mohawk, Tenn.	Wounded at Lavergne, Tenn., Sept. 1, 1864.
Martin, John	Sept. 1, 1863	Cleveland, Tenn.	Died at Louisville, Ky., Feb. 23, 1863.
May, W. B.	Nov. 1, 1862	

Mosier, D. R.	Nov.	29,	1862			
Montgomery, C. L.	Nov.	1,	1862			Killed at Pulaski, Tenn., Sept. 27, 1864.
Montgomery, C. G.	Nov.	1,	1862			Died in Andersonville prison, Sept. 21, 1864.
Orton, John	Nov.	1,	1862		Riceville, Tenn.	
Orton, C. V.	Nov.	1,	1862		Riceville, Tenn.	Severely wounded at Second Creek, Ala., Oct. 20, 1864. Discharged by reason of wounds, May 2, 1865.
Osmitt, W. H.	Sept.	1,	1862			Wounded at Harpeth River, Tenn., March 8, 1863. Killed at Campbellsville, Tenn., Sept. 5, 1864.
Pates, John	April	1,	1862			Killed at Campbellsville, Tenn., Sept. 5, 1864.
Pettit, John W.	Nov.	1,	1862			
Ponder, Marion	Nov.	18,	1863			
Rector, Jas. H.	Nov.	27,	1863			
Reed, James	Nov.	27,	1863			
Reed, Robert	Nov.	7,	1863		Three Springs, Tenn.	
Reed, F. M.	Jan.	15,	1862			
Rinehart, Joseph	Nov.	1,	1863		Walnut, Kan.	
Roberts, A. E.	April	1,	1863			Died at Bardstown, Ky., Jan. 20, 1863.
Rowlin, Joseph	Nov.	1,	1862			Wounded at Hurt's Cross Roads, Tenn., Nov. 29, 1864.
Sandidge, Harvey	Nov.	1,	1862		Felker, Tenn.	
Smedley, G. W.	186-		Dayton, Tenn.	
Smith, P. T.	Jan.	2,	1863			
Smith, E. S.	Sept.	20,	1863			
Stanley, W. H.	Nov.	1,	1862			
Stewart, J. W.	Nov.	1,	1862			Died at Bardstown, Ky., Jan. 26, 1863.
Stoncipher, P. J.	Feb.	1,	1864			
Suttles, J. P.	July	12,	1863		Mills, Ga.	
Taylor, H. F.	Dec.	1,	1863			
Taylor, W. H. C.	Nov.	1,	1863		Gaylord, Kan.	
Taylor, Isaiah	Dec.	21,	1863		Belleville, Kan.	Discharged for disability June 1, 1865.
Taylor, I. N.	Dec.	21,	1863		Whitesville, Mo.	

ROSTER AND RECORD OF COMPANY L—CONTINUED.

NAME AND RANK.	ENLISTMENT.	ADDRESS.	REMARKS.
Walker, Enoch	Nov. 28, 1862	Killed at Second Creek, Ala., Nov. 6, 1864. Promoted to Second Lieut. Co. L., May, 1863.
Williams, W. G. B.	Nov. 1, 1862	
Wiley, Moses	April 1, 1863	
Witt, R. M.	Nov. 1, 1862	
Winn, C. Q.	Sept. 1, 1863	
Witcher, John W.	Sept., 1862	

ROSTER AND RECORD OF COMPANY M.

CAPTAIN.				
Joseph A. Collins.....	Nov. 25, 1862	Hartford, Kan.	Enlisted in Co. I; promoted to Lieut. in Co. M.	
FIRST LIEUTENANT.				
Samuel Lane	Nov. 25, 1862	Wolf Island, Mo.		
SECOND LIEUTENANT.				
Geo. T. Harris.....	Aug. 1, 1862	Limestone, Tenn.		
FIRST SERGEANT.				
Calloway Cope	April 15, 1863	Lee Valley, Tenn.		
SERGEANTS.				
Jas. Morrison	Nov. 25, 1862	Albany, Tenn.		
Geo. W. Black.....	July 15, 1862		
J. S. Tweed.....	Dec. 25, 1862	Whiterock, N. C.		
M. F. Brooks.....	Dec. 20, 1862		
C. L. Broyles.....	Nov. 15, 1862	Birdsbridge, Tenn.		
CORPORALS.				
A. J. Fincher.....	Nov. 25, 1862	Sadlersville, Tenn.		
L. R. Bales.....	April 1, 1862	Afton, Tenn.		
C. M. Fellers.....	Nov. 25, 1862	Indianola, Ill.		
Alfred Branson	Nov. 1, 1862		
C. M. Trent.....	Feb. 1, 1863	Sneedville, Tenn.		
DIED AT NASHVILLE, TENN., MARCH 9, 1865.				
WOUNDED AT FRANKLIN, TENN., SEPT. 2, 1864.				

ROSTER AND RECORD OF COMPANY M—CONTINUED.

NAME AND RANK.	ENLISTMENT.	ADDRESS.	REMARKS.
Collett, W. M.	Aug. 1, 1862	Discharged for disability, April 15, 1865.
Collett, Newton	Aug. 1, 1862	Died at Nashville, Tenn., June 13, 1863.
Crabree, W. C.	July 15, 1862	Died April 25, 1863; no record of place.
Crabbet, Barney	July 15, 1862	Limestone Spring, Tenn.	
Cutshaw, Frederick	Nov. 25, 1862	Henshaw, Tenn.	
Davis, Charles	Nov. 25, 1862	Died in Andersonville prison, Nov. 22, 1864.
Dodd, J. A.	Nov. 25, 1862	Cleveland, Tenn.	
Duncan, W. F.	Nov. 25, 1862	
Farrar, W. R.	Dec. 20, 1862	
Farrar, J. S.	Dec. 20, 1862	Oak Grove, Tenn.	Captured on McCook raid in Ga., July 31, '64.
Felknor, S. J.	Nov. 25, 1862	Lamar, Ark.	Died at Nashville, Tenn., Jan. 10, 1863.
Fellers, H. C.	Nov. 25, 1862	Died in Andersonville prison, Aug. 11, 1864.
Fincher, J. B.	July 15, 1862	Died at Triune, Tenn., May 15, 1863.
Firestone, John	
Fowler, William	July 15, 1862	
French, A. G.	Nov. 15, 1862	Norborne, Mo.	
French, F. A.	Nov. 15, 1862	
Freshour, William	Nov. 1, 1862	Died at Knoxville, Tenn., March 15, 1865.
Gibbons, John	Feb. 1, 1863	Died at Nashville, Tenn., July 25, 1863.
Gilbert, E. D.	April 15, 1863	Jonesboro, Tenn.	Transferred to V. R. C.
Goforth, Jas. M.	Sept. 21, 1862	Died at Triune, Tenn., June 28, 1863.
Goforth, Jno. W.	Sept. 4, 1862	Sneedville, Tenn.	
Goins, John	Dec. 8, 1862	Sneedville, Tenn.	
Goins, Alfred	Dec. 8, 1862	Acting hospital steward for the brigade since April 29, 1864.
Goins, R. J.	Dec. 8, 1862	Died at Triune, Tenn., May 14, 1863.
Griffie, Stephen	Nov. 1, 1862	
Grosscloss, John	Jan. 1, 1863	
Hall, William	Nov. 15, 1863	Eric, Tenn.	

Hall, Alexander	Nov. 15, 1862	Died at Murfreesboro, Tenn., March 28, 1863.
Hawkins, Jacob	Died at Triune, Tenn., May 3, 1863.
Hays, Jacob	Dec. 1, 1862	Nolachucky, Tenn.	
Hays, Isaac	Nov. 25, 1862	Mosheim, Tenn.	
Headrick, O. B.	Nov. 25, 1862	Greenville, Tenn.	
Henderson, Robert F.	Nov. 25, 1862	Dayton, Tenn.	
Hensley, Cornelius	Nov. 25, 1862	Died at his home in Greene Co., Feb. 8, 1894.
Hensley, F. E.	Nov. 25, 1862	Died at Stevenson, Ala., Oct. 14, 1863.
Hensley, Amos	Nov. 25, 1862	
Hensley, F. A.	Nov. 25, 1862	Birdsbridge, Tenn.	
Hollan, William	Nov. 25, 1862	
Hopkins, A. J.	Jan. 1, 1862	
Housley, B. F.	Jan. 19, 1863	Stoneypoint, Tenn.	Wounded at Lovejoy's Station, Ga., July 29, 1864.
Huffman, W. H.	Nov. 3, 1862	Died July 6, 1896.
Huffman, W. E.	Nov. 3, 1862	Rheatown, Tenn.	
Huggins, A. J.	Springvale, Tenn.	
Jones, W. H.	Help, Tenn.	
Inklebarger, J. R.	Jan. 1, 1863	
Key, John	Dec. 20, 1862	
Kezell, W. C.	Limestone, Tenn.	Captured; no record of date and place.
Lawson, George	Dec. 20, 1863	Oak Grove, Tenn.	
Long, John	May 12, 1863	Russellville, Ind.	Wounded three times; date and place unknown.
McDaniel, W. H.	May 12, 1863	
McDaniel, Matthias	May 12, 1863	Pecangap, Texas	
McFerrin, Wash	Cleveland, Tenn.	
McNeece, W. R.	May 12, 1863	Cleveland, Tenn.	
McNeece, Ejihu, Sr.	Nov. 25, 1862	Cleveland, Tenn.	Wounded at Mossy Creek, Tenn., Dec. 29, 1863.
McNeece, Jacob	Nov. 25, 1862	Cleveland, Tenn.	Captured July 31, 1864, McCook raid.
Manes, W. R.	Nov. 25, 1862	
Massey, W. A.	March 1, 1863	Captured; no record of date and place.
Mays, Jas. P.	Dec. 20, 1862	Jarnagin, Tenn.	

ROSTER AND RECORD OF COMPANY M—CONTINUED.

NAME AND RANK.	ENLISTMENT.	ADDRESS.	REMARKS.
Miller, John	Nov. 10, 1862	Seymour, Mo.	
Moore, J. M.	Nov. 25, 1862	Newhope, Tenn.	
Moore, J. C.	Nov. 25, 1862	Newhope, Tenn.	
Morrison, Jesse	Nov. 25, 1862	Knoxville, Tenn.	
Morrison, William	Nov. 25, 1862	Romco, Tenn.	
Morrison, J. C.	Nov. 25, 1862	
Morrison, Lennon	Nov. 25, 1862	
Moore, Aaron	Nov. 25, 1862	
Meltabarger, John	Nov. 25, 1862	Lovelace, Tenn.	
Mysinger, Geo. W.	Nov. 10, 1862	
Pierson, Thomas	Dec. 20, 1862	
Poe, James	Dec. 20, 1862	Bullsgap, Tenn.	
Pratt, Elisha	Dec. 20, 1862	
Rader, J. A.	Whitehorn, Tenn.	
Reemer, Jonathan	Dec. 20, 1862	Whiterock, N. C.	
Reemer, Andrew	Dec. 20, 1862	Caneybranch, Tenn.	
Robinson, Nathaniel	Feb. 1, 1863	
Scott, John	Feb. 1, 1863	
Shelton, Baxter	Nov. 25, 1862	Whiterock, N. C.	
Shelton, B. S.	Nov. 1, 1862	Limestone Spring, Tenn.	
Shults, John U.	Nov. 1, 1862	Newport, Tenn.	
Stewart, Samuel	Dec. 20, 1862	Crafton, Texas	
Stewart, James	Dec. 20, 1862	Waco, Texas	
Spencer, William	Nov. 25, 1862	Fairfax, Mo.	
Spitzer, Joseph	Nov. 25, 1862	
Suttles, C. J.	May 23, 1863	
Thomas, James	Nov. 25, 1862	
Thomas, Gardner	Nov. 25, 1862	
Tweed, A. G.	Nov. 15, 1862	Whiterock, N. C.	
			Died at Murfreesboro, Tenn., April 15, 1863.
			Died at Triune, Tenn., May 3, 1863.
			Died at Nashville, Tenn., Oct. 1, 1864.
			Died at Nashville, Tenn., Jan. 9, 1864.
			Died at Triune, Tenn., May 19, 1863.
			Died at Triune, Tenn., May 22, 1863.
			Died since close of war.
			Died at Triune, Tenn., May 23, 1863.

NAME AND RANK.	ENLISTMENT.	ADDRESS.	REMARKS.
Tweed, John	Nov. 15, 1862	Sirensburg, Tenn.	
Tweed, E. J.	Nov. 15, 1862	Whiterock, N. C.	
Vance, David	Feb. 1, 1862		
Waddell, B. M.	Nov. 25, 1862	Cedar creek, Tenn.	
White, F. M.	Nov. 10, 1862		
Woody, Green	Sept. 1, 1862	Magazine, Ark.	
Woody, Wiley	Sept. 1, 1862	Magazine, Ark.	

ERRATA.

Page 20—In organization of Company A, the name of David Brooks should appear instead of Moses Wiley.

Under Illustration facing page 112, read I. B. Self instead of F. B. Self.

Page 279—In organization of Company B, the name of George Odom should take the place of Joseph Brooks.

ROLL OF HONOR.

NAMES OF ENLISTED MEN WHO DIED IN PRISON.

The very imperfect manner in which the Southern prison records were kept makes it almost impossible to obtain a correct list of the men belonging to the First Tennessee who were captured and died while in captivity during its term of service. The writer has endeavored to secure a correct list, and after a careful search believes the following to be as complete a list as it is possible to obtain :

			NO. OF GRAVE.
COMPANY A.			
Samuel Dudley	Andersonville	April 8, 1864	435
John Tyfle	Andersonville	June 28, 1864	4,122
COMPANY B.			
Isaac Weir	Andersonville	July 14, 1864	3,297
John Vansel	Belle Isle	Nov. 12, 1863
C. G. Gipson	Andersonville	July 24, 1864	3,887
COMPANY E.			
E. Smidney	Andersonville	Aug. 30, 1864	7,314
J. D. Winchester	Andersonville	April 21, 1864	12,902
COMPANY F.			
Franklin Parker	Danville, Va.	Dec. 4, 1863
COMPANY H.			
David Sutton	Andersonville	Aug. 23, 1864	6,643
COMPANY I.			
Joshua Coggins		Feb. 8, 1865	591
COMPANY K.			
G. W. Gill	Andersonville	Sept. 16, 1864	8,946
COMPANY L.			
C. G. Montgomery	Andersonville	Sept. 21, 1864	9,559
Jacob Colier	Andersonville	Sept. 23, 1864
COMPANY M.			
J. A. Dodd	Andersonville	Nov. 22, 1864	12,119
John Firestone	Andersonville	Aug. 11, 1864	5,320

RECAPITULATION.

Commissioned officers	82
Enlisted men	1,370

CASUALTIES IN THE SERVICE.

Killed and died of wounds received in battle:	
Commissioned officers	5
Enlisted men	60
Died of disease:	
Commissioned officers	3
Enlisted men	235
Died in captivity:	
Enlisted men	15
Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps:	
Commissioned officers	1
Enlisted men	12
Transferred to other organizations by promotion.....	
	16
Deserted:	
Enlisted men	56
Discharged for disability and wounds:	
Commissioned officers	1
Enlisted men	41
Discharged by special order of General Thomas:	
Enlisted men	1
Resigned:	
Commissioned officers	26
Killed accidentally:	
Commissioned officers	1
Enlisted men	1
Re-entered the service after resigning:	
Commissioned officers	6
Committed suicide.	
Enlisted men	1
Lost on the <i>Sultana</i> :	
Enlisted men	1

A word from some of our commanders :

LETTER OF GENERAL D. S. STANLEY.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 27, 1894.

MR. W. R. CARTER :

My recollections of Colonel James Brownlow and his regiment, First Tennessee Cavalry, are still very vivid. I first met the regiment when I took command of the cavalry of the Army of the Cumberland, in November, 1862. The regiment was still somewhat young in the service, and perhaps lacking in drill, but I remember their fine appearance and the anxiety of men and officers to learn, and their eagerness to be always at the front.

The regiment soon came to be esteemed one of the most reliable and best fighting regiments in the cavalry corps. I could cover a great deal of paper recounting the gallant fights made by this regiment, but this you must do.

I remember now distinctly the gallant fight made by Campbell's brigade, to which the First Tennessee Cavalry then belonged, at Shelbyville, Tenn., the 27th of June, 1863, which resulted in the most overwhelming defeat that General Wheeler's cavalry ever suffered during the war, and which completely established the superiority of our cavalry over the Confederates.

As to the brave Colonel Brownlow, no one who knew him failed to admire him. Expelled by the war from his home and country, he was always cheerful, gay and buoyant, always ready to move, always ready to charge. As I have indicated before, the officers and men of the regiment were worthy of their colonel, and no regiment from any State which took a part in that great struggle for the existence of the United States deserves a higher tribute in History's temple of fame than the First Tennessee Cavalry.

Yours very truly,

D. S. STANLEY.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Sept. 30, 1894.

W. R. CARTER, Knoxville, Tenn.

DEAR SIR: I have just received your letter of the 25th. Nothing could give me more pleasure than to say truthfully of your First Tennessee Regiment that it never was whipped.

One of your regiments captured John Morgan, and your colonel, Jim Brownlow, on the bank of the Chattahoochee, performed the most remarkable feat in either ancient or modern warfare, by swimming that river at the head of a naked host, and capturing all the rebels in their rifle-pits. He brought them in, too!

Why, God bless your old East Tennessee souls, don't you know your loyalty and devotion gave us of the North courage to fight, when everything looked like the darkness of despair?

I had two Southern brigades, one of Tennessee and one from Kentucky. I can't say that their discipline was perfect, but their fighting was.

Yours very truly,

EDWARD M. McCOOK.

Gen. J. M. Schofield wrote a letter to Andrew Johnson, Governor of Tennessee, in 1864, and asked him to put Colonel Brownlow in command of a brigade. General Schofield said: "Colonel Brownlow is energetic, daring and skillful. Success with him and his gallant command is the invariable rule."

A friend of the regiment writes as follows: "Colonel James P. Brownlow and his regiment, the First Tennessee Cavalry, participated in more than fifty battles and skirmishes, and he gained honorable distinction as a cavalry commander. He had four horses shot from under him, and was severely wounded at Franklin, Tenn., September 2, 1864."

